THE W. A. GARDNER STORY

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THE W. A. GARDNER STORY

BY

WILLAMINE A. GARDNER COOK

THE W. A. GARDNER STORY

His Life, His Family, The Times and the Town They Lived In

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by
WILLAMINE A. GARDNER COOK

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TO FRITZ AND CHOP WITH CONFIDENCE THAT
FATHER, MOTHER AND STUBBIE
HAVE TAKEN MORE THAN A PASSING INTEREST
IN SHARING
THE W. A. GARDNER STORY.

In disclosing so personal and heterogeneous an assemblage of facts, it is well realized that only Father's and Mother's descendants will find this book of complete interest. I am hoping you too may discover among the contents, some phase of early railroad or suburban life that will bring back happy memories of people and places.

Willamine G. Cook

WILLIAM ALEXANDER GARDNER

ANNA RIGGS GARDNER

Preface

Excerpt from RAILWAY AGE GAZETTE for May 19, 1916

WILLIAM A. GARDNER

No greater wave of sorrow ever swept over the hearts of railway men of the United States than that set in motion by the news of the death of William A. Gardner, president of the Chicago Northwestern and the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railways, at his summer home in Osterville, Mass. on Cape Cod, on May 11. Mr. Gardner's demise marked the passing of one of the most interesting and engaging personalities among the business leaders of the country, and one of the most public spirited and able railway executives of the time. It has been largely owing to his personality and work that the Northwestern, during a period when the railways generally have been unpopular, has enjoyed unusual popularity with its patrons and especially with its traveling public. From the time when he rose to important positions in the operating department, he was an important asset in securing business. He spared no effort to give good service and his wide acquaintanceship and personality attracted no small amount of business. He was so accessible and his sympathies so broad that he was constantly giving time and thought to the problems of people who went to him for counsel and advice; and nobody ever went to him on such a mission without coming away feeling better, more self-respecting and more hopeful.

It is hardly necessary to say what the home life of such a man was like. He could hardly have failed to be what he was—at once the support, comfort, play-fellow and hero of his family.

Mr. Gardner united in a very extraordinary degree great talents with an attractive and lovable personality. He had a wide acquaintanceship among men in all walks of life and he was so genial, kindly, generous, democratic and magnetic that it can be said of him as truly as of any man that ever lived, that he was universally beloved.

As a railway executive, Mr. Gardner was one of the hardest

working men in the country. He kept familiar with every detail of management and operation of the property and his influence was felt in every department. He was not a driver but a leader of men and no railway executive received more loyal and energetic support from his staff. Like many other leading railway men, he entered the service very young. He may almost be said to have had no boyhood since he became a telegraph operator when only thirteen years old. He was in service of the Northwestern almost forty years.

"Mr. Gardner's death is a shock to us," said H. R. McCullough, Vice-Pres. "We thought a needed rest would restore him to his usual activity. Our intimacy and association has extended back to our early official service and the entire organization, of which he was chief, are with his family in mourning." "Mr. Gardner's career as a high official of the Northwestern was marked by intense loyalty on the part of his subordinates," as stated by an officer of the road. "He was a strict disciplinarian and an advocate of highest efficiency in every branch of railroading. But under his direction, a spirit of general teamwork permeated every department of the railroad. He was essentially a home-loving man and in his home he found his only interest outside his business endeavors. The story of his rise in the railroad world is not sensational; it is a record of steady progress as a result of ambition based on unflagging interest in his duties. Mr. Gardner often said. 'I have tried to be a good subordinate—and a good subordinate is pretty sure to have good subordinates'."

Acknowledgment

Acknowledgment is due the many who have assisted in compiling this biography but first and foremost stands Mr. Frank H. Hemes, Superintendent (retired) of the Chicago & Northwestern Terminal. He had been in the accounting department of the railroad for two years before joining W.A.G.'s staff on March 1, 1906. There he was at first a clerk, then Statistician and finally, Chief Clerk, a position that today would be termed "Assistant to the President"; during all of these years he was definitely Father's right hand. The portion of this book dealing with W.A.G.'s business career could not have been attempted without the help and encouragement of Mr. Hemes. In reading the outline of our home life, he was reminded of concurrent railroad events and urged the writer to combine the Official and the Family man, knowing that neither personality could be complete without the other. In making this suggestion he promised to help whenever needed, never realizing how many hours he would be lending the project. Not all of his time was spent in studying the diaries and supplying the editor with definitions of technical railroad terms; whole afternoons were devoted to scanning volumes of congratulatory letters received by Father upon his various promotions and saved by Mother to be given to her daughters. Scrap books of clippings have been hoarded too and the reading of Gardneriana has taken us back half a century to names and faces that were so vivid and familiar as to transform our hours of research into a social gathering where we again greeted Mother's and Father's friends and listened to their conversation. It is our hope that re-living those years of long ago will partially compensate Frank for his tireless labors on our behalf; surely we would never be able to express in words or deeds our appreciation for all that the Chief Clerk has contributed to the "W. A. Gardner Story."

Additional gratitude is extended to those whose by-lines will be recognized and the many other friends and family members who, through memory and interest, have immortalized the originator of WAGTALES.

SYNOPSIS OF W.A.G.'s CAREER

Clerk and telegraph operator, Chicago & Alton Ry., Lemont, Ill.		1872—1878
Clerk and telegraph operator—Wisc. Division, C&NW Ry., Chicago.		1878—1881
Despatcher & Trainmaster, A.T. & S.F. Ry., Emporia, Kansas.		1881—1883
Trainmaster, Wisconsin Division, C&NW Ry., Chicago.	Dec. 1,	1883—1890
Superintendent, Wisconsin Division, C&NW Ry., Chicago.	June 15,	1890—1896
Assistant General Superintendent—C&NW Ry., Chicago.	Oct. 1,	1896—1899
General Manager, C&NW Ry., Chicago.	Nov. 30,	1899—1906
Vice Pres.—Operation & Maintenance, C&NW Ry., Chicago.	Jan. 23,	1906—1910
Director, Chgo., St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Ry., Chicago.	Oct. 18,	1907—1916
President, Chgo., St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Ry., Chicago.	Oct. 18,	1907—1916
Director, Chicago & Northwestern Ry., Chicago.	Apr. 13,	1910—1916
President, Chicago & Northwestern Ry., Chicago.	Oct. 20,	1910—1916

W.A.G. Held Following Positions on a List of Directors and Principal Officers of Proprietary and Auxiliary Companies, Dated Jan. 16, 1916.

President & Director	Consolidated Coal Co.
Vice Pres. & Director	Western Town Lot Co.
Vice Pres. & Director	Missouri Valley & Blair Ry. & Bridge Co.
Vice Pres. & Director	Sioux City Bridge Co.
Vice Pres. & Director	Pioneer Town Site Co.
President & Director	DePue, Ladd & Eastern Ry Co.
President & Director	Pierre & Fort Pierre Bridge Co.
President & Director	Pierre, Rapid City & NW Ry. Co.
President & Director	Wyoming & NW Ry. Co.
President & Director	Wolf River Valley Ry. Co.
President & Director	Macoupin County Extension Ry. Co.
President & Director	Superior Coal Co.
Vice Pres. & Director	Wisconsin Town Lot Co.
Director	Winona & St. Peter Ry. Co.
President & Director	Manitowoc, Green Bay & NW Ry. Co.
President & Director	Milwaukee State Line Ry. Co.
President & Director	Florence County Ry. Co.
President & Director	Escanaba, Iron Mountain & Western Ry. Co.
President & Director	Iowa Southern Ry. Co.
Vice Pres. & Director	Belle Fourche Valley Ry. Co.
Vice Pres. & Director	James River Valley & NW Ry. Co.
Vice Pres. & Director	Doland & South Eastern Ry. Co.
President & Director	Albany Railroad Bridge Co.
President & Director	St. Paul & Sioux City Ry. Co.
Director	Western Trust & Savings Bank 1907-1911 (Now City National Bank & Trust Co.)
Director	Merchants Loan & Trust Co. March 1911-1916 (Now Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Co.)

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Chapter I

His Life

"Are you Charlotte, Ancinette, Olive or Wilhelmina?". I must have looked startled for I certainly felt so when I lifted my head in response to the question of the little grey haired cashier of this totally unfamiliar bank in a central Illinois town. "Why I'm Willamine." I replied, automatically correcting the pronunciation of the name that had puzzled the few who had identified me with it for just fifty seven years. I was even more astonished to hear my sisters referred to so formally. If she knew that much about us why hadn't she asked if I were Stub, Fritz, Chop or Duffer and then proceeded in her uncanny mind reading to tell me the purpose of my visit to these foreign parts on a hot July morning. I had presented no signed check for her to read; had merely inquired of the cashier if Mr. John Allison, the bank president, had returned yet from luncheon. She smiled and said, "I knew one of you had been named for your father but I wasn't quite sure which of the Gardner girls you might be. I am Mary Allison and Father just stepped over to the barber shop but he'll be back in a minute – can I do anything for you in the meantime?"

I was still bewildered and more than a little embarrassed by her recognition of my tell-tale features when I, in contrast, could not recall ever having seen her kindly, gracious face before. She leaned forward in the cage and said that she had a bundle of our family pictures taken when all of us were children and had thought that we might like to have them but she didn't know our married names and addresses and wondered if I'd like to take them with me. I nodded eagerly for when one has been a grandmother for more years than are pleasant to count, it is always comforting to have a photograph in hand to display triumphantly to the third generation and say, "See – there's your Gaggie when she was just about your age. I remember going up to Smith's studio in Evanston when that was taken and Mamma – that was your great grandmother – said that I nearly died of croup that same night because we were caught in a blizzard on our way back home to Ravenswood." One looks

rather wistfully at a record of round cheeks, round eyes, hair ribbons and long white ribbed stockings and remembers how it felt to be three or four years old when the world seemed confined to one white frame house and five very protective occupants.

Mary Allison never explained how she had stamped me as a Gardner but it was easy for me to put two and two together when remembering that I had called the Centennial headquarters from home one July morning in 1954 to inquire which day would be best to visit that small town's celebration. The lady who answered must have made a mental memo of our conversation that day and have passed on such information as she had gleaned from the fact that a person from Evanston was interested in attending the Centennial because Gardner, Illinois, had been the birth place of her father and she had visited her grandmother there about fifty years ago. Mary Allison was keeping a watchful eye on any and all strangers who might answer this vague description and took a chance on declaring me suspect when I walked up to her window that day.

We had previously asked a bewhiskered young man (grown hirsute for the occasion to honor his pioneer ancestors) if any of the Allison family still lived in the community and had been surprised to learn that he bore the name himself and that his ninety year old grandfather was still active in the bank further up Main St. I saw then that the day might hold several wonders and went back to where Beepo, the male counterpart of Gaggie, (as known among our grandchildren) was locking up our car and told him that Mr. John Allison was still alive and why didn't we go right to the bank and question the gentleman? We did and I was recognized for what I was: a step-cousin of the bank cashier. Is there such a relationship?

We were introduced to the elderly president and he recalled my existence but his faulty hearing was a handicap to our questioning and it was easier just to talk about the weather than to bring up events from his very distant past. Mary was free then to leave her post and offered to guide us anywhere we wanted to go, suggesting that our first stop be the house where she and her father lived and where she had the package of our old pictures. She left us alone there in the living room for a minute or two and I quickly pointed out the life sized portrait of Mr. John Allison Sr. hanging on the wall and explained to Beepo that a smaller duplicate of that white bearded face had always been in our family album and had been mixed up with my little girl night mares. It was a stern, forbidding

visage and no wonder that his step-son had grown to manhood referring to his stepfather as "old man Allison."

We drove slowly around the little town with my long list of questions gradually being checked off. First, had the town been named for any of our branch of the family? The spelling was the same and although he always stoutly denied the fact that Gardner, Ill. was so named because of its having been his birth place, Father's children smugly believed to the contrary — it was just his modesty that prevented Papa's admitting to the honor and prestige. When we reached a more logical age we realized that a town (already established) would never have been called for a little known infant and so changed our idea deciding that it must have been his father, Charles Edward Gardner, who had brought fame with him to that small community when he had migrated from Stephentown, N. Y. in 1857. Mary explained a fact then that I am sure Father never knew: his native village had honored an unrelated Mr. Gardner by giving the town his name after he had engineered the construction of that portion of the Chicago & Alton Railroad which linked Gardner to the big city 75 miles distant.

Mary admitted that she knew very little about the Gardners so I acquainted her with a few of our ancestors because she seemed so genuinely interested in the forebears of her father's older step-brother. My knowledge too had been slight until 1949 when a [1]treasured friend traced our genealogy back to George Gardner of England who came to America and married Herodias Long sometime between 1642 and 1644. The uncertainty of that date left some room for doubt in my mind until I noticed that we were descended from a son who was definitely born in wedlock. There was no sinister bar on our escutcheon — legitimate for twelve generations have we been in spite of the fact that Papa had replied to all questions on lineage by firmly stating, yes — he too could claim Mayflower blood. His great, great, (many greats) grandfather had been the colored cook on board that particular ship. His memory went back to his grandmother, Polly, who had married Alexander Gardner and it might have extended beyond that (under pressure) but he had a feigned horror of discovering relatives to counterbalance Mother's 57 first cousins and who could blame him?

I told Mary that so far as I was concerned, the town would better have been named for Charles Edward Gardner who was famous in his own right. To have done nothing else in life but sire Papa was

[1]Friend — MargaretDickson Falley — Mrs. George Frederick Falley.

justification enough to me for his having been born at all; but he must have had other objectives than paternity in mind when he, an only son, left his homestead in the Berkshires and broke the traditional farming pattern to that of merchandising in a far off state. A small loan from his father and mother (Alexander and Polly) financed the purchase of a general store in Gardner, Illinois and it was on a banking errand to the Grundy County Seat in Morris that he met young Miss Ancinette West. Of course Mary knew all about Miss West for both of us claimed her as our grandmother — a "whole" one for me and a "step" for her. Back in 1857 Grandma lived with her father, Samuel, on a farm near Dwight, Ill. Her roots too had been in New England and I imagine that Charles and Sam must have had a few nostalgic conversations relating to the virtues of Massachusetts and New York farm lands when that young store keeper dropped in to court his girl of "besom." The quote belongs to her son who always said that she had plenty of it. To make sure that he hadn't mispronounced it and that I hadn't misunderstood— one could very easily — I looked it up and Mr. Webster states the meaning as "a brush or broom; anything which sweeps away." Ancinette and Charles were married there in Gardner on January 14, 1858 and the following year our father was born ahead of his scheduled arrival time — a trait that he maintained forever.

It had been many years since I had last been in Gardner and I asked Mary if we might drive over to see the house where Father was born and because she is a friend of the present owner we were invited to come in and see all of it. Our hostess was apologetic over its condition: she was installing its first bathroom. I was blind to any disorder and walked around the rooms seeing in my mind's eye that eighth day of March when W.A.G. had first seen the light of day within those walls.

The actual cause of his premature birth is pure conjecture on my part and based only on my later acquaintance with the two parties most vitally involved. Father could always cut time in two and Grandma was eternally energetic. If a project could be accomplished in an hour by a normal person, my father could complete it in thirty minutes with a few extra features thrown in. If the ordinary baby required nine slothful months to prepare to meet his public, Grandma's extraordinary one could and did get the same results in eight months or less but he confined himself to the orthodox number of features in this, his initial experiment. His mother had an innate desire to chase dirt and stew great kettles of

food for canning and so I suppose that by March 8, 1589 Grandma had become bored with winter and restive without any cucumbers at hand to brew into pickles. When that day came bringing a faint whiff of spring, she refused to remain dormant any longer and proceeded to rip up her carpets and wash her curtains pausing only long enough in the process to dispense with those impeding pounds of importunate Papa and then turned out an exceptionally fine New England boiled dinner for her husband.

I think of him formally as "her husband" because we never saw our Grandpa Gardner and knew him only through the eyes of his little boy who's memories included walking to the store with him and sleeping on top of the long counter until time came to lock up for the night and be carried home, still sleeping, to bed. For one interesting year Grandpa became sheriff of Grundy County and it was necessary for them to move to Morris. The prisoners (I can't imagine that they numbered more than two in those crime-free days) made a chair for him out of hickory wood. All of us have rocked miles in that tiny chair and now it is in the possession of my little granddaughters. Charles Edward's kindly face leads one to believe that he was better equipped to handle gentle people and merchandise than jail-birds so all three of them must have welcomed the chance to return home to Gardner and to keep store. The Civil War was almost over and W.A.G.'s only recollections of those years went back to one summer day when a train brought a load of victorious but tattered troops riding through from the south and there was a confusing moment for the little boy when he was held high in his father's arms at the railroad depot to see grown men crying tears and laughing at the same time.

We have a daguerreotype of Grandpa Gardner and a photograph taken with his sister Ann on the occasion of Charles' return to Stephentown some months after his father (Alexander) had died. This long ride on the cars made an indelible impression on Papa. Yes, he went too with his parents to make his acquaintance with those Stephentown relatives and to share with his mother their first long train ride. He told me fragments of that journey when I used to sit on his lap and beg for a story about when he was a little boy. By piecing them together I can see that small one scramble to his father's lap and sit with his button nose frozen to the window pane. He watched telegraph poles whiz by through the snow covered fields of New York and on into Massachusetts and Pittsfield where they hired a sleigh and team to jingle their way back to the state border

and sleepy Stephentown. His memory of our great grandmother Polly was vague because she had to spend so much time away from the farm going over to the county court house with his father to sign papers and 'tend to things but his aunt Ann remained vividly in his mind as a lovely, slender, tall young woman who loved to take him on her lap and turn the pages of his picture book. Father's own mother was usually too preoccupied by the dull and never ending routine of housekeeping to show the affection that she felt so deeply for her son and I imagine that aunt Ann was the first woman who had ever stopped her work in mid-stream to give him a loving.

That loving had to last for a long, long time because five months after Grandpa and Grandma Gardner and their little boy returned to Illinois, Charles Edward died and no further contact was maintained with the Stephentown relatives. We do not know the circumstances of that final illness; only the fact that Grandma was left a widow at his age of 26 and that in spite of the vigor and determination with which she attacked every project, the store had to be sold in order to keep a roof over their two heads. A few extra thousand were gained by this move and a small amount of that sum "loaned to a relative" — or so says the genealogy.

Leaving the house, we drove by Grandpa's old store front, attached now to a solid row of shops on Main St. and altered to conform to the adjacent buildings that have been constructed during the hundred years that have passed since he was a merchant. We went on to the only [1]grade school in town hoping to find somewhere

[1]The school itself had a special significance for me because of Fritz's recent association with it. We would have missed that entire day in Gardner had she not written me from California saying that she had received a notice of this hundredth birthday and wished that she could come east herself and discover a little more about the town's history and incidentally our own. I read between her lines very clearly. As a family, we rarely instruct but are really adept at making each other's wishes come true if it is physically possible. Fritz had maintained a contact via correspondence with that school for a good many years but her annual letter, addressed to the teacher of the graduating class, concerned only one subject: who was to receive the William A. Gardner scholarship that spring and did the child, whom she was enabling to progress on to high school, embody the qualities and aptitudes that she considered desirable and worthy of her modest reward? Of late she had ceased to send the prize for a slight taint of socialism had penetrated the one grade school in town and the eighth grade teacher was of the opinion that a boy or girl achieving the highest scholastic average, having ambition to continue his or her education, demonstrating leadership but lacking family backing, was not necessarily entitled to the small boost that Fritz enjoyed sending to the winner in Father's memory each year. Such competition was frowned upon down there — no child was more deserving than another. If one received help, all should be given an equal chance for more advanced learning. Fritz terminated the scho-

larship abruptly and with many regrets. The fund that she had used for this purpose had originated in the sale of a little house that she had inherited from Grandma and she wanted the proceeds to continue circulating in that same area. among the display loaned for the Centennial Exhibit, some small relict or record of W.A.G.'s brief scholastic career. There was no evidence but that of my own recollections of some stories that I recalled of his little boy years.

I walked into the fifth grade room and wondered if those blackboards could possibly have withstood the ravages of the 83 years since the morning when one long suffering teacher was demonstrating fractions for W.A.G.'s particular benefit. She dropped her chalk and in stooping over to retrieve it, the object of her attention gently placed the eraser on her bustle which was of such a firm and level character that the eraser never budged when she rose and walked about the room looking for her tools of trade. A school hero was born at that moment. When I first heard this episode, I was sandwiched between Papa and Mamma in bed one morning and was badly frustrated when he leaned over my head and whispered another event of his small boyhood to her that brought knee slapping laughter from both. I begged to hear it too but was told that maybe sometime I might. I never did.

From school Mary guided us a short distance from town to the cemetery and here we found Grandpa Charles Edward lying beside "Old Man Allison" but separated by a discreet stretch of turf. Mary explained that this space had been reserved for their wife and I nodded understandingly, wondering if she knew just why our grandmother had never joined and completed the trio. When that unhappy minute arrived so many years ago, Father placed her beside our little brothers in Rosehill, close to Ravenswood and Evanston — "he'd be damned if he couldn't have his mother near him and his family."

We tried to thank our hostess for all her generous thoughts and deeds of that day and I was concentrating so deeply on our appreciation as we left her that we had reached Highway 66 before I remembered that I hadn't looked for the shack in the back yard of the old house. "What shack?" Beepo asked and I answered, "You know — the one that Father and Stink Andrews and Roy West played store in one day." He shook his head and asked me to tell him about it another time. Right then he wanted me to clear up a few points that he hadn't understood during all of the woman talk and I, rarely missing an invitation to speak, drew a word diagram of all the Allison "steps." Using my fingers to add and subtract, I figured that Father had been seven years old when his father died and then drawing upon my store of family history — much of this

was already familiar to him (one cannot live with the same person so many years without having married one another's heros and skeletons too) I built up the following sequence of events:

A recently bereaved widower with three small children was a neighbor who lived a short distance from Grandma Gardner. Just how much love entered this romance I will never know but Mrs. Ancinette West Gardner owned her own home, had only one child, was renowned for her excellent housekeeping and Mr. John Allison's children needed a mother. His course was clear and with the benefit of clergy, the bridegroom and his brood moved in. I have been in the house and the combined families must have made it a tight squeeze; tight enough anyway that the Gardner boy felt cramped in more ways than one. His mother's time and attention were now divided between his two slightly older step-sisters and a step-brother four years younger than himself who was the elderly banker we had seen that very day. Papa must have been genuinely fond of those children for he saw them fairly often in later years and Mamma wouldn't have sent them our baby pictures unless she had enjoyed them too.

It could be seen from his picture that "Old Man Allison" was a stern, grim looking person but greater proof lies in the fact that all degrees of papa's later pleasure were measured by his often stated comparison, "Haven't had such a good time since old man Allison died." We were never told what crisis prompted Papa to leave home but it was done with Grandma's knowledge and perhaps a few of her hoarded dollars — enough at least for him to reach Lemont, Illinois (42 miles away) and feel certain that the six years of schooling now achieved were all that he needed to become self-supporting and to be no further drain on John Allison's bounty.

I so often wish that I had asked Papa why he studied telegraphy. Was he fascinated by the comparatively new railroading industry and wise enough to realize that this was a professional stepping stone in that direction or had he listened to his elders when they spoke of the dramatic part played by telegraphers during the Civil War? At any rate, his first job in Lemont was that of telegraph delivery boy in the Chicago & Alton Railroad station where he doubled as janitor and swept the floors between calls. One can only imagine that his interest was whetted by the ticking of the instruments heard as constant overtones above his broom and that his sharp young ears were quickly able to differentiate the sounds of words as they came and went over the wire. We know that he

attended night school in that town and at the end of six weeks and by his own method of assimiliating dots and dashes, was employed as telegraph operator of the Alton road in that same station. These being days long before the advent of telephones, railroad telegraph systems were the only means of swift communication and one pauses at the thought of so much responsibility resting on the shoulders of a thirteen year old boy. Operators and train dispatchers had overlapping duties in the smaller towns of that era when there were no electrical devices to control switches, block signals and the regulation green and red stop and go lights. All was done manually after clearance through one man who frequently filled both positions and who's job it was to keep an open track and to report the passing of all rail traffic to the next operator on the line.

Perhaps telegraphy is like swimming or riding a bicycle: once you gain the skill, it stays with you always. This was true with our own particular operator I know, just from the fun I had with him many, many years after he had stopped tapping a key. Going into a Western Union office or stopping by the message desk in an hotel with him was like listening to a radio program: short, dramatic sentences were decoded in my ear as they came over the wire and I was left with the same dissatisfaction of unsolved problems that the more current soap operas produce. In radio one can listen in the next day and learn how the crisis was met but I never knew whether or not John met Aunt Lizzie at the junction with uncle John's body in the pick-up truck or if Joe Blow found that additional cash to put up on margin. The suspense of those unfinished stories was a night mare to a book-worm like me but I loved the eavesdropping involved.

I was still reviewing family history on our way home from the Centennial when in the middle of my story, Beep looked away from the road for a second and grinned at me. "You're calling them Mamma and Papa—" he said, touching my hand. I had been so steeped in the past for those many miles that I had just unconsciously become the little girl who was herself hearing these tales for the first time.

My recital (it consumed much more time than we spent driving back to Evanston) renewed my old desire to integrate and bring to life the grandparents our children and grandchildren had never known. Of course we had shared with them the old diaries, newspaper clippings, letters and our own personal memories and they have had a fairly good composite picture of the life that was ours

from 1884 until 1916 but from those disjointed facts, how could they possibly sense that fourth dimensional quality that has seemed to me a total blending of Father's and Mother's personalities; personalities so enduring that today, after some forty years of living without their physical guidance, I am constantly aware of their continuing team work on me.

And so I am using all of my sources and resources to retrace the pattern for what it may be worth to the boys and girls who may look back and discover that William A. Gardner of Gardner, Illinois, played a large part in their being alive today and question to what advantage they are employing their intangible heritage.

* * * *

The year 1876 held both happiness and tragedy for W.A.G. While living and working in Lemont, he met, fell in love with and married Georgia Wells of that town. She died within the same year (heart trouble, I believe) but the relationship formed between W.A.G. and Georgia's family during this brief interlude was so close and binding that decades later when we children came along, Georgia's father was known to us as "Grandpa Wells" and her sister as "Aunt Fannie" and our own mother was beloved by them as their daughter. During the six years of his widowhood, W.A.G. must have been very lonely and his memory of those short months of marriage as dream-like to him in retrospect as events which have taken place in our own lives at the age of seventeen.

A portion of those six years were spent in Chicago where he roomed in a district newly reconstructed after the devastating effects of the great fire. Here he attended the Baptist church and sunday school and it was in this neighborhood that he met Jennie Wilce (Mrs. John Spry) who much later moved to Evanston and was our warm family friend.

The year 1881 found him in Emporia, Kansas, where he had applied to the Santa Fè Railway for the position of train master at that divisional point of the road. Twelve years prior to this, a family had arrived in this frontier town via covered wagon for the railroad had not yet been constructed west of the Mississippi River. Thus, the journey from Portsmouth, Ohio, to that Kansas prairie village had to be made with the aid of boat, rail and horses. The father of that family must have considered long and earnestly the wisdom of embarking upon such a venture. He had been the purser on an Ohio River passenger boat for many years. He had married a beautiful young girl from Virginia whose childhood had been spent on

prosperous plantations during the pre-Civil War days when small black pickaninnies had been at her constant beck and call. The abrupt change from the comparative ease of Portsmouth living to that of pioneering in a community still nervous about Indians,[1] must have presented many grave questions in the minds of both parents.

Emporia needed a bank; there was an opportunity in it for a sober, industrious young man to join the staff—or so wrote Chas. Newton Dunlap to his cousins back in Portsmouth—and the cousin accepted the challenge by moving his wife and children to the strange and unfamiliar new surroundings. The smallest member of this family was five years old when the hegira was made but details of the trip remained to be told over and over again to us when little Anna Washington Riggs grew up and married the Santa Fè train master. Such details as evening camp fires beside the wagon, family prayers in the vast out-of-doors, and one memorable occasion during the latter part of the journey when they reached Lawrence, Kansas, and met a group of relatives already living there. These were Samuel Riggs, his wife, Kate, who was made famous to us (and many others, too) by her act of heroism during Quantrell's Raid, and their only son, Henry Earl, who was Mamma's age. The introduction of these two children that evening was the start of a long and happy friendship between the cousins.

I presume Mr. Dunlap must have made all of the housing arrangements in advance of the Riggs' arrival for there seemed to have been no interval when his brood lived without a well-shingled roof overhead and my own recollection of the family saga takes them immediately to the corner house at Merchant and 7th where they moved into a home recently vacated by the White family and renowned as the birthplace of William Allen White, the internationally famous editor of the Emporia Gazette.

Mamma's little girlhood followed the normal pattern of those times and I can only wish that our schools of today would drill

[1]In 1865 there were 35 million buffalo roaming the western plains; many were in Kansas which kept the Indians on this good feeding ground. The Kansas Pacific Railway offered very cheap rates to people who would settle there, kill off the buffalo and so help to rid the state of Indians. At this time there were Sioux (a war tribe), Kiowas, Kickapoos, Osage and Kaw tribes. The latter three remained many years but gave little trouble after the signing of a treaty at Council Grove, Kansas, around 1869. Their intentions may have been friendly enough when they would approach the Riggs' door and by a series of grunts and signs, ask for food, but little Grandma was in no social mood for these callers and was only too happy to hand out anything she had on hand for them to eat and to see the begging braves retreat.

and teach as ably as the instructors of the 1870-1880 decade. We have her copy books now and some pages of her "figuring" that are spotlessly neat and without an error; all of this without mentioning her infallible spelling. We owned but never needed a dictionary if Mamma were within hailing distance to ask, "two L's or one?" She always knew. Number 626 Merchant Street was near the post office and one of Mamma's duties was to go daily for the mail but she loved this errand for the post office ceiling was supported by a square pillar and the little girl was just the right height to back up against it—without knocking her head on the surrounding counter—and scratch that spot between her shoulder blades that was always itchy from her long, wooly underwear. Then this sojourn provided a wonderful chance to look through the store window and admire the miniature "Charter Oak" stove which was the sample kept on hand of the large and impressive wood-burning model that could be ordered from Kansas City. Then one glorious Christmas morning Mamma found that same tiny stove right there in the sitting room with her own name attached to the card: "Merry Christmas from Mr. Ballou (the owner of the store) who has seen you admire this so many times." Three generations have had fun with the Charter Oak, cooking fudge, baking potatoes, frying bacon and all with the same original pots and pans which are still usable today although the stove itself was left out in the rain once too often and rusted to such an extent that it finally cracked and was no longer safe for small cooks and chefs to operate.

Across the street from 626 Merchant Street lived Dr. and Mrs. Trueworthy with their little girl, Lucy, who was just Mamma's age. That friendship proved to be lifelong and a bond uniting their husbands and children in a relationship that remains close today, having spanned three generations. Aunt Lucy and Mamma went to grammar school and high school together and to Wednesday Evening Prayer Meetings in the church. On Sundays, church was a strictly family affair; attended by, sung to, and prayed for by Mr. S. B. Riggs and closest of kin. Grandfather was a deacon and a basso profundo in the choir; his daughter, Alma, played the organ, another daughter, Francis (Aunt Fan), sang alto in the quartette and son Charles was the tenor. Mamma could have supplied the soprano voice and perhaps did, although I have no proof other than my own happy memory of her singing in much later years. Religion was a vital part of their daily living and must have been observed then as it was during my childhood, when we went out

"home" to visit Grandma and Grandpa. The family gathered in the sitting room, selected their own particular chairs and sat with downcast eyes while Grandpa read the scriptures; that is, all but little Grandma who would throw anxious glances toward the kitchen where the girl (hired extra because Annie, Will and the children were coming) could not be completely trusted to manage breakfast alone. And then for some reason, they performed a ritual that I have never been able to understand. Grandpa would say, "Let us pray," and everyone would rise, kneel toward their chair and covering faces with their outstretched fingers, bury their heads in the plush or cane seat confronting them. Some of my relatives were plump and this brave posture made me wait expectantly for the Lord to succumb to temptation and to administer swift punishment for their individual sins. These same rites were repeated at the grown-up's bedtime and provided the only reason for my willingness to go upstairs at an earlier hour even though I dreaded the process of being undressed. In this act I was stripped to the skin and placed on the old horsehair sofa to have the long, ribbed stockings peeled off. I tried desperately then to support my small, skinny body on my hands but was never strong enough to lift the roundest portion high enough to miss that scratchy, sandpapery seat. Then in bed, I stayed awake until Grandpa's solemn voice gathered his clan for worship. At the first summons I would flip down to the floor and crouch with my head in the empty stovepipe hole between floors, hoping to catch a glimpse of the fearful, Chastening Hand and planning a brave course of action should my father chance to be the victim. I knew that God was too familiar with the Riggs family ever to suspect them of a misdeed but perhaps Papa and the rest of us who lived in far away Chicago were less well known to Him and that He might misunderstand Papa's too frequent appeals for help and familiar usage of His name. My big sisters and I were so thoroughly accustomed to this language and his figures of speech that we literally didn't hear them at all unless Mamma drew our attention by remonstrating, "Will Gardner, how can you ever expect to have four nice girls when you say things like that?" Papa was just as unconscious of having said it as we were of having heard it, for the phrases rolled from his tongue with a musical cadence that filled me with pride and envy. Papa was never chastised in Emporia nor did I ever have reason to rush to his defense during his lifetime or mine.

But I have wandered and rushed ahead of myself.

The new train master arrived in Emporia and began his work with the Santa Fè during the winter and engaged a room in the Whitley Hotel on the corner of Sixth and Merchant Streets. He confined himself strictly to business until one cold evening when a fellow Railroad employee, Mr. John Sebastian, urged him to walk down to the river and see if there might be any skating. This was a sport that Papa had had little or no time to practice but he was an appreciative if not a participating audience that night and quickly singled out one skater in particular to watch. John's eye was roving the whole field when his companion nudged him and pointed to a young girl whirling by and said, "Now there goes the girl I'm going to marry."

Shortly after this the Whitley Hotel was discovered to have distinct locational advantages and from his second floor window W.A.G. developed an interest in Wednesday evening prayer meetings to such an extent that he changed his faith to that of the Presbyterians when he recognized his favorite skater and Aunt Lucy setting forth to mid-week service. After church he loitered outside the door and found it wasn't hard to gain an introduction—correctly given by the minister—to the lovely, dark-haired, pink cheeked, grey eyed, youngest daughter of the church's staunchest pillar and from that moment on the romance must have moved swiftly for I cannot imagine Papa ever delaying an action once his heart and mind were determined.

His mind may have been determined but he found some competition in his way. Mr. John Abrams, also employed by the Santa Fè, had an inside track to 626 Merchant Street and his priority rights, along with Grandfather's doubts as to whether or not W.A.G. might be a true Christian, were deterrents to his campaign The first obstacle was easily dispensed with: the train-master outranked Mr. Abrams and that unlucky man found himself assigned to night duty for an indefinite length of time. The second question of Christianity took longer to answer but actions do speak louder than words and Grandfather soon learned that Annie's young man's performance was more inspiring of faith than his spoken references to God.

The Riggs' house contained a "tower room" on the second floor front; roughly, a room about ten feet square which held trunks and rolls of floor matting when I was a little girl. There were windows on two sides and Mamma once blushingly told us that she used to run up the stairs to this Juliet hideout to blow a kiss to her young

Romeo as he was leaving the hotel for his office each morning at seven o'clock. This must have been after they had reached an "understanding" or could Mamma have been a bold and wayward girl setting her cap for the town catch?

Dr. and Mrs. Trueworthy moved to Kansas City that spring to resume his practice of medicine and Lucy, of course, went with them. It was a dismal parting for the two girls after their many years of close friendship but letters were exchanged and plans made for a future reunion. It was not too long nor too costly a distance to be covered by train when Mamma went to visit her that summer. Right here I shall leap ahead again and say that it was never too long or costly for those two to get together forever afterwards. It may often have been a strain on pocket books but the two men who financed those family gatherings were always enthusiastic about the plan. I say "family gatherings" advisedly because the children were included and among the many happy memories I have of these events, is one that remains the best example of friendly fortitude that I have ever come across. All six of us were to visit Aunt Lucy at their summer home on White Bear Lake in Minnesota. We were packed and ready when Mamma became convinced that the bad cough of her youngest (yes, I was guilty) was surely the whooping and contagious kind. A telegram went straight to Aunt Lucy explaining the last minute change of plans and one came back in return saying that her three had already suffered the disease and to come anyway. That made a total of seven children romping through their house when one of them was distinctly out of control. We have enjoyed that same hospitality many times since then so I presume Mamma must have been a good and thorough "Cleaner Upper."

We did not go to Kansas City though on the above mentioned trip—none of us existed then (children I mean). The train master must have used his pass to advantage too during those days for it was in Kansas City that our future parents were introduced to the young merchant, Albert Schuneman, who was then escorting the vivacious Miss Lucy Trueworthy to the Independence Blvd. neighborhood parties. Aunt Lucy attended Kirkwood College near St. Louis, Missouri, that autumn but the four young people were together in Emporia whenever it was possible to circumvent store hours, train schedules and schooling programs. And there were skating dates too on those evenings when the river had frozen solid. I never saw Mamma in any athletic role but that of croquet but

her skates were saved and always kept on the shelf of her closet, protected from rust by her skating stockings—violently Roman striped affairs that would send us into great roars of ridiculing laughter when we girls came upon them at house-cleaning time; but Papa would always hold them reverently and say, "Don't laugh so hard girls; even with the stripes going around, not up and down, Mamma's legs were and are still the loveliest legs alive." To us, legs were just legs, possessing no comparative values of beauty or usefulness and we would look at Mamma's searchingly.

Mamma has admitted that it was very hard for her parents to give their consent to an autumn wedding; Annie would not be twenty until December; that young Will Gardner was a very recent comer to Emporia; nothing was known about this stranger from Illinois other than his promising position with the Santa Fè and that he had been working for a living since he was thirteen. Besides, his grammar was not always correct and to our little Virginia-born grandmother, this must have been a tremendous hurdle for she had attended the Young Ladies' Wesleyan Seminary in Cincinnati, Ohio, composed and penned beautiful letters, could write jingles upon request and recite poetry without ever having to resort to a book. Grammar was important.

The wedding date was set for November 28, at high noon, and [1]Miss Emily Moffet happily consented to play the wedding march on the piano in the sitting room. Mamma made yards of tucked ruffling for her trousseau and stood long hours while Grandma and her sisters made and fitted the wine-red taffeta wedding gown.

Then two days before the scheduled event, the train master arrived at 626 Merchant Street after supper with a telegram in his hand. He had previously received an offer from the C&NWRy to return to their employ as Train Master on the Wisconsin Division out of Chicago and the wire had requested him to report for duty sooner than first planned. They would have to leave Emporia on "No. 6" and that meant an early nine o'clock morning wedding instead of twelve noon because they must be on the afternoon train in order to arrive in the city in time for the bridegroom to begin his new work promptly Monday morning. Mamma had traveled to Kansas City a few times and once, when she was sixteen, had ridden the cars to Cincinnati with Grandma who underwent a miraculously successful treatment there for cancer of the breast. But this trip to

[1]Mrs. Malcolm Whitfield.

Chicago was to be a permanent thing and she was the first of the children to be married and leave home. It seemed an insurmountable parting for her family to agree to but by hurried notes and hasty packing, the earlier ceremony was accomplished and the Santa Fè No. 6 carried Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander Gardner to Chicago.

Their first home was on North Dearborn Street in a rooming house which I am sure must still be standing there with its same long flight of front steps leading from grade to second floor. There are several of these connected houses remaining unchanged on the east side of today's North Dearborn Parkway, whereas many similar ones on the west side of the street have been remodeled and converted by Beepo into very charming modern apartments. The landlady of this establishment for genteel people was certainly in business for profit and as the meals continued to become increasingly meager, W.A.G.'s patience and temper grew shorter and sharper, terminating in a terse supplication to God in this extremity when his[1] "Nubs" was given one wrinkled prune for dessert at a time when she needed a damned lot of good nourishing food. The landlady shrank; W.A.G. glowered, and Mamma modestly withdrew to their room where they scanned the real estate ads for suburban houses.

One was found immediately and they moved way out to Evanston into a small frame cottage on the corner of Asbury Avenue and Emerson Street. This was later placed on rollers and dragged by horses to the same relative location but two blocks west, where it stands today, the clapboards now hidden by hideous imitation brick veneer. The baby was due in late October and Grandma Riggs arrived in time to put the finishing touches to the layette and hang the fresh curtains (Annie mustn't reach—it would tangle the cord around the baby's neck!). October 30th arrived and with it the stork who gently deposited a tiny girl on the huge, carved walnut bed. The bird flew away swiftly—he had heard Papa's threatening voice carried in his direction by the wind for many hours and was glad for the silence that greeted him once "Mission Charlotte" was accomplished. There must have been a doctor somewhere in the offing but Mamma never mentioned him by name.

[1]I don't know what prompted this nickname for Mamma, but it originated with W.A.G. (as did all our names) and I never heard him call her or refer to her as "Annie." He had her silver marked "Nubs" and small children who lived in the neighborhood as we grew up always addressed her as "Auntie Nubs."

That winter of 1884-85 was a long and bitterly cold one. W.A.G. spent frequent nights down in the yards clearing freight and passenger traffic delays that were caused by the blizzards and deep snow falls. Grandma had gone home again to Emporia and his precious Nubs was alone with the baby and with no means of outside communication.

Mother's life must have been similar to that of a general medical practitioner's wife; both women having to accommodate themselves to lonely hours, unexplained absences and midnight emergency calls. When W.A.G. was detained in the City and had a free minute to tap out a message to the Evanston station agent, that faithful man would plow through the drifts or torrents to Mother with the dreary news that Mr. Gardner would be having to stay in Chicago again tonight. Then came Mother's long hours of anxiety. She was too loyal and understanding to voice any complaint about this irregular routine when questioned about it by us later on and would admit only to her worry over Father's safety. When he failed to come home on his usual train she knew that he was out in the yards riding flangers, setting switches, climbing over trains from track to track, handling any and all jobs that would expedite freight and passenger service in his area. The yards were located at Grand Avenue, Wood Street, Montrose (now Maywood), 40th Street and North Avenue.

Relief was soon found in the shape of one[1] Christine Wicklund —and what a shape! Christine was a Swedish block tower over six feet tall and approximately just as wide. She cooked, she scrubbed, she shoveled the walks, stoked the fires, baby-sat, and did the laundry, and all for two dollars a week. What is more, Christine remained a part of the Gardner family forever in spite of a husband (whom we never saw), a daughter, widowhood and numerous grandchildren for all of whom she was the main wage earner—but on an increasing scale through the years.

In October, 1885 (Charlotte was barely a year old), W.A.G. was rounding out his second year as train master of the Wisconsin Division, the youngest man then existing ever to have held this position. In reply to a discouraged employe's letter of that date, he wrote some advice, so appreciated by the recipient that the orig-

[1]Letter received from W.A.G. August 8. 1914. "Sumner and Stub captured foursome prize at Westmoreland — solid silver tea set — one piece. Stub nutty about golf. Neighbors had a party last night — broke out at intervals, 8 p.m. - 3 a.m. We have changed police force here at the house — the old tried to abduct Christine. Take care yrself — Pop.

inal correspondence was saved by him and a subsequent congratulatory letter of much later date photostated and placed in my hands seventy-one years later.

One winter in the northern suburb was enough and it was decided to build a house, provided, of course, that fifty dollars would be sufficient down payment for the contractor after paying cash for the land. A lot was selected on quiet, shaded North Hermitage Avenue in Ravenswood—about six miles north of the Chicago Loop. A builder was hired for the quoted price, and 2574 was completed in time for the birth of the next baby girl in June, 1886.

Various names were under discussion for this tiny new member one day when Grandma Allison arrived to pass judgment. She leaned over the crib and must have been well satisfied with what she saw for she pressed a five dollar gold piece into the small palm, caught Mamma's eye and firmly stated, "This baby's name is Ancinette." There could be no further argument; and although the minister stated it correctly in the christening ceremony, that was the last time anyone ever heard the name. She was Fritz, and has always been Fritz, except to Papa and Mamma who loved to call her "Doodle." Where did Fritz derive? Papa said there was a scrub woman down at the C&NW Ry. terminal whom he liked and admired especially and he thought it would be pleasant to name the baby after her.

Shortly after this the Martin family moved into the house next door. Two more little girls, Lois and May—just older than Charlotte and Fritz by a matter of months—began another friendship that has extended down through the years. It was so well managed by both sets of parents that the arrival of two more daughters in each house at a later date must have been synchronized by Uncle Earl Martin's and Papa's stop watches.

There was a span of some five years between Fritz and Olive; years that held the loss of a baby boy, making the birth of my next big sister an especially happy event. Grief had disrupted the home pattern twice before I joined the family—both times due to the death of a baby, the loss of whom must have been shattering to the parents and sisters who longed for little brothers. Charles Edward Gardner (Teddy) was just younger than Fritz—a beautiful baby from the miniature that Mamma had had painted from his six-month-old picture and now rightfully in the possession of Fritz. When about a year old he developed "summer complaint" (the term of that era) and nothing could be found in medicine to check

the deadly diarrhea. Mamma was continuing to nurse him for it seemed too risky to change then to a formula. He lingered for many days and finally died in Mamma's arms as she was singing the lullaby that had always comforted him. I have wondered and wondered many times during crises in the lives of our own children, at her strength and bravery.

Mamma's recovery from Teddy's death was long and slow. She became very thin and the heat that following summer was another obstacle to be overcome so Papa arranged for her to take Charlotte and Fritz to the seashore for a few weeks.

The abbreviations used in all of his letters to follow must stand as copied for they and the barely legible, writer's-cramped hand were as much a part of their author as the telegraphy they stemmed from. If the reader cannot decipher the words, neither could we until long experience taught us his code.

Chicago, Aug. 18, 1890 (addressed to the Irving Hotel—Asbury Park, New Jersey)

My dear Nubbins: This is Saty & tomw as a natural consequence is sunday. I am going up in the morning and see our dear little Teddie: Wish you were here to go with me but I presume the little fellow knows where you are. Been over town this A.M. and bought a suit of clothes (cheap ones) and a new hat. I looked like a ragmuffln. Clothes all dirt and worn out. Its very hot as usual and no signs of rain. There is no news of any great importance. Hardly think I will be able to come down after you—hardly get a chance to breathe. Enjoy yrself all you can. Kiss the Dumplings for me.

Papa

Chicago, Aug. 20, 1890

Dr Mamma:

Recd yr letter today. I am afraid you and the little ones will not see Papa 'til you come home. These flowers are from dear little brothers grave. I was there today—went out to Mr. Tiltons funeral (he was sup't of machinery). I am not feeling very well—something wrong with my stomach—guess will be better tomorrow. I wish I could be with you—am commencing to get lonesome. Tell Charly (Charlotte) I ride Dandy—he is pretty frisky yet. All the little girls around there want to know when she and Fritz will be home. How did you go there? via Jersey City? Have you figured out how you will come back. Will try and send you some money in a few days.

Presume you need it—you generally do. Bye bye—lots of love and kisses—Papa.

Olive was born a few years later and again the family had a baby to love. She was a delicate little girl and her frequent illnesses were the cause of Papa's discouraged and pessimistic views of her future as set forth below in his letters written when she was eighteen months old and had gone with Mamma and the girls to Emporia.

Aug. 25, 1892

Dr. Mamma:

On my return from Milw late this P.M. I found yr letter & telegram. If it isn't one thing its three. I am very anxious, not only for Olive but yrself & balance. Keep me posted please. There's nothing of her & I suppose the inevitable will come. I am extremely busy. Willie home sick. Will.

(When attention was concentrated on one particular member, the rest of us constituted the "balance." "Willie" was his office boy.)

Evening August 25, 1892

Dr Mamma

Yr second message handed me as I was taking the 7:12 train to come to the office. I was almost afraid to open it for I feel that I am carrying enough without having to pass through that vale again. I am relieved and greatly obliged for yr thoughtfulness. My grip is packed and I'm ready to come west if necessary. Lots of work to do tonight.

Bye bye and kiss Olive for Papa.

Olive was too small to remember much about little William Alexander, Jr. who was born in 1895, but Mamma told us later of that brief joy. Mamma had her babies at home always, and was delivered by the family physician, then attended by a trained nurse. The nurse at William's birth was unknown to Papa and Mamma but they trusted her ability. She assured them that the baby's changing color was nothing to be concerned about and that there was no necessity to re-call Dr. Parsons. The tiny boy died the following day—a "blue baby" for whom nothing could have been done in those days, but again a crushing sorrow and disappointment to Papa and Mamma. We almost lost Mamma at this time, too, for

she contracted "child-bed fever" due to nursing negligence and nearly slipped away from us. It was later learned that the nurse had recently adopted the then new healing methods of Christian Science but had refrained from telling her secret to Dr. Parsons.

I do not recall Papa ever speaking of William to me, although he may have done so on our numerous drives to the cemetery where we went as a family taking flowers to our little brothers. His hurt and grief from the loss of the boys may have been too piercing for him to have referred to them. The memory of William and Mamma's associated illness may have evoked an emotion too frightening to dwell upon, or perhaps he never wanted his four girls to be conscious that his family was anything but exactly the way he and Mamma wanted it to be.

Charlotte and Fritz were in kindergarten and second grade, respectively, by this time, sitting on Papa's lap after dinner and puzzling out the words in the old First Reader which all of us have done our "home work" from. I'm wondering if they cheated, as I can so well remember doing; that is, stumbling and playing dumb over simple phrases just for the joy of staying in that safe and enviable spot and having Papa's undivided and sometimes annoyed attention. It must have been at about this time too when the ebony Hallet & Davis upright was added to the sitting room. Mamma had always played the piano; her eldest sister (our Aunt Allie) taught music in Emporia and Mamma had been one of her apt pupils but it had been back in Kansas days when Papa had last listened to her play selections from "Marthe" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" at 626 Merchant St. and he was hungry for his Nubs' music. Fritz must have instinctively known the piano to be her other self, for she went to it immediately and with small fingers, unhesitatingly felt out "Old Black Joe." Not content with sharing this new family possession, she was found the next day scratching F-R-I-T-Z on the lovely shiny black wood. She had found a pin to be a very satisfactory tool for this purpose.

In retracing the pattern of these days, I haven't yet resorted to asking my sisters to verify facts and dates of events that occurred before I joined them. At this point, it seems easier to cheat a bit in the writing and then confront them with a family history completed without their help. If I attain my goal, unaided by them, it will be another "first time" in my life. So—with some doubt in my mind, I'm going on record in stating that these next ensuing years were the ones in which Fritz grew rapidly and made up the differ-

ence of their twenty-one months in age and Charlotte remained about the same height. All of this explains the nickname "Stubbie"; but she, too, stretched out in time and I can remember wondering why, with her tall, slender stature, she didn't break in two at the waist line. What held her together in the middle when she would lean over to grab me up from the sidewalk, and with me under one arm, her books under the other, her long braid hanging over her shoulder, would walk up the steps, open the door and announce her arrival from school to Mamma? Our own youngest granddaughter was born a few days ago and she also has a big sister twelve years her senior. My dearest wish for both of them is that they may have the same feeling of closeness at all times (despite their age difference) that has been Stubbie's and mine.

I haven't yet reached "me," but I was born eventually and at 2574 North Hermitage Avenue too. I can't imagine that I was anticipated with any great pleasure by anyone but Mamma for after her illness the year before she had been advised by the doctor not to have any more children. She waited to announce her suspicions of me until one evening when Papa came home for an unusually good dinner (pre-plotted for a purpose) and afterwards they went for a drive by themselves behind Dandy. And then she told him that I was on the way. Papa, who had very little color normally, turned ashen, and for once was speechless. Those nine months must have been torture for him and I'm glad that I slid into the world without disrupting anyone but Olive who had discovered a cozy looking crib in Mamma's room at bedtime one evening. She collapsed her six-year-old length into it and went to sleep only to waken the next morning to find herself in a big bed shared by a strange man (Dr. Hawks, an obstetrician) who had stretched out to catch forty winks. She ran in to tell Mamma and Papa about her roommate and found me in the cozy crib—a bad moment for my next sister but a hard one for Papa too. My very sex must have been a keen disappointment but he rallied from the event and the next morning on the station platform when accosted by someone who said, "Understand you have another girl at your house—whom do you suspect?" he replied, "Certainly, not the minister." The minister had sired six sons. W.A.G.'s diary for that day records: "June 4, 1897, Directors went to Milwaukee—everything in good shape. Business looking up. Another daughter at house—Nubs in good shape."

When Mamma was safely over the hump of me Papa took

Charlotte and Fritz on an eastern trip. Olive was still a bit too young to join that party and he said he had his hands quite full enough with just the two bigger ones to wash, comb, brush and tie ribbons onto. They went first to Pittsfield, Mass., by train and then by horse and buggy to Stephentown where they hesitantly approached the old homestead, not knowing whether any Gardners might still live there. With a little girl at each hand Papa walked up the hill and recognized the Aunt Ann of his boyhood standing at the farmhouse door. There could not have been too many marks of age on W.A.G.'s thirty-eight year old face, for without any words being exchanged, Aunt Ann flung her arms around his neck and the New England contact was re-established. This trip into the Berkshires was repeated almost every summer until our beloved Aunt Ann died in 1912 or 13.

So many memories come flooding back to me of those nineteen years wherein all of our lives overlapped. Three of them barely count for me—those final ones of the nineteenth century—but still there are recollections from among them that are so fresh and alive that I can feel today the old suppertime drowsiness when, my tray empty, my head would bob forward and rest in Papa's open palm beside me on the table. There I would nap until carried up to the trundle bed that by day was pushed beneath Papa's and Mamma's big brass-knobbed one. The thrill of being lifted up to sit between Papa and the pommel of his army saddle and then the violent jiggle of a swift trot up to the corner and back—the twilight drives in the trap, all six of us crowded into that high-swung carriage behind the team, Jack and Jill—drives south to Lincoln Park where I would sleepily keep looking for "Papa on Jack" which was my conception of the equestrian statue depicting General Grant high-stepping his horse above an archway in the park.

These were the years wherein Mamma was active in the Ravenswood Woman's Club and served as co-chairman with Mrs. Chas. H. Betts on the committee to raise funds for a lunch room in Lake View High School. Cook Books were compiled from the members' favorite recipes and sold to the populace at large but not without our having sampled each and every concoction around our own table. History does run in cycles for thirty years later Mrs. Betts' daughter, Mrs. Hugh W. McCulloch, and I found ourselves following the neat footsteps of our mothers in rounding up recipes for "Culinary Capers" for the benefit of the Evanston Infant Welfare Society. Mamma must have served on the entertainment com-

mittee of the Woman's Club also for I can think of no other reason for Papa's consenting to speak before that august group. We found the following speech among our papers:

THE MODEL MAN

Members of the program committee, Madam President, Ladies and you members of my own sex who are only tolerated here once a year—and then on a moonless night:

I crave your indulgence for this unusual method of addressing myself to you but it is customary, as well as becoming, for amateurs, at least on occasions of this kind, to mention those of their audience first, whom they stand in *awe of most.* Inasmuch as I have a pardonable pride in desiring to exist after this function is over (and there is an hour of reckoning even for the model man, when the lights are out and everything is still) I am disposed to take advantage of that adage which says, "Self protection is the first law of nature."

This is a world of paradoxes. Half of the population are wearing themselves out and growing old before their time, in pursuing the unattainable phantoms for which they have no taste or genius while their natural talents or inclinations which lie dormant, would, if exercised in the proper direction, enable them to shine superior in other spheres. As an illustration: many of us are trying to expound English literature whom God intended to direct the affairs of some laundry; or some of us are speaking before women's clubs with indifferent success, while mortality awaits us as members of the Police force or brakemen on a railway.

I remember hearing Gov. Oglesby say once, when addressing students at the University, that he presumed the reason he had been asked to comment on the subject of Education was because he never had any himself. Likewise, I assume that the ladies, in looking around for available timber, decided that I possessed fewer of the attributes necessary to build up an intelligent or consistent discourse on this subject than any other of their acquaintances; therefore, through deference for my ignorance as to what a model man should be, they did me the honor of responding to this sentiment. Despite my unworthiness and the depressing fact that I neglected to have my pockets sewn up in my trousers, I may go to depths in this subject which will surpass even your fondest hopes.

In meditating upon the possibilities of this "Theme" in the privacy of my annex this evening, my over taxed mental faculties were be-calmed and I fell asleep to dream. Methought I was dis-

coursing on the present woman and not the future man. I saw before me two pictures of one of your members; one taken a couple of months previous to affiliation; the other, two or three years subsequent to that event. The former was madonna like in its serenity, peace and tranquility. The latter reminded me of the countenances we see in the papers where it is labeled, "Before taking"; that same uncomfortable, pinched expression. Whilst I was wondering if Time alone was responsible for the change and thinking to myself that the Club Face, like the Bicycle Face, was not peculiar to any one home but had invaded all our households, my attention was attracted to some hand writing on the wall. It was not "Mena Tinkle" etc. but a free translation would read about as follows:

Too many Ethics for one woman's head.
Too much Milton—result, poor bread.
Three days Browning—leaves little time for darning.
Too much Renaissance—too little time for mending pants.
Too much Reformation—makes household desolation.
Too much General Hades—too few little babies.

My own excuse for digressing from the subject and introducing this dream was because there is a Moral to it.

But to return: In the course of my deliberation, I thought what a happy coincidence it would be, if among the guests this evening, we might find a model; one whose career I could trace from the cradle to the recent election and turning on an x-ray, as it were, bid you look and be convinced; but on account of my intimate acquaintance with the gentlemen present, I am forced to disappoint both you and myself.

Outside of biblical facts, did ever a Model Man exist in any country or clime B.C. or A.D.? For evidence B.C. I beg to refer you to the minutes of this Club, as I believe that most of their study and research up to the present time has been confined to the Pre-Historic ages. Coming down to the years with which we are most familiar, we find that George Washington, Napoleon, the present governor of this state and even that genial old monarch, Henry the Eighth—whom we at times feel justified in emulating—were not without faults and cannot be accepted as true models.

Carlyle, in his exquisite pen pictures of (to my mind) one of the noblest women who ever lived, says, "She was a Club woman too—the daughter of a poor engraver at Paris." And later Madam Roland, whose husband was a Cabinet Minister for Louis 16th. She it was, who by her tact and talents, directed the Breton Club,

afterwards better known as the Girondist Society. Carlyle says of her that "She was unconscious of her true worth, as true worth always is." Tell me, did you ever notice any trace of that peculiar trait in us? On the contrary, don't we always assume to know it all and when you run us into a corner, don't we try to cover up our destitution of knowledge by our Cardinal's Cloak of Bluff?

We have seen how they can concentrate the features of a group of 15 or 20 people into a composite photo of one imaginary individual. Likewise, if you would abstract the good things from any five or six of us, the result might be a perfect model. But as we are all married and disposed to take a logical rather than a flattering view of each other, I think we must accept the fact that model men, like their sisters, exist today only in fancy or idealism.

Be that as it may, it is certainly a duty we owe society, our families and ourselves, not to relax in effort for improvement; to keep before us some ideal standard which we hope to approach closer day by day, and it is fair to presume that some of us will eventually attain the distinction of being a Model Man. After we do, methinks I see an epitaph on our tombstones to be read by following generations—something in this style:

The life partner of Mrs. ———
Member of Ravenswood Woman's Club.
She was the Axle; He was the Hub(by)
They had several spokes
Which were called Sissy & Bub(by)

———

He was a Model Man,
He never used the swear word D——n
Nor did he take any provocations
At the oft-repeated and long continued visits of his wife's relations.

———

He took the lead in the straight and narrow way
Which leads to Life and Everlasting Day
And was content to dance to music
That his wife saw fit to play.

———

He was tolerant of his helpmate's superior 27th century ideas
And oft begged her indulgence upon his bended knee-as.
He bid fair to live for four score years or more,
Like unto his father sometime before.

But his better half decreed
That to her Club he must speak
So he laid him down and died
Without one squeak.

The Ravenswood years ended in 1902 and we moved to Evanston, just in time for me to celebrate my fifth birthday, But I remember many things about the Ravenswood house—how its walls had to be pushed out to add two more rooms; what a crash the plaster made when a partition had to be knocked down; the fenced enclosure where "Pet," the cow, was kept in the back yard by day and in the stable by night in a stall next to those of Jack and Jill, the bay team of horses; how Mamma used to say that Jill "pulled" and would come home from driving to market, rubbing her arms, and how I would laugh at her mud-spattered but still beautiful face because Jill had kicked up her heels on the unpaved streets and the dirt had flown over the dashboard and all over Mamma; how Jill was the only horse Mamma had ever known who buried her whole face half way up to her eyes when drinking from the horse trough. But perhaps that last bit about Jill comes from early Evanston days when we would stop in Fountain Square to let the horses be watered.

The dreadful storm that "almost killed Mamma" took place before I joined the family but the story should be told now, for it introduced our first telephone, and that I do remember. Papa was Wisconsin Division Superintendent at the time and Olive must have been occupying the trundle bed beside them. In order to be constantly available both night and day and to contact the office and yards at all times, a receiving and sending set of telegraphy instruments was installed in the corner of the bedroom adjacent to the bed. This was beside Papa but the wiring came through the woodwork of the window nearest Mamma and was attached in some way to the baseboard behind her side of the big double bed. During a severe electrical storm one night, lightning struck the wiring, ran the length of the line and knocked a small, wooden block from the baseboard. This flew and struck Mamma's temple, and if it hadn't been for the fact that Papa's hand—always on her head as they slept — had not been there to share the impact, the blow would have killed her. She was temporarily stunned and that provided more than enough reason to order one of those new inventions by Alexander Graham Bell to replace the telegraph. I used to try to stretch my hands high enough overhead to touch the shelf

that held the 'phone book beneath the mouthpiece. The whole wooden pillar stood high against the wall and had a crank on the side. I was sometimes lifted by one of my sisters and permitted to turn it. A startling and lovely jingle always resulted—just as satisfying as the strange wax cylinders that made such a happy sound when Papa put one of them on the machine that had a big horn on top.

And then there was Dan Hickey whose identity was confusing because I had a friend by the name of Dan in a storybook who combed his hair with a wagon wheel. What could that jingle have been? The Hickey variety must have been a Ravenswood product, too, I'm sure, for he would drag me to Miss Lettie's kindergarten on my sled on days when there wasn't a speck of snow on the ground to ease his way. He must have gone to Evanston with us, for I now wonder at his ever-present willingness to throw a saddle on Jack, no matter what time of day or from which chore he was interrupted, and then with lead strap in hand, we would move down Asbury Avenue at a walk or a brisk trot. But keep in mind that Dan was on foot all the while. Oh! I was rotten spoiled.

Two blocks from our house there was a lush, green pasture and here Duffer III (Pet's grandchild) spent her daylight hours. Joe Schulte had supplanted Dan now, and I would go with him each evening to retrieve our milk-bearing animal, help to clean out the cowshed, supervise the mixing of the mash and then try desperately to give my short fingers that loving touch which Joe said was necessary to fill the milk pail. I don't know why we had the cow because not one of us drank milk without making horrendous faces, but we did love cream and that was poured over everything but grapefruit.

The following letter will trace the lineage of Duffer III and was written while we still lived in Ravenswood.

Dear Sweetheart Awful (Papa's name for Olive before he changed it to "Chop"):

Well, what do you think. Hilda is not married yet. John is not dead but the cow has a baby calf. It is a little girl calf and is called Duffer III. So now we have Duffer I (myself), Duffer II (cow) and Duffer III (calf). It was born yesterday. Both mother and daughter are doing very nicely considering the hot weather. I think the calf resembles Old John in the face, altho it's somewhat the pleasantest-looking. If Mamma remains away much longer I wouldn't be sur-

prised if another one might be there in the barn. Can't tell what may occur. Edwd. McWms. swallowed a tennis ball but he is better now. Dorothy Martin is up in country with Dorothy Collier now. She can swim. Uncle Earl and Aunt Tib leave tonight for two weeks fishing. I shall not write again because I expect to be there Sunday and tell you about it. Papa.

(We were probably visiting Grandma Riggs when this was written, although August was not a month that we ordinarily went to Emporia. Hilda was our cook and John, a one-eyed and frightening looking individual who took care of the barn's inhabitants. Edward McWilliams lived behind us on Paulina Street, and Dorothy was the third daughter of Aunt Tib and Uncle Earl Martin next door to us.)

This next one was written when we were in Gloucester, Mass., for a few weeks and Grandma Allison was with us and W.A.G. joined us later for a brief vacation.

Monday, 22 July, 1901

My Dear Seetheart Olive
My Dear Duffer I.

Have you both cleaned your teeth today? Olive, take yr fingers out of yr mouth. Duffer, stop that and drink yr glass of milk.

This was a very warm day but its cooler now—wagon loads of people overcome by the heat and are now feeling better—even the paving blocks perspire. The cow is no good—we will eat her—tail, horns and hide as soon as you return. Duffer two times is growing. He looks like Mamma—short and thick. Frank Bersbach has not died yet. Ain't that nice? Roy Brown recently went to town. Ain't that colicky. Ida Johnson is at home. Ain't that jarring. Hegwich Zwitchyzwitch is well and happy. Ain't that a stuttering sort of name. Say it Duffer.

Maw Maw, whens my Paw coming to Gloucester.
Haw Haw Haw.
William and Nubs
From Hermitage Ave
Had four girls
That didn't use salve.
One was tall and willowy shape
One was dumpy and looked like 8

One was thin and wanted her supper
One was Willamine—alias Duffer.
I do hope Grandma can find something to scrub. Yr's. Papa

In a roundabout manner it became known that Papa wanted a new riding horse. Jack and Jill had grown old in their line of duty and had been sent to perpetual pasture. A beautiful little black mare arrived—"Duffer IV," by name—but she was a skittish little colt in spite of her dam having been the race horse, "Maud S.", so was ridden only by Papa. From another source came a Wyoming bucking bronco and this was to be Olive's animal. He could not even be saddled. We witnessed Papa's first and last attempt to mount him one early morning when we all assembled at a bedroom window, giving us a clear view of the barn and drive. Papa and Joe managed to trick the horse into letting them slip a halter over his head, and after much dancing and cavorting by all three, Papa vaulted onto the bronco's back which was just the first leg up on his course to the tree tops. The girls shrieked; I cried, and Mamma raised the window to shout above the general confusion. It was too late anyway, for Papa was rising from the gravel with more than a little dissatisfaction and a great many words about the horse's ancestry. Joe tried again that same day without success and our broncho departed the next. I have a suspicion that Papa called Mr. Armour for help because it was just about then that the meat packers learned the glue-from-hooves formula.

Dogs came into and went from our lives, too. "Sampson," named for the admiral (the Brighams had his brothed "Dewey"), was a curly-tailed Pug with just as outstanding an adornment at his other end. His tongue chronically overhung a full inch even with his mouth tight shut, and having overheard the veterinary tell Mamma that he thought this could be corrected by running a darning needle through its full length, I kept myself constantly armed with the remedy, waiting for the right moment to try my skill at face-lifting. Before I could muster the courage, (I knew it would hurt because I had practiced the technique on myself) Sampson waddled off to dog heaven. In trying to replace our loss, we became the recipients of many varieties — preponderantly bull terriers — the scrappy sort. They arrived one by one for several days, the influx ending on the morning scheduled for Mamma to do some entertaining. She had invited her recently acquired Evanston friends to tea; those who had come to call on their new neighbor during

our first year on Asbury Avenue. Spotless white kid gloves grasped trailing skirts of nun's veiling over rustling taffeta as the ladies climbed our front door steps. We girls were not officially "at home" with Mamma but were very much in residence at our various appointed stations and could see Mrs. Damson arriving with her small French poodle at the end of a leash. The season was mid-summer and this was a "porch party." Mamma stood greeting her guests at the entrance and inviting them to find refreshments further around the veranda which almost completely surrounded the house. Mrs. Damson thought it such a lovely day that she would just bring Dolly along, too, and tie her to the railing spokes? Mamma's expression was dubious; her innate honesty made it hard for her to dissemble, but she nodded her assent and the poodle was tied. Dolly had not used a deodorant, even for a party, for her aroma circled the house and found its pungent way into the barn where our brand new terriers were separately tethered awaiting a day of judgment when we could vote unanimously on keeping the favorite one of the three under consideration. With one accord, they gnawed three ropes and raced to the porch where the leader fastened his teeth on the helpless, fashionably clipped and nearly naked little poodle. The other two, in jealous rage, lunged for each other's throats and the squealing guests showed far more than decorous taffeta ruffles when they lept to chair seats and porch rails. We, inside, heard but didn't witness all of this but there was no mistaking the sound and we ran for first aids. Stubbie heroically stepped into Dollie's losing battle and aimed a glass of water at the snarling, snorting jaws but her target was missed; while Mrs. Damson (her nun's veiling in no way suggestive of its name) was kicking at the hind quarters of our terrier each time his revolving rear end came within slugging distance. Someone — I don't know who, but would like to think it was Olive — rushed for the pitcher of lemonade and with a more accurate hand, directed a stream into the bull dog's nose and eyes. Dolly was dropped and saved but in the meantime the other two fighters on the south side of the porch were waging noisy battle. I was told to run for a can of red pepper but Fritz had stepped into the fray armed with — of all things — a mountain climbing pole, and with her own perfect musical rhythm, brought that wooden staff down on the combatants' heads with enough force and regularity to discourage their canine efforts to murder.

This episode ended those particular dogs and almost ended any further social life for the Gardners on Asbury Avenue. Strangely

enough, however, the neighbors rescued Mamma from her embarrassed confusion by their appreciative surprise and admiration for girls who showed "such courage — such efficiency — and presence of mind" (little did they know how experienced we were in dog fights) and allowed their daughters to associate with that family who had just moved into the corner house — you know, the ones who have such a beautiful mother.

And this leads me to wonder from whence came the mountain pole. We never so much as climbed a hill, individually or as a sextette, but that pole, in all its burnt-wood beauty and high-colored splendor, always stood in an angle of the downstairs den. It looked American Indian in origin and may have been part of the regalia brought back by Papa from Lander, Wyoming, when he went out there for the town's celebration upon the completion of the railroad line that had been extended northwest from Casper. Whatever native tribe it was out there at that moment had honored Papa by making him a Chief and he brought home with him a complete outfit of fringed and beaded doeskin, gauntlets, and a gorgeous feathered headdress that hung in a glass-doored cabinet on the wall until one evil day when moths were discovered feasting on the Shoshone's (?) gifts. Mamma salvaged only the gloves which I wore skating and then was it our own Gardner or Courtney who finally wore them into thongs?

That stretch of track from Casper to Lander was more than a headache to Papa who could see little wisdom in extending the main line of the road but it was voted by the board of directors (influenced by the President who had cast covetous eyes on the Burlington's nearly parallel track) and the extension was completed. While this project was a worry to W.A.G. and Mr. R. H. Aishton, it spelled one glorious trip for the rest of us. We didn't go to the final celebration at Lander but shortly before that date made a cross-country sojourn by slow and easy stages in the business car "401". The train was made up of just the locomative, baggage car and 401 hooked onto the rear end. It held the six of us, whomever the superintendent of the division we were covering chanced to be, Mr. Walter Carrol (W.A.G.'s clerk), and most necessary of all, Robert Johnson, the chef.

We traveled slowly by day, when the men sat on the observation platform scanning every railroad tie, signal, switch, culvert, bridge, track ballast, block house, and right-of-way. I believe this trip prompted the painting of all glittering brass railings a dull black

to save the eyesight of those trying to see details against the reflected sun. Each night we would run onto a siding miles away from a town or any signs of human life, where the engine was uncoupled and we were left standing until morning. We were usually surrounded by acre after acre of open land with perhaps some mountains in the far distance or a prairie fire on the horizon that we watched carefully. Sometimes a flock of sheep would timidly nose its way up to the fence to investigate us and I wanted dreadfully to take one of the baby lambs on board with us but this plan was quickly vetoed.

I said that Robert was necessary, but failed to stress just how important he was to four girls who lived only from one of his meals to the next of his fabulous concoctions. He held forth in a galley that could not have been any larger than 6 feet by 4 feet. One wall was taken up by a combination wood and coal range with just enough space left at the side next to the door to hold a small fuel box. Robert was short, swarthy and twinkly, and rotund enough through the middle to stretch his cook's apron to the straining point and cause him to think twice before making the difficult full reverse turn from stove to supply cabinet. The sink was below the window and I loved to occupy this box seat while watching him charcoal broil steaks and produce his moist, gooey devil's food cakes from the oven. Once I had croup on the car and it was Robert who thought to wrap a hot stove lid in newspaper to put at my feet and spread a piece of muslin (probably part of my petticoat) with lard, then grated nutmeg on top of that and to flip the whole sodden result on my wheezing chest with the fat side down. It stopped my coughing and remained Mamma's best remedy for my oft-repeated attacks.

I don't remember how the big girls spent their daytime travel hours on this Lander excursion, but Olive slept. She would go from the breakfast table back to the stateroom, stretch out kitty-corner on the double bed in there and rouse only when she smelled luncheon being cooked. She would do well by that meal and then go back to nap again unless nudged by Mamma to look out the window and see something breathtaking like a mountain. We arrived in Lander after dark and were taken for a walk down the main street (and only one) of the town where every other shack was a saloon and horses hung discouraged heads over the hitching rail which was the only line of demarcation between street and walk. This diversion must have consumed all of fifteen minutes and we were then herded back to the tracks and 401. The engine whistled and we started back

to Chicago. Hardly worthwhile, I thought at the time, but reliving those nine or ten days now has been like unwrapping a surprise gift and finding inside an old and treasured storybook. Just seeing the worn binding brings back the title and all the dear and beloved friends within.

Robert was frequently a part of our lives, either on the car or pinch-hitting in our own kitchen during those rare intervals when we were without a cook or Christine's hands were too occupied with starching petticoats for five females to leave the laundry for the kitchen. We loved his food and his jolly self but the kitchen was a shambles after he left; he had found the floor just too big to be fussy about.

Many trips were taken on the car — some that I can't remember at all — but Mamma's camera proved that I went to Niagara Falls because there is one amazing picture of Papa and the rest of us complacently standing in very dry clothes while the falls are pouring down on top of us. My sisters tried to explain this phenomena to me as a "double exposure" but I'm still sure that it was Papa's power to defy even the mighty waters and Mamma's ever-protective presence that made this paradox possible. The whole family went on this sightseeing venture, and by "whole" I mean the six of us; our cousins, Gladys and Edmond Riggs; Grandma Allison and her daughter (by "Old Man Allison"), who was our Charlotte's age, and Ida, the maid of all work at home who was brought to keep me from falling over the falls.

The sleeping arrangements must have been sketchy at best for such a carfull, but I know that we were all present and can be accounted for because Mamma's camera shows everyone clustered in the rear end of the car; the children seated on the floor playing cards and the grownups providing a background of striped, tucked shirtwaists, stiff-brimmed masculine straw hats tilted down over foreheads and Ida holding me high in her arms. Mamma must have stood on the observation platform and taken that shot through the window — a precarious stance on a moving train. The camera had to stand on a tripod; a terrifying black cloth enveloped Mamma's head while she looked to see if we were in focus. We were told not to budge and then she would whisk off the cloth, insert the plate, squeeze the bulb, and then moan that someone had moved and would we please let her try it again!

I'm grateful now for Mamma's insistence on photographic per-

fection – otherwise how would I be sure that Olive had worn one particular pique dress for at least a decade? It had a white sailor blouse and a red and white horizontally striped skirt – evident in all of the Ravenswood pictures and again in early Evanston ones. Olive swears that she had but one dress of that pattern and that she was luckily very fond of it, but how could Mamma have made it with a hem deep enough to let down spring and fall for ten years? Yes, she made all our clothes – from skin out – and they weren't slap-dash either. Our panties had ruffles; our petticoats were tucked with lace edgings, and our best dresses had faggoted yolks and beading with ribbon run through. She had help twice a year in making our wardrobes. "Smithers" would come to the house with valise in hand and stay for a week or more. She was the widow of a C&NW Ry. brakeman (Mr. Smith) of whom W.A.G had been fond (fond of the brakeman, I mean). All of us loved Smithers. If Papa and Mamma were to take a trip without us, Smithers came out to keep us company and we adored her enthusiasm for "Flinch", "Pit", "Parchesi" and Checkers. I never tired of sitting on her lap and feeling a great lump on her wrist, rather like a golf ball under her skin, and I would attempt to protect it with my hand in spite of her reassurances that it didn't hurt at all and could be taken off if she could just get a few days when she didn't have some sewing to do. The lump still remained when she came to stay with us years later when Papa and Mamma took their one and only, and famous, trip to Europe.

Now that I have mentioned it, this is as good a time as any to give those details, but chronologically I'll have to jump ahead to the year 1908. They were gone exactly twenty-one days from portal to portal and according to W.A.G.'s account, and in answer to the questions of his much interested and widely traveled friends, they had toured all of England thoroughly; were familiar with every painting in the Louvre; had descended into the catacombs of Rome, gained an audience with the Pope, and especially enjoyed their leisurely trip up the Nile. We never were able to separate the truth from the fiction of that journey – Papa had read and knew too much for anyone to stump him. Only Mamma's give-away face could give us a clue as to what they actually saw. W.A.G.'s log book, kept on their way over aboard the SS Campania, is the only written record that they went to Europe at all, and when you read it below you may have some doubts yourself.

New York Oct. 28 Mild 453 knots
Sea pleasantly rough. Damn the sea.

Oct. 29 465 knots
Ma very sick; could not eat.

Oct. 30 Gale – waves 1,000 ft. high Temp. 50° 461 knots
Ice froze to sailors whiskers. Ran into university of whales. Man stuck his head out of whales belly – looked like Jonah's picture. Ma said his name was Riggs. Damn the sea.

Oct. 31 52° 461 knots
Ma and the sea are salty. Sailor overboard – rescued before he got wet. Band played Sweet home. Damn the band. Damn the sea.

Nov. 1 Mild – foggy 56° 452 knots
Deepest part of ocean. It kicked up too but did not bother your bilious parents.

Nov. 2 Calm – smooth 54° 457 knots
Just sighted land @ 10 A.M. Looks good.
Children all dressed in green. Ma is on deck with the captain.

Nov. 3 TO BE TOLD AT HOME.
(But it never was.)

Fritz has told me since then that Papa studied the maps and Baedekers so assiduously that upon their arrival in both London and Paris W.A.G. left the hotel on foot and guided Mamma without a false turn to their objective for that day. Could that have been just one more story of "Our Trip to Europe," or to what heights will one climb to avoid asking questions?

Whether Mamma went alone to Emporia for two or three days, took one child or all four of us, made no difference to her publicity agent. He presaged the event by telegraph, sparing the truth and unfurling a fable: "Nubs arriving tomorrow with four trunks see that she has a chance to wear everything." Or "Nubs on the way bringing French maid and poodle." The telegraph operator in Emporia, Charlie Cleever, received these messages (personally keyed by Papa) and by postponing their delivery to Grandma, feverishly running home for lunch, divulging the news to "Em", his wife, – who, in turn spread the glad tiding up and down Commercial St. – would thus make the Riggs family the last ones in town to be

informed that their daughter was coming home for a visit. It was all very acceptable to little Grandma; (who referred to Papa as her "son-in-love") she was ready for one or all six of us when we arrived with perhaps one trunk among the lot and never an animal or non-existing domestic.

In later years, the trips we made to Emporia en famille to see Grandma and Grandpa Riggs were made on the car and then we lived aboard, with 401 switched to a siding. We were too great a group to descend upon 626 Merchant Street so instead, all the relatives would come to have one of Robert's dinners with us. There were successful penny hunts afterwards for the younger children — magic and mysterious — where a penny might turn up under the big brass cuspidor, beneath the ink well, or wedged between the pins that stood upright in a beehive-shaped container that I have never seen anywhere but in a C&NW Ry. train or office. Sometimes a penny would be stuck behind Papa's ear, or, strangely enough, in the crossed laces of his high shoes, and once there was a penny in Mamma's hair pin.

When was the St. Louis Exposition? It must have been in 1903 or '04 that we went to the Fair in someone's business car; either the yellow 401 or that of Mr. Alexander F. Banks from the E.J.&E. Ry. No matter whose, Mr. and Mrs. Banks and their son, Ackert, were with us and I was impressed because Ackert was only slightly older than I — and a boy — two facts that were unique to a small girl who had bigger sisters and not even a contemporary boy cousin. That male presence must have influenced our elders' choice of exhibits and shows visited that day for three colorful pictures remain in my mind: Sitting on Papa's lap with my hands held tight over my ears while watching a noisy sham battle, that of the "Monitor and Merrimac," I believe; walking through an Igarote Village to see the terrifying wild men (I wasn't too scared because Mr. John Ringling had personally introduecd me to some in the Chicago Coliseum before), and as the grand finale, being led by Mamma into a vast and shining white and nickle-trimmed room where one wall was bordered by a series of slatted doors that reached neither to ceiling nor floor. I had seen many wonders that day but this spot was stranger than any of them, and I asked Mamma where we were. A white-aproned maid answered me, saying, "Most people think this is heaven."

Later that summer Mamma returned to St. Louis with a group of Evanston women intent upon seeing the more educational features

of the Fair. Papa was uneasy about the venture. He hated to have her out of his sight for a moment and would literally walk the floor on those frequent occasions when she would board the six o'clock evening Santa Fè train for Emporia. He had faith in all railroads up to a point, but accidents did happen, and the thought of his Nubs being in a wreck and alone without one of the girls along to help would cause him, as I say, to pace the library floor until time to go to bed and spend a sleepless night. Why he worried so always seemed understandable to us even though we were all aware of Mamma's complete efficiency in every department and we knew she could handle herself, as well as the train load, in any emergency. It was just Papa's inevitable reaction to all things that might endanger her and we took it for granted. And so the jaunt to St. Louis was reluctantly planned and Mamma went on her way with the women she referred to as "the girls" — a term that made her daughters hilarious. She bought for the occasion a lovely raffia straw hat trimmed with bobbing, bright red cherries and wore it only the once because her more aged children thought it too youthful. Mamma was not yet forty.

"The girls" reported their safe arrival by telegram and W.A.G. relaxed until the next morning's Record Herald (or just as likely the "Tribune") announced that a quartette of Evanston women had been in an automobile accident while visiting the Fair. Papa tried to keep the news from us but his white face at the telephone, his blistering language with the reporters and his dash for the telegraph office were more than we needed to suspect that something had happened to Mamma. What actually had taken place then wouldn't even draw a small crowd today, but automobiles were still a novelty in 1904 and a sightseeing motor-driven bus was an even greater curiosity, so when the one that contained "the girls" had a failure of brakes and glided down a hill, coming gently to rest against a tree, it was a newsworthy event and the roving reporters made the most of it. I believe the raffia hat remained at its becoming angle during Mamma's harrowing escape from death, but none of us — not a single one of us — could place a foot in a bus thereafter unless it were a Parmalee from station to station or the straw-covered-floor variety that went from the C&NW Ry. terminal to Marshall Field's store — both models being horse-driven, and I might add, exceedingly smelly.

Chapter II

His Family

Those were busy years for Mamma, the years 1903 and 1904, I mean, for upon looking back I realize that she had much to cope with. I had started school the previous September (first grade at the David B. Dewey) and was urged by my sisters to read aloud to them at all odd moments. They thought my very pronounthed lithp a speech difficulty invented for their special amusement and the entertainment of their callers. It presented no problems to me whatsoever except at those times when one of them (the girls) would grab my jaw firmly and make the futile attempt to guide my tongue past that yawning vacuum of missing incisors and tell me to say "S" without moving my chin sideways in search of a solid enamel wall. Mamma used to tell them to stop laughing at me one moment and scolding me the next for not being able to speak with their own pure diction, but I got even with them that winter.

Behind me in school sat one Lilly May Beatty, a recent arrival from the deep south who had come with wooly pigtails and residents therein. I wished that they had been permanent residents but they were the progressive, outgoing, unseen members of our first grade and it was not long until I was rebelling about having Mamma cut my fingernails — they scratched so much better when long, and my head itched awfully. Mamma took a hurried glance at my hair and rushed me to the wash basin with a bar of soap and a fine-toothed comb in hand. I wasn't told until much later what I had been harboring (I suppose Mamma feared I would proudly make a public announcement of it in assembly hall), but the attention I received each evening squatting on the floor at Mamma's knees was most flattering and gave me practith in reading about the "Thunbonnet Babieth" aloud and without critithithm while she combed, brushed and disinfected me. I didn't question why Olive and Fritz kept their distance from me then — I just enjoyed being Mamma's chief evening occupation.

These itinerant tenants of mine had no sooner been murdered than I brought scarlet fever germs into our house and again my

sisters fled. Stubbie, of course, was a sophomore at Smith College and safely isolated from me, but Fritz was in Evanston High School and Olive was in sixth grade right there at home. They moved in with Grandma Allison who, again widowed, then lived in the Park Apartments located on the southeast corner of Main Street and Chicago Avenue in south Evanston.

Under Dr. William Phillip's direction Mamma hung a carbolic-sprayed sheet at the entrance to the guest room and moved in there with me. Papa lived a lonely life at the front of the house but night and morning he would pull the sheet back a few inches and ask me if I wouldn't like to go for a picnic with him that day or couldn't I manage to find a few measles to keep me company? His teasing was the high spot of those days and I spent long hours conjuring up some pleasant query such as, "Wouldn't you like to take Mamma out for a drive tonight?" Quarantines were strictly observed then and nothing I touched (which was mostly Mamma) could come in contact with the outside world.

Sandwiched somewhere in the scarlet-fevered days of mine came the thrilling invitation for Papa to be one of Teddie Roosevelt's mounted escorts upon his approaching visit to Evanston. I begged to have the course of this pseudo Rough Riders' parade routed via Asbury Avenue and my window but W.A.G. explained that he had no power to change the President's preference from that of seeing Northwestern University to waving at me. I couldn't believe it, and had to content myself with holding a from-behind-the-sheet discussion with Papa as to which kind of new saddle would be the best to buy for this noteworthy occasion — the Army type or the true Western? The Army won.

For seven long weeks I ran a fever and peeled, and for seven long weeks Mamma read daily to me the story of "Helen's Babies" — all about two small boys named Budge and Toddie. I would like to find a copy of that book today and ferret the reason for my literary choice but, of course, our edition was burned, along with everything else that had touched me — except Mamma.

When Stubbie came home for her Easter vacation I was once more pure and undefiled; able to walk proudly down the street with my adored and beautiful biggest sister who that spring was wearing an elegant wine-red suit with a train that swished behind her. She had first gone away to school in the autumn of 1901; not from anyone's choice but because she was aiming toward Smith college the following year — a novel objective among the teenagers

of those days. Her preparatory years at Lake View proved her to be most promising material for higher education and Papa and Mamma, wanting to make sure she would have the required number of credits for entrance (this was long before College Board exams) sent her to Mrs. Somer's School in Washington, D. C. for her last year of preparation. In their talks together before this first and momentous separation to take place in the family, W.A.G explained to her that she was their eldest — there were no brothers to fall back on — and that she would have to be the man of the family if anything were to happen to him. A college degree would be vitally important if she were ever to be left with the responsibility of all of us.

She was not quite seventeen when she went to boarding school and I can well remember that woeful day of parting when we girls sobbed our goodbyes to her from the horseblock on Hermitage Avenue. Thereafter her holiday periods were the high spots of our years and her letters home the big events of the day. My little friends across the street, Harriet and Juney Odell, loved to hear those letters and better still, to listen spell bound to her stories of college life. While mentioning these lasting friends, this seems to be the moment to include one of my memories in connection with their grandfather. It is based only on my recollection of the early years that we spent as close neighbors when the sharing of visiting grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins made deep impressions on the minds of little girls who were "best friends."

Mrs. Odells's father, Gideon Moses Hawley, came to live with his daughter after reaching his retirement age and I was much drawn to and fascinated by the fact that his very first job as a young man had been that of running an engine on the New York Central railroad. He described the locomotive to me and because I was such an appreciative, wide eyed audience, went into considerable detail as to its fuel, boiler, overall size, horsepower, etc. Some years later and after Grandpa Hawley was no longer alive, the first Northwestern locomotive, "The Pioneer", was displayed at the end of the C&NWRy terminal concourse and I was told (by Mrs. Odell I'm sure) that this had been Grandpa Hawley's engine. Thereafter I never went to Chicago on the train without pausing in the station to look and imagine that dear old man standing there at Pioneer's throttle. How the engine became C&NWRy equipment has been explained various times during the years of its appearance at expositions and the Chicago Railroad Fair but for you who were too

young to have seen Pioneer performing at any of its recent public appearances or to have given her more than a glance when visiting the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry, I can condense her history from the book "Pioneer Railroad".

In 1848, when the Galena & Chicago Union Ry. had almost finished laying their first ten miles of strap rail from Canal and Kinzie St. to Oak Park they were in dire need of a locomotive. Mr. John Van Nortwick, the Road's Chief Engineer, was commissioned by the president to acquire one and was authorized to give in exchange, 40 shares of Galena stock, par value $100. The Michigan Central yards at New Buffalo, Michigan, had just what was needed and although the engine was then eleven years old and had spent her first two in hauling rails for her original owners, the Utica & Schenectady Ry. Co., she had been built to last by the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, Pa., and had many miles of service yet to give.

In those days engines were named (not numbered) and the Michigan Central's "Alert" was rechristened "Pioneer" when she became the Galena's property and in turn, the Galena & Chicago Union Ry. became the Northwestern Railroad on June 2, 1864, after a number of lines running north and west had been purchased or constructed and consolidated into this system.

Grandpa Hawley was the "Alert's" engineer when she was graduated from carrying freight to passenger service and made the run between Ashtabula and Cleveland, Ohio, stopping on the way to pick up (President) James A. Garfield and his brother and taking them to a stop near their school. His prompt running schedule took the place of our phone calls today for accurate time and the people along his right of way set their clocks by Engineer Hawley's progress. There is no authority for the facts except our memories as Grandpa's stories of his past were never recorded but I am proud to claim a happy friendship with the man who once controlled the throttle of the small puffing monster known now as the "Pioneer."

It was the Odell family who invited me to visit them at their lake cottage during Stubbie's summer vacation when she was at home with us. Papa liked to have his family all together and under one roof. There was no hard and fast rule about this but when we received going-out-of-town invitations, he and Mamma privately discussed the pros and cons and a reluctant consent was usually given. I received a "yes" to go to Lake Maxinkuckee with our

neighbors. We sisters wrote to one another voluminously during any brief separation and I have included a few samples for one reason only: they are one hundred per cent typical and characteristic of the women my sisters grew to be and I'm confident that their children today could recognize the authors even though these literary masterpieces had been left unsigned.

Addressed c/o Mrs. James A. Odell, Lake Maxinkuckee, Culver, Indiana:

August 25, 1907.

Dearest Little Duffer Girl:

We have been missing you Ladykin. Pluto sat on the floor very lonesome for a while but he cheered up wonderfully when he saw me eating my remarkable supper of toast and cornflakes. Mrs. Dole came in for a while tonight — she is a dear, isn't she? Fritz wants to mail this. All send their love to you and the Odells.

Goodbye Ham-hash,

Stub.

August 25, 1907.

Hello Bed-fellow:

Have you gone swimming yet? Have a bully time and get fat. Well, I am going to have company so must run. Good night deary.

Olive.

August 25, 1907.

Hello Duffie Darling:

Olive is sitting here at mother's desk talking to Laurie. Charlotte has just gone to bed (8 o'clock). Mrs. Dole was in to see how she was. She has asked me to go to church with Julia in the morning and then go to their house for dinner. Had watermelon for dinner tonight — also steak and beans — nothing like the humming birds tongues that we are accustomed to. Pluto sends you his love and fondest admiration. Guess the family would too if they knew I was writing. Hug yourself until you don't feel good then think of me and you'll have the proper effect. Love to the Odells with much for you, baby dear.

Fritz.

August 25, 1907.

My dear Duffer:

I suppose by this time they have had a tidal wave in Lake

Maxinkuckee (Did I spell that right?). I know that when you three little girls went in bathing it made a surf.

Grandpa, Grandma and I went to the Presbyterian Church this morning — walked both ways and enjoyed it. Grandpa feels more at home in that church. Sumner was not here for dinner as he had a friend in Chicago and is entertaining him today. He was over all morning with Charlotte but went at dinner time.

Pluto ran away today and Duke just brought him home — the dirtiest dog you ever saw. Ned is washing him so he will be nice and clean again. Give my love to Mrs. Odell and the little girls and here is a great big hug for my little girl from

Mamma.

August 26, 1907.

Dr. Duffer:

I don't like it at all. When are you coming home? Pluto ran away yesterday but we found him after while. He was very dirty and Ned had to wash him. Brownie is better. She can be used tomorrow morning I think. Stubbie is still sick in bed. We have Dr. Phillips now. Be a good girl and don't annoy Mrs. Odell.

Papa.

August 29, 1907.

Dear Duffer:

I don't like it. I am coming down Friday or Saturday to get you. Be ready.

Papa.

(The only reason being that he wanted his family all at home and together.)

* * * *

If life without Stubbie at home seemed strange, it was even lonelier when Fritzie left and followed in her Washington footsteps.

All during these years Fritz had been spending every free minute from school at the old Hallet & Davis and how we all loved her music! To be sure the rest of us were taking piano lessons, too, and [1]Stubbie was also singing solos in the glee club concerts at college, but Fritz was the truly musical member of the family from the very

[1]Stubbie once whispered to me (and not so many years ago) that her conception of heaven was a place where she might have a tremendous symphony orchestra accompany her while she, standing on cloudish platform, would send her voice soaring high above her angelic audience. I do so hope that she has had many, many repeat engagements.

beginning to this present day. She possesses the acute memory for tone and sound and touch that has always enabled her to hear a melody but once and then carry it back to her piano with all that the composer had written, plus far better included harmonies. Popular, classical, hymns, operas – all are at her finger tips and today she can go back to supply the request of any octegenarian in the room or yesterday's movie hit. It has been a rare gift shared with all who know her, but loved most by those of us at home who never tired listening to her practice hours. Even Czerny was a pleasure to us at six-thirty in the morning.

Not too many years ago Olive, listening to a radio program, heard a most familiar piano number and made the scornful criticism, "That isn't the way Fritz plays it." The program ended and it was announced that the audience had been entertained by Paderewski. Of such things is family loyalty made.

In looking through our correspondence of that distant time, I find that Olive and I wrote to the girls on Sunday afternoons and that I signed myself as their "P.D." (principal devil) and no doubt I was. To me, they were models of all that might be attained in a long time to come if I could ever learn to wash my face and scrub my teeth automatically as they did without being told; study hard at my lessons as Stubbie did, and find fun and pleasure in my music lessons as Fritz had always done from the very beginning.

Incidentally, Fritz was making such progress with her beloved piano at Mrs. Somer's that Smith, for her, was forgotten and she remained in Washington for the additional years that are now referred to as Junior College and then as "Finishing School." The only person it ever really finished was Papa, for in retrospect I realize that tuition fees for four of us over a long span of years must have made deep inroads in his and Mamma's carefully budgeted accounts.

While Fritz was away at school she was made a member of "The Order of the Lily"; the highest honor Mrs. Somers could bestow upon a pupil. This news was received at home with very mixed emotions; Mamma and Papa were completely ignorant of the necessary requisites, highly entertained by the implied note of purity and, Papa in particular, somewhat abashed by his close relationship with such perfection. All of us were relieved to learn that this reward was given only to those of exemplary decorum OR unusual artistic talent. We, who knew our prophet in her own country, were consoled by the fact that Fritz had slid into Lilydom on her piano

ONLY and that no other Gardner ever need be challenged by any improbably high standard of good behavior on the part of an older sister. There was a very formal ritual observed at these Lily induction ceremonies when the "White Flower of a Blameless Life" was pinned to the heaving bosom of a worthy young lady and she walked henceforth in sweetness and light. When Fritz was bedecked in this manner, the dignified Headmistress suffered a slip of the tongue and that years crop of Easter blossoms wore the white flowers of "aimless lives." The error was never corrected by Mrs. Somers and remained in the school annals long after that honorary society had died a few years later from a lack of recruits. There was always ample talent represented but Queen Victoria's influence on Twentieth Century American maidens cooled off as rapidly as did her regal body. Papa rarely missed a chance to refer to Fritz's honor as one of the following letters reveals:

Hip along
Oolung
Heathen Chinee
What is it – Ah?
A lily I see.

Dear Doodle Lily:
Just came in from trip Directors.
Hope to see you soon Pop.
On 21st.
(No month or year)

This second letter was written from the Shoreham Hotel in Washington. He might have more easily telephoned these facts to Fritz but really enjoyed writing – particularly if the news were dramatic.

Feb. 8, 1906. 11:30 P.M.

Dear Doodle:

Well your Pa was certainly in it tonight. We went by carriage to the private entrance, thence to the Blue Room which was full of Admirals, Generals, Diplomats of other Countries etc. We separated in two ranks and the Pres't. & wife, followed by the Cabinet, went through and took their places. Then the Marine Band struck up & the show opened. There must have been 1000 carriages in line and a never ending procession. After a little, a special place was made for us in the line & we filed past. I was presented to the Pres't's. wife by the [1]Pres't. She was very gracious – then I kotowed to everybody else. I already knew most of the members of the Cabinet and met their wives. Everything was military and Navy. Met several of

[1]Theodore Roosevelt.

the foreign delegations etc. etc. It was a great show Doodle & Pa swelled out his chest and looked wise.

Pop.

Feb. 9 (but no year or postmark)

Dear Doodle:

If anybody ever asks you to marry them, don't attempt to write your reply but do it verbally because no one can tell when you write if its yes or no. You do sling the d—dst fist Doodle that I have ever been up against but I love you just the same.

Pop.

W.A.G.'s artistic ability was not confined to poetry nor was he only a man of letters; he was musical also and quite happy to demonstrate his skill in playing one tune with one finger under the right circumstances. His appreciation of music was a deep and inborn characteristic that prompted many, many rare opportunities for each of us: summer evenings at Ravinia Park where we listened to Walter Damrosch symphony concerts; Prof. Thomlinson's choral classes for the big girls who also took banjo and mandolin lessons; later, the Chicago Opera Company was formed and there were season tickets for all Saturday afternoon and Monday evening performances. Three seats only and we took turns going with Mother and Father. Yes, they were answering to those dignified titles by this time for I was then feeling the importance of my years and after trying the word "Daddy" and being rebuffed by, "What the hell, Little One?" in response, we compromised on Father and Mother. The big girls followed suit in public but privately we all reverted to the old childhood names for our parents.

This was at the height of Mary Garden's career and when Maggie Teyte, Edith Mason, Tito Ruffo, [1]Caroline White and Jennie Dufau were singing in our company. Music was the remedy for Father's hard days at the office and I don't recall his ever having been reluctant to change into dress clothes and head back to the city and the old Auditorium theatre after dinner, no matter how exhausted he had been. The plots sometimes were disturbing to him

Letter dated Jan. 27, 1914. Chicago.

[1]Dear Duffer: We went to opera last night. Expected to heard Jewels Madonna (with) Caroline White but she had ingrowing tonenail so we heard Jennie Dufau instead in Lucy Lammerhead. Pretty fair but everyone dissatisfied. Mrs. Spry has a little boy — John Spry is well — Mrs. Dole is well — likewise Andrew Dole. No Cooks in sight — I like to look out. How are exams? I never missed one. Yrs, Pop.

and one evening after hearing a particularly sad last act of the opera, he was helping Olive into the car and noticed her tears. She complained that she didn't see why they always had to be so full of grief, and he patted her shoulder, saying, "I agree with you — I'd just as soon go down and spend an hour in Rosehill."

Many were the Sundays when W.A.G. would return from church and we, coming in at a later hour from Sunday School, would find Caruso or Geraldine Farrar's most recent record being played as he walked up and down the living room looking at his few but beloved paintings and listening to his favored voices. He liked best of all, Adam Albright's canvasses that were hung by the rosy little artist himself and left for Father and Mother to test the enduring qualities of playing sunlight on the Albrights' twin boys; and in another picture, the gathering storm clouds that were warning a group of children to leave the fields before the rains descended. The paintings were left on approval and usually purchased, for those children became our warm friends and we wanted them in the family.

Light opera was another relished pastime. One famous winter W.A.G. and Mr. John C. Spry went to see the "Merry Widow" twelve Saturday afternoons, just as entertained by the dozenth performance as the first. The "Chocolate Soldier," George M. Cohan's "Spring Chicken," "Dollar Princess" and "Naughty Marietta" were repeaters too, but nothing surpassed the "Merry Widow."

Chapter III

The Times

One February day in 1906 Mother was invited to a luncheon in the home of Mrs. Frederick E. French. During the first course something was said about the French's intention to sell their house, and by dessert time Mother was quite sure she would like to own it. We hadn't outgrown 1704 Asbury Avenue but it had been a rental proposition and after four years in Evanston the family was sure they liked the suburb well enough to become permanent residents. That evening at the dinner table Mother mentioned that she had seen a nice house — English architecture, near the lake, and it would hold all of us comfortably. "Do you like it, Nubs?" "Yes, very much, dear." "Well, go on and buy it then!" And that, so far as we knew, ended the conversation. If something pleased Mother, Father automatically knew that he would like it too; or perhaps it was their complete confidence in the judgment of each other that precluded any long discussions on decisions made by either one. Mother went to see the house one more time and it was purchased that same week because W.A.G. didn't want to delay the action. A month went by; we were due to move April 26th, and Father hadn't yet seen the house, so in desperation Mr. and Mrs. French gave a dinner party to lure the new owner into his own lair. He went; he saw it; he loved it, but never really looked it over from stem to stern until he returned from a business trip and found us all unpacked and settled at 1218 Sheridan Road.

We were "settled" yes, but with one or two adjustments still having to be made. Father changed his commuting station from Davis to Dempster Street, cutting his train time from Evanston to Chicago by three minutes — a fact that was enjoyed by our neighbors who said the C&NWRy suburban service to that second Evanston stop offered a greater choice of trains from then on. That was just their imagination and doubtless stemmed from the fact that they were being made more aware of any and all trains stopping or passing through our town.

The tracks were being elevated from Calvary to Central Street

(the northern-most stop of our four Evanston stations) and overpasses were constructed at the principal street crossings. This was an engineering feat requiring many months to compete but it was ably accomplished by Mr. E. C. Carter, chief engineer of the project. Mr. C. S. Hall was in charge of track elevation and was in constant contact with Father who, at that time, was Vice President of Operation and Maintenance of the road. Through all the upheaval caused by this change in grade level the schedules and time cards remained the same; passenger service continued to accommodate the usual number of commuters and long distance travelers departed and arrived at their destinations on time.

Changing to a different school in late April of the year didn't bother me very much — they were all operating under the same system and when I carried my books into the Hinman Avenue School on the Monday after our move, I found several familiar Dancing and Sunday School faces surrounding me who knew two more stanzas of the "Fringed Gentian" than I did (because I had been busy arranging my old possessions in their new location) but who had only reached the "eights" in their multiplication tables while I had progressed to the worrisome "nines". I found that particular practice produced sleep quicker than counting sheep for those brief seconds after going to bed. Professor Homer H. Kingsley had his public school system so well synchronized that a child from, say Lorimer, upon meeting a contemporary from Hinman for the first time and finding no other mutual point of contact, could always use Horatio's bridge for the crossing and be positive that his new found acquaintance could join him in reciting those hundreds of stanzas that were simultaneously committed to memory by every sixth grader in Evanston. Each pupil in District 75 was taught how to paint a blue bird, a daffodil or a sunset in precisely the same manner and from just one point of view: that of Miss Ferguson. She visited every grade in town once a week and painted her version of the subject (chosen according to the season) and then we did our best to copy her model and technique with Prang's three prime water colors.

To the best of my memory, there were no retarded or accelerated students in our town — we just moved along at a steady rate of speed and if our art exhibits showed tulips bending to the wind in the uniform row of a magic and well kept garden and our robins all faced the same direction on an imaginary telephone wire, so did our knowledge of American history and percentage reflect the same

conformity of solid foundation when we made the jump to high school. It was all good and our families were spared the regimentation of Parent-Teacher Associations.

All the graduates of that system seem to have reached maturity without having suffered from the prohibition of self-expression during the early stages of their lives. When I feel frustrated today, I don't lay the blame at the feet of Miss Ferguson who saw autumn leaves pure red and orange when they might have appeared strongly tinged with green and brown to me. Nor do I remember feeling abused in being told to move my wrist in and out of my cuff when making the continuous line of Os in my copy book when it was far easier and more relaxing for me to use just my fingers and pen in writing. As I look over my contemporaries and see them occupying responsible, critical positions in business, industrial, and professional life today, I wonder what further heights could remain for them to attain if, as youngsters, they had been permitted to build a Viking ship because they preferred that to mastering fractions. The old formal education doesn't seem to have left any Freudian complexes among those fortunate enough to have received one.

Changing schools was no hardship but I missed the old Asbury Avenue playmates and the excitement of living there on that corner. Horses never died on Sheridan Road, I disappointedly discovered. Church Street had been a popular thoroughfare when we lived there and the route chosen by farmers to haul their produce to town. It was also the street used by the buses that were driven back and forth to Glenview during the golfing season. Why the horses gave out and elected to die at our particular intersection I don't know — surely the twenty or thirty feet (at most) difference in grade between lake level and the intervening twelve or thirteen blocks couldn't have caused a fatal strain, but horses gave up their equinal ghosts repeatedly and pitifully on or near the corner of Asbury and Church. I became so hardened to the sight in time and so proficient in guessing the hour of death by their various stages of rigor mortis that I felt myself to be the Hebbelthwaite of Horsedom by the time we moved away.

Strange too, that snakes seemed to shun the sunny vacant lots near the lake when they abounded in the civilization on the west side of town. One warm spring day over there, Olive and I captured thirteen of the Garter variety on our walk home from school. We alerted the neighborhood and organized a snake posse with satisfying and wholesale results. I'll confess that this didn't occur often

but it was discouraging to move away and find no dumb creatures such as cows, dead horses, and reptiles demanding my attention.

Early residents of Evanston didn't seem to recognize the advantages of living near the lake and built their homes on higher ground close to or near Ridge Avenue. As the population increased, lots were purchased and beautifully improved on Forest Avenue; then gradually Sheridan Road, one block nearer the water, was sparsely settled. When Father purchased 1218 (Mr. French had built this house in 1902) there wasn't a home standing in the 1100 block bordered by Sheridan, Hamilton, Greenleaf, and Lake Shore Drive. To be sure, construction began almost immediately there but the delights of living close to the lake and its constantly changing moods were oddly slow in being appreciated. Even our neighbor, Mr. Daniel H. Burnham (the architect and originator of the "Chicago Plan") chose to build his home on the end of his property furthest from the beach and he owned one solid block from Forest Avenue to the lake.

The biggest compensation I found in living on the east side of Evanston were the level, comfortable, smooth surfaced side walks. I had left rough hewn slabs of stone on our old corner that were hard to navigate on roller skates. By the time Mr. Wightman was laying walks for the newer houses, he was pouring even cement blocks that were heavenly under ball-bearing rollers and at the earliest signs of spring we (the school and neighborhood gang) would oil up our skates and travel way up to the present location of the Bahai Temple where the drainage canal was then just commencing to be dug. The route taken was a varied one but we always by-passed Mr. Phillip Shumway's corner on Davis and Hinman: he had been inconsiderate enough to have his sidewalk poured in diamond shaped forms of cement that were arresting to the eye in their two-toned coloring and anything but resting to the skate-shod foot.

That was the spring of Stubbie's graduation from Smith, Fritz's from Mrs. Somers' School in Washington, D.C., and the beginning of Olive's suffering from an arduous and painful tooth straightening case. She kept her hands constantly on her aching jaws and Father, in passing her, would touch her cheek and say, "How are your chops, Dear?" Thus started her name "Chop" and "Choppie." I was a third-grader at this time and not too aware of all that was going on in the upper echelons of the family but I do remember the white graduation gowns that were modeled for the benefit of

Chop and me when the girls came home with diplomas in hand, and the tiny elastic bands that were found all over the house, from butter plate to wash stand, to piano – anywhere that was convenient for Chop to slide them out of her mouth and gain a few seconds of relief.

Chronologically, this is the time to introduce one of the New England men who became permanent family fixtures. Edward Thomas Crawford ("Ned", to us) arrived one cold February day from Boston and quite literally picked up the reins of the household. He was a young athlete in his early twenties, fresh from basketball and track victories in that eastern city, experienced in the handling of horses and eager to learn the skill of driving an automobile. He had been in the employ of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. McCall as stable boy and coachman since leaving school but his greatest joy had been playing baseball with the two young McCall boys, Sumner and Hal. Father and Mother had met the McCalls several times during the five years Stubbie had roomed with their daughter at school and college and when they learned that Ned's services were to become available because his employer was to be in Europe for some months, W.A.G. was quick to reply to Mr. McCall's letter wondering if we would like to have Ned at our house. Would we like it? We loved it, and have continued to do so for [1]62 years now.

Neddie helped me (or was it the reverse?) build a minute skating rink that first month with us; took care of Rex and Brownie – the latter was a chestnut mare who joined us on my ninth birthday; learned to drive the Stoddard Dayton; went riding with Fritz or me when the horses needed exercising and W.A.G. was out of town, and chauffeured all of us everywhere we went. His days were never over, for his duties included those of nighttime chaperoning when the girls or the children went to parties. (Stubbie and Fritz were always referred to as "the girls" and Chop and I as "the children.")

Henry Butler's livery stable cab service was the accepted method of conveyance in town but Father and Mother feared for the safety of their darlings after learning that one of Butler's hacks had driven up to the Country Club porte-cochere with as much flourish as its driver could muster behind one of those sway-backed, spavined nags, and was jovially greeted by Sam Cannon, the doorman, with the question, "Where's your fare?" The rear end of the dilapidated old station wagon had fallen off blocks behind and someone's lovely

[1]With S. W. McCall, 1894-1907; with W. A. Gardner, 1907-1926; with S. T. McCall, 1926-1956.

daughter and her hapless escort had been left to shank's mare. A lucky break, I call it, remembering only too well the aroma of those cabs and the horsey fragrance that clung to the best clothes of those who paid a quarter for that brand of perfume.

If Ned took us, "the boys wouldn't have to figure transportation in their expense account for the evening and we'd be completely protected." There was another motive, too, for the Gardner girls had a curfew and it was observed rigidly by all as they came through those adolescent stages, referred to at our dinner table as "sitting-up-and-taking-notice" and "jumping-the-fence." Twelve o'clock midnight was the limit set, and like good Cinderellas, we never thought of staying on for one more dance but left the floor and found Neddie right at the door waiting to take us home. Our escorts demurred a bit more often than not, and who could blame them, but it had been a cheap evening without cab fare to pay and they were oddly willing to take us out again.

I never heard the girls voice a complaint about this rule; and personally, I loved it, for I would find Father waiting for me at the top of the stairs, clad in one of the ridiculous night shirts of those days, and I never knew what else. It might be his silk hat and a cane, Mother's umbrella drawers, her corsets, a Navajo blanket, a plumed picture hat, or one of my own pleated skirts ruffling around his hips. He would strut and I would sing, or we might duet one of his favorites: "See where the old man stands, combing his hair with his thin, boney hands – He has a story to tell – One good boy went to heaven, another to hell." I believe that was the original version but we changed the second and fourth lines to suit our fancy and would end with the "old man" doing such horrendous things with his hands that Mother would waken from a sound sleep and join us, pretending to be shocked, but giggling, "Will, how can you!" Perhaps Father wouldn't meet me at the stairs, and then I would be suspicious and grope my way to the light switch very carefully. To have walked into my dark room with reckless abandon would have been murder in the form of chairs placed to trip me, glasses of water to stumble over and then mop up, or if none of these, there was sure to be a pie-bed or all of my bureau silver slipped between the sheets at the bottom. Midnight curfew was never a burden for me.

There was also an evening rule for callers. Boys were welcome to the house and all the facilities provided; but cigarets didn't fall under this category, nor did late hours. At the last chime of ten

o'clock shoes were dropped heavily on the floor of the bedroom above the living room. If this were the caller's initiation to our home and he was a bit dull about interpreting the bangs overhead, electric lights were turned off and on from the master switch upstairs, and if he still dawdled, it was up to the hostess to say in short syllables, "You can't stay." This rarely happened, for W.A.G.'s methods, if not gently persuasive, were usually successful.

Neddie should have four full chapters devoted to him, written by each one of the second generation of Gardners, and then ten more by our ten children, and these should be followed by the twenty-seven versions of Neddie as seen currently through the eyes of Father's and Mother's great-grandchildren.

All of us lived in the same community until 1931 and Ned was very literally the hub of our activities even tho he left Gardner employment upon Mother's death, January 1, 1926. Without changing garage space, he just moved himself around the corner to 1022 Sheridan Road with Sumner (our brother-in-law) and Charlotte and resumed his same daily program with four more little girls as his specific charges. I used to say that Ned's uniform should have been blue and white striped percale covered by a full white bibbed apron instead of his conventional grey, for he is the best nurse for small children I have ever known.

After his sympathetic and lenient chaperonage of us, he completed each such assignment by driving the bride and groom to train or hotel (all but me, Ned was in Wianno then, poised and waiting to drive Fritz up to a Boston maternity hospital while our wedding was taking place in Evanston). Those trips were followed in due time by hurried excursions to the Evanston Hospital maternity wing. Who but Ned could have been allowed to give the new baby its first outing after that? When they grew a bit older and became fractious within four walls, a quick phone call would produce Ned who was not only willing but enthusiastic about taking the small offender with him in the front seat for his list of errands on Davis Street, or if we were in Wianno, it would mean a six-mile drive to Hyannis with the exciting possibility of ending at the fishing wharf.

When Sumner's business was transferred to New York in 1932, we mourned for Ned as much as we did for the loss of the six McCalls who lived next door to us then and only a few blocks away from the homes of Chop and Fritz. When Margaret's wedding (the first of the McCall girls to be married) drew me eastward, I,

with two feminine companions, drove our car to Greenwich, Connecticut, for all of the bride's parties but it was Neddie who stepped in and chauffeured us back to Winnetka. The McCalls' house in our suburb was vacant but still furnished and it seemed best to have someone on the premises to care for it and act as host to its prospective buyers. He had officiated in all the wedding festivities and returned with us to spend one more helpful winter in our very immediate neighborhood. The following autumn (the McCall house having been sold and Ned having returned to Greenwich) Olive's son, William Gardner Onderdonk, was married in Detroit, Michigan. Stubbie came back to Chicago to accompany the rest of us to Detroit where Neddie also came to witness the nuptuals of one of his "grandchildren."

His role with the McCall girls followed a very familiar pattern to him but the rule of chaperonage was not quite so stringent in that decade and I am sure he had far more evenings to himself. Ned has never married — perhaps because he has been more wedded to his staunch Faith, and I like to think that we, collectively, have supplied his home and life and family.

In the fall of 1944 Ned was rounding out his fiftieth year with the family and unbeknownst to him, Sumner planned a beautiful golden anniversary party to commemorate the big event. This was a "war year" when travel was difficult and those of us in the Middle West had to content ourselves by sending messages when we wanted so much to be right there in the middle of that surprise party. A large private room was engaged in one of the good eating spots on the Old Post Road. Ned's close friends among the Greenwich police force and the Knights of Columbus were invited there for dinner and they, with all branches of the McCall family, foregathered to celebrate. Gifts were presented, speeches made, and telegrams read, but best of all was a personal letter Neddie received from Cardinal Spellman expressing his appreciation to a fellow-Catholic who had so loyally and faithfully fulfilled his obligations to God and Man.

After Charlotte's death in 1942 Sumner retired from active business and purchased a farm in Vermont. Neddie moved up there with him and the two men, with Sumner's widowed sister, live in a feautiful, modernized-for-comfort house about fifteen miles from Brattleboro. The McCall girls with their families spend holidays on the farm and Sumner's sisters (whom Neddie first knew as tiny children in Winchester, Mass.) with their children and grand-

children are frequent visitors, so Ned is still in the midst of all generations of his family. In May of 1955 he fell through an open trap door of a shop in Brattleboro where he had gone to buy a card for Sumner's birthday. His neck was broken and we, who were miles distant in the Middle West and on the California coast, held our breath wondering how a man of seventy-five years could withstand such a shock. I saw him on the following July 30th, the day before he was to leave the hospital for the farm and found him reveling in his freedom from cast and collar. His prowess in athletics as a boy and young man has certainly stood him in good stead for his Christmas letter to me, written a bare seven months after his accident, complained that Mr. McCall had not let him put up the storm windows last fall and this bothered him because he felt as good as new. Even the grandchildren receive his Christmas letters and how they do love hearing from him!

Stubbie always said that Ned was the best person she knew; that he lived his religion as no one else did, and I add to that — he is the very goodest, too.

* * * *

One winter afternoon I was late getting home and was neither present nor accounted for by five-forty-five, the hour of W.A.G.'s arrival from the train. We were always in the house — all four of us — by that time unless a phone call had warned of our delay. Mother probably explained first to Stub, then Stub to Fritz, Fritz to Chop and Chop to me (as we grew to have after-school activities), that Father came home very tired from the heavy responsibilities carried by him around the clock and that she wanted his at-home hours completely free from all care and worry. One simple way to achieve this was to have all of us there promptly before dark. Well, I missed it by ten minutes and to my utter amazement, was sent immediately to bed without my dinner. Father never had to speak but one word of correction, and that was done with firm conviction. One tap on the shoulder with his strong telegraphy finger brought instant results too, so I didn't stop to argue (besides, I had no argument — I had been late), and to bed I went. From there I looked back over my fourteen years and could remember many times when I should have been punished but had been lucky enough not to have been caught. This was the first time in my experience that I had been so humiliated, and now it wasn't the fact that I was dinnerless that was making me grief stricken but that I had so upset the pattern as to be banned by my Father and Mother. I

wasn't thinking of little Elsie Dinsmore either — her story-book purity always nauseated me. Very shortly I heard footsteps up the back way and then found Alice, our faithful cook, at my door with a well-filled dinner tray in hand. I was still eating when the family, led by Father and Mother, walked into my room and proceeded to be their most scintillating selves. I suppose that Gesell and Dr. Spock would say that this entire program had been treated with questionable psychology and very little wisdom. I would counter that by telling them of the lasting impression made on me that night. There were no verbal apologies made by Father or me, although he had been hasty and I had been careless but I was accepted by him and by Mother before the punishment had been one hour old. The awareness of my misdemeanor was so great and enduring that to this day I am miserably unhappy and uncomfortable unless I am behind my own front door at 5:45 p.m.

And so when the newspaper obituaries stated that W.A.G. was a "strict disciplinarian" I expect that he was, but if he exacted the same form of discipline on the railroad that he exercised at home, his requests were granted and his orders complied with because no one ever wanted to fall short of all he expected of them. I cannot recall his ever asking the unreasonable or impossible, although I'll admit that some of our timing schedules were a little hard to take at first.

Morning came early in those days in spite of any midnight hours. Knowing that I would be out until curfew, I tried various ruses to gain permission to sleep late the following morning but was always met by the same response, "Of course you can, but come down to breakfast promptly — after that you may go back to bed and sleep as late as you want." Is it any wonder that I have never been able to cultivate the leisurely habits of the idle?

Mother was always the first one at the breakfast table; no "dressing sacks" for her, but a neat shirtwaist and skirt confronted the coffee pot. The first negligee I ever knew her to own was one that she had made when she was ordering a similar model for Stubbie before her first baby was born. It seems that Mother thought herself to be in the same condition and decided that she would embark on her last (she hoped) pregnancy in comfort and added style. It proved to be a false alarm but she enjoyed her lacey gown for years.

And, I repeat, morning came early regardless of wind or weather. Either Fritz or I was awakened by a pounding on the wall at 5:45

when W.A.G. got up to shave. That was the signal to leap into our riding clothes (we shared the same costume, indifferent to the span in our ages and shapes) and mount our frisky Brownie. Father, already on Rex, would lead the way and for sixty interminable minutes we would trot and gallop like mad. His rides with Fritz were far more entertaining because she enjoyed with him their common interest in birds. It was an annual spring contest between the two as to which would see the first "fat-bellied robin" and W.A.G. would come home from rounds of golf at Glenview or Old Elm with astonishing reports of having seen an albatross and some flamingoes on the course. Our early morning route didn't vary much. One day we would go through the university campus; the next, out west over the old viaduct on Lincoln Street where I uttered a short prayer that no train should pass beneath us at our moment of crossing, for without fail Brownie would leap to the railing (she deviated without set rule between the 2 guards) and I was tossed in mid air, then abruptly down to the splintery planks where I slid. W.A.G. would glance over his shoulder, see me untangling, go back and grab Brownie's bridle, wait only until I was tremblingly seated again on my mount, and then, spurs in Rex's side (no word spoken), reins held high in his hands, leaning way to one side and then to the other, he would lift his voice in morning song: "Jesus loves me, this I know, for . . ." and then would come a variety of reasons, foreign, I'm sure to the Bestower of this affection. At 7:00 we were home, bathed, dressed and at breakfast by 7:20. W.A.G. took the 7:39 train for Chicago and another day commenced for everyone.

Sundays were run on a different time table. The horsebackers could loll in bed until seven o'clock and the others could turn over for that last delicious hour of indolent slumber until eight; when roused by the clatter of hooves outside and W.A.G.'s chatter inside they were told to "get a hump on yourselves, half the week's gone and nothing's done yet." Sunday breakfasts weren't exactly farm meals but compared to the hasty orange juice, coffee and toast of today, should have developed well-rounded figures on the Gardner girls. On forty Sundays of the year we ate codfish balls — the light, fluffy sort that were heaped on a platter and placed before Father, who already had a plate waiting in readiness in his left hand. With a spoon in his right, he scooped up a ball and flung it high into the air and with his accurate eye for time and distance, brought the plate in line to catch his toss. They fell with soft and gratifying

plops but not before they had frequently grazed or sometimes spread themselves on the ceiling. I don't know when Mother first resigned herself to this Sabbath ritual but she was as entertained as the rest of us and confined her remonstrance to, "Oh, Will!"

This menu caused a busy maintenance department and when W.A.G.'s letters referred to the house being "torn up" we, at a distance, knew without any further explanation that the dining room ceiling was in the process of being painted again and that the rug in there was beyond the help of any loving hands in the kitchen and had been sent out for a complete shampoo.

The remaining twelve breakfasts of the year were devoted to strawberry shortcake. This program commenced on W.A.G.'s birthday, irrespective of what day in the week March 8th might happen to fall. It often prompted a long search for berries so early in the season but Mother, or we, who did the door to door marketing, were always rewarded by Father's expression of supreme bliss when he was confronted with the old fashioned biscuit dough baked in a round cake tin, then split in two buttered halves and filled with berries. The top was covered with fruit too, of course, and then an extra pitcher of what W.A.G. called "goozelum" was passed. This was just thinly sliced berries and their juice but it had good penetrating qualities and sort of adjusted one's mind to heaven and church later on.

One early-spring morning when we returned from our pre-breakfast ride W.A.G. picked up the newspaper from the porch and scanned the headlines as we were walking in the door. He stopped short and in shocked silence I looked over his shoulder and read that the brand new and much publicised Cunard liner had gone down during the night with a loss of all hands aboard. That first radio report, so amazingly intercepted by Mr. David Sarnoff in New York, was later amended to record the death of 1504 souls and the rescue of relatively few who had been picked up later from the inadequate number of lifeboats. When we went on into the house there in the front hall were Fritz's steamer trunk and luggage, tagged and labeled with her cabin number, waiting to be picked up by Butler's express wagon and taken to the Davis Street station where they would go on their first step toward the S.S. Titanic scheduled to sail the next week on its return maiden voyage to England. Fritz had planned to spend a few days in New York before sailing for Europe with friends, but the entire trip was cancelled without question or discussion by anyone. If new, un-

sinkable ships were vulnerable to such disasters, there wasn't one afloat that could be trusted to carry Father's and Mother's "Doodle" across the water.

* * * *

The girls had gone abroad in the ate spring of 1908 with a group from Mrs. Somer's school. Each year Miss Rebecca Ashley, who was then a member of that faculty, chaperoned and conducted a party of students and alumnae through various European countries. There were many and detailed preparations made in advance but I was only hanging on the fringe of these activities, concentrating only on the scraps left on the floor by Miss Lee, the dressmaker. Would they be big enough for me to make my doll a similar outfit?

Fritz was 100% enthusiastic about the trip and Stubbie equally dubious. She was reluctant to leave Sumner whom W.A.G. then called her "clutch" and her "pinching bug." Their engagement had not yet been announced but she was already lonesome and homesick for him before they even left Evanston. It is he who would probably be the best reference library for all that the girls saw and did as he doubtless still has the bundle of letters received that summer from the British Isles, France, Switzerland, Germany and Italy. My own account of their travels is based on hearsay and is purely perfunctory: their suits (light grey for Stub and tan for Fritz) were too spotable and couldn't be cleaned in the short time allotted between jumps — someone's Merry Widow hat turned upside down and resting on the knees of two tourists, provided an ample table for double solitaire (I believe the owner of that hat also fell in love with a glamorous Count on the trip). They had the rare opportunity while in Heidleberg of witnessing a duel between two university students— blood was spilled.

Fritz suffered a miserable attack of ptomaine poisoning in Rome and Stub didn't want to worry the family at home by informing them of the trouble so the girls remained behind the rest of the group (upon the advice of the Italian doctor) and brought about a great influx of letters and cablegrams from W.A.G. who couldn't understand their changed itinerary. He finally received an explanatory wire from Stub. By this time Fritz was again well and they had rejoined Miss Ashley. Father's relief was so great that he immediately jumped to the cable office and exuberantly wired the news that Mother had given birth to twin boys and instructed my big sisters to buy plenty of "linger longer." They had been away from home only five or six weeks so obviously there were no new

babies in our house and they proceeded on to Paris for cultural broadening and embroidered underwear, as per cable instructions.

We, at home, did some traveling too. Gladys, our Emporia cousin, was visiting us while studying voice in Chicago. She came to us nearly every summer and automatically fitted into the family like another sister. Grandma Allison had moved back to Gardner, Illinois, by this time and W.A.G. decided to drive down there one Saturday morning to see her established in the house he had recently built for her. It was our first automobile touring venture and even with the old winding dirt roads of the first decade in this century, our objective couldn't have been more than 100 twisting miles from our front door step.

A picnic basket was filled; linen dusters were produced; goggles polished, and the top of the car folded back and enclosed securely in its buttoned up canvas cover, for the sun was shining brightly and we wanted to get the full benefit from it and that good Lake Michigan breeze. With such a long distance to cover, we got off to an early start with Ned at the wheel, Father beside him and Olive, Gladys, Mother and I seated behind in what we supposed would be our permanent locations for the ride. We had scarcely reached the entrance to Lincoln Park when Mother leaned forward and tapped W.A.G.'s shoulder. He looked around and Mother, with a modest glance in Ned's direction, mouthed the words that have the same meaning in every language. W.A.G. muttered something to Ned and we drew up near the animal house where the rear passengers disembarked, evidencing interest in caged beasts but far deeper concern for a sign that might read "Ladies" rather than "This way to the monkeys." We found both, and with comparative comfort switched places in the car and started once more for Gardner and Grandma Allison. I say "comparative comfort" truthfully for not all of us were cut from the same pattern and we had gone no further on our way than Jackson Park when Mother again leaned forward and gently said, "Oh, Will." Again we stopped and this time we were brutally and blatantly parked in front of a clearly designated sign for "Women." We retired momentarily and scrambled back to the car, periodically resuming our active game of "Going To Jerusalem" without any musical accompaniment but W.A.G.'s unbelieving voice.

We had no road directions and Father would never stop to ask a question of anyone; hence, many wrong turns were made and delays caused by several teams of frightened, rearing horses whose

irate drivers spoke W.A.G.'s tongue fluently. He went bravely to their bridles and held them while Ned carefully edged the car around the wagon and once more we set forth on our perilous journey.

We arrived at Grandma's late that afternoon, just in time for supper. We slept soundly, had another early breakfast and were lined up on the stairs ready to descend when W.A.G, standing there at the foot, raised an admonishing finger and said, "Now look, every damned one of you — do last what you think of first!" We did — and as a result we made far better time back to Evanston.

That saying, because we were so entertained by it, lost no time in being related by its first audience and has had lasting repercussions which come back to us today, repeated by wits who could have no possible means of knowing our connection with the originator of that spontaneous remark. It has been a most helpful phrase ever since.

After another and swifter journey to Gardner in 1911, we arrived back in Chicago in the middle of a Sunday afternoon and were landed at the imposing and impressive Madison Street entrance to the new Chicago & Northwestern Railway Station. It had been opened to the public and all passenger service for the first time that very day. Every train was running on schedule; nothing but neat and completed orderliness was in evidence; not a carpenter nor a painter was in sight; the Information Bureau was directing travelers and the news stands were selling papers. One would have thought the Terminal had been in business for months instead of hours. All of this was typical of Father's well organized methods and of those with whom he had been working to achieve that big engineering project.

That day, June fourth, chanced to have been my birthday and I smugly absorbed the entire program as a celebration in my honor. Luckily, I didn't confide this fact to anyone but any criticism directed toward the station I took as a personal insult and was highly incensed during the following week when the press published complaints about the big exterior clocks. The tower was not high enough; the commuters found it hard to see the time from a distance — a fact that has remained only too true all the years, but the voices of the people served us well. With the publicity of the dissatisfied clockwatchers, W.A.G. received time pieces at home from fond and appreciative friends throughout the country; painted china dressing table tickers; brass models for the mantel; noisy ding-

dongers; lovely antique mahogany ones with scenic glass panels and on our wall today hangs a beautiful Tiffany banjo clock that I wouldn't trade for all of the towered Big Bens in the world.

Long before the "Do last what you think of first" order was given, we had obeyed many other character-molding instructions. They couldn't be classified with Benjamin Franklin's wise advice to humanity but made far most lasting impressions upon the ears of the virgins who first heard them. The dinner table was our seat of learning and doubled as a Court of Appeals. When some wild and improbable permission was requested by one of us (we knew better in the beginning than to ask, but one could always be hopeful) the reply would be, "Father, I think once — Father, I think twice — Father, I think three times — and keep still." He grinned as he spoke and that ended it.

Perhaps one of us might be scathing and indignant over the actions, skill or appearance of someone seen during the day and in reply to our voiced comment, Mother would say, "Never criticize unless you can do better yourself." You'd be surprised how that narrows your chances to speak and makes you work to conquer the minor jobs of life — and sometimes even the major ones. It was here that we were told not to ask silly questions in public; "Just keep quiet and let some other damned fool ask it first." "If you keep your mouth shut, no one will find out how little you know." These have come to my rescue many times but my trouble has always been in weighing the relative value of questions and far too often I've come home silent and still wondering.

Mother, always on the alert for any evidence of our having absorbed some of Father's expressive language, was constantly deleting our vocabulary; and what is more, he backed her up wholeheartedly. "Gee", "Jiminy" and "Darn" were frowned upon and we made an honest effort to conform — at least in our home. Since Mother has stopped her verbal objections, I now find myself gradually reverting to the use of my childhood's unuttered and swallowed phrases of Father. Had they been permitted in those years I wouldn't have a friend in the world today.

Just plain ordinary language was watched, too, and I'll never forget the time when Chop, who was saying good bye at the door to a friend of hers, continued her conversation as her guest was walking farther down the street. Chop's final words were, "Beg pardon?" Father left the table to hand her a quarter. Chop was overcome by the gesture and asked, "Why the tip?" The reply was, "You didn't

say 'What'." Nothing annoyed them so much as that unadored interrogative.

Speaking of the front door puts me in mind of its noisy closing. We had no pneumatic hinges on ours and if one were to let it slam shut, she was hailed to come back and do it properly. Sometimes it required five efforts on my part to accomplish this feat silently but the training has stuck solidly and I find myself today closing doors as though a patient, at the point of death, were only six inches away.

Grammar as well as language was a dinner table subject and for years Mother was our authority; gently correcting Father and the four of us when we made any glaring errors in construction or pronunciation. W.A.G. was the most avid pupil of all and far from resenting help he often would ask the big girls how they would phrase an idea. I listened to this carefully (no one ever referred anything to me). One night Father in speaking of some happening of the day used the word "affidavit." I, feeling very positive and assured, interrupted his account to tell him that that word was pronounced a*ffida*vit. The family roared and proceeded to have a fit of vits right there on the spot and I never tried to correct any one of them again.

Mother sewed a great deal. It was an absolute necessity with so many skirted customers to clothe and the four of us at early ages did our own experimenting with needle and shears. I don't recall any actual lessons being given but there was a certain spirit of competition among us that made each one watch carefully when a fell seam was being stitched up at the old pedal pushed Singer or a bit of lace whipped onto a rolled edge by Mother's deft fingers. I can see her now marking our hem lines — a never ending conveyer belt of yard goods turning around like four spinning tops before her eyes. She would be sitting on the floor (and not too comfortably— she wasn't built for tailor fashion) armed with a box of pins and a ruler and as we revolved before her concentrated gaze, the tip of her tongue would sneak out to reach the top of her upper lip when she leaned forward to pin up that slight sag at our side. Each Christmas, among our gifts, was a lovely hand wrought miracle by Mother. I have many of them today and they are the choicest of my possessions; out of style now and then, but lingerie blouses, batiste night gowns and dainty ruffled petticoats will come and go forever so perhaps my granddaughters will one day know the unusual experience of wearing their Great Gaggie's tiny stitches.

Only rarely did Mother take all four of us shopping together down town. She could gallop through a long list of errands more speedily if only one or two were trailing along; but even so, she liked a quartette party. The disparity of our ages and activities made a serious problem in finding a day that would be open and free for all to go. By the time I was anyway compatible with the rest, Stub was having to leave babies at home in order to be one of us. Ned always drove us to the city and as we approached the Chicago Water Tower and began to smell the delicious aroma of roasting coffee beans on Rush Street (Michigan Avenue was not the direct route then — that bridge across the river didn't exist.) Mother would say, "Put on your gloves, girls, and Ned, please let us out at Charlie's door. Just park the car on either Washington or Wabash — we'll find you." Can you imagine being able to solve the parking problem so easily today? Even the custom of driving around the block until your passenger reappears has become a hazardous exploit since the one-way streets and no-left-turns went into effect.

Deposited at Field's, Mother made a bee line for somewhere — we didn't know what was coming first on her list and followed in single file at her heels. If she chanced to stop without warning, we bumped together like a shunting freight train and remained in our accordianed pattern until receiving a signal from our engineer. I, who was the caboose, was the last to get mother's wave and remember those excursions as breathless marathons of jolting halts, rewarded by the purchase of new shoes and coconut layer cake for dessert at the Woman's Athletic Club. Long before that happy moment had arrived we had all given out and lagged behind — even Stubbie, who was conditioned to chasing babies, found it hard to keep Mother's pace. I believe that no one of us ever found that second wind which was our rightful heritage from Mother but her secret was that she never lost her first one; it just kept on gaining strength and momentum as time went on.

Chapter IV

The Town—

The Evanston Country Club (certainly a misnomer for it stood in the dead center of town) fulfilled far more than its name implied. It was our local-talent theatre, ball room, bridge center, coveted spot for fraternity and sorority parties, skating rink by winter, tennis court by summer, dancing school (both plain and fancy) and billiard hall; all of this plus being the home of its steward, Webb, and his family. Webb, a gruff, middle-aged, middle-colored Negro, was king of his castle and had a loyal if somewhat fearful following among the younger children of the members. A chronic throat ailment made his voice sound very much like the low, rough rumblings of the freight boats that we heard out on the lake signalling and his gold rimmed spectacles were impressive when directed towards some culprit who had failed to remove his arctics (galoshes today) in the entrance hall. We became familiar with him and his domain at an early age—probably at second or third grade level—when Evanston infants were enrolled in Miss Helen Hinsdale's dancing classes.

We started plain or ball room dancing in the beginners' classes that were held at the baby hour of three-thirty and were taken to and from the club by our Mammas or older sisters who were self-appointed carriers of our slipper bags. Miss Hinsdae, petite and dainty, would greet us with a formal handshake at the entrance to the dance floor. The little girls starchily crackled their way to the window seats on the north wall and the boys, with a skip and long slide, herded themselves in a row as far distant as possible from us. Then Miss Hinsdale, with a castinette in hand, would clap for attention and beam her pleasure in having so many little people before her. As one advanced in age and mastery, the class hour was set later in the afternoon and the joys were limitless in being able to say (and I'm afraid, smugly), "Oh no, I don't go to dancing school until half past five." I do hope that the superior snobbery of all children will one day be forgiven us who are mindful of our sins.

The fancy dancing classes (it wasn't called "ballet" then) were held on a different afternoon of the week and of course contained

no sex appeal but even without the lure of the male, we loved the two classes equally. Miss Hinsdale was as lovely to watch in her knee length accordian pleated skirts and ballet slippers as she always was in her formal frocks and high French heels. Those shapely ankles and tiny feet could twinkle in paratrooper's boots if need be. She would demonstrate the first steps of the "Wild Bird Mazurka", nod her head towards the little grey-haired wisp who played the piano and we would struggle through our gangling or pudgey teen-aged antics, trying desperately to copy her gracefully abandoned motions.

In the spring of each year, a dance recital was held; complete with airy costumes, matching ballet shoes and the drama of a stage with footlights and curtains. There were weeks of anxiety preceding the seasons finale; weeks of waiting to see whether you would be chosen to join the Highland Fling Chorus, resplendent in tartan and Scotch cap, or the Spanish Fandango with gold hoop ear-rings, tambourines and gay flying ribbons; or yet again to be among the quintette who performed the butterfly number in fluttery butter-yellow. Frankly, I liked being a butterfly but a satisfactory method of affixing the stiff gauze wings to our backs was never found, although a committee of long suffering mothers was appointed to do the research.

Last and most important of all was that split-minute decision to be made by Mother when she looked at my feet then encased in my year-old ballet slippers. Would they still be large enough for me to wear the following year? If so, they wouldn't be touched and I could invest in a new pair of the exact right shade to match my costume. But if, as most always was the case, my feet were crowded into those snug, blunt toed flat slippers, there was no sense in saving them; I should just run up to Connor's hardware and ask for a can of radiator paint and a brush. Yes, Mother would be glad to fix them and who was going to mind if I smelled of banana oil — I liked bananas didn't I?

Where did Father enter our Country Club life? Nowhere at all. He was a member for the combined benefit of his five women. The question of chaperonage, while he insisted upon the custom, was no role for him to play and he saw plenty of our dancing right on home grounds. No matter what relative might be visiting us and kind enough to inquire into the pursuits of the children, Mother would rise to the bait and nodding her head towards Chop and me, say, "Just run upstairs, girls, and put on your pleated skirts —

why its no trouble at all to slip into your ballet shoes – it's almost bed time anyway – you'll play the piano for them won't you, Doodle? By the way, what little pair of willing feet will bring my glasses down to Mother?" It may have sounded like a simple request, and we complied as graciously as we had been taught but we didn't change our pained expressions until we made our stage entrance between the portierres that separated living room from the hall.

Yes, Father had seen us dance. It was torture for him to be present when any one of us was performing in a small public way. He stayed at home and suffered mental agonies when one of his daughters was being a starlet. The only wholesale act wherein we took part that I can recall his having attended, was the childrens' chorus of the May Music Festival when mine was one of six hundred voices and any of my off-key tones could not have been attributed to me alone from where he sat in the audience.

After the years of lessons, we put our terpsichorean arts to use and were graduated to that emancipated stage of being high school freshmen with the freedom of having the Club as a common meeting ground for all. I can't state the family membership fees accurately for those years but single membership dues were five dollars with all privileges available. Under those conditions, there was no line drawn between the "Haves" and the "Have Nots" and high school moved in as one body to play tennis, ice hockey, billiards and to dance.

The club house was white clapboard, long from east to west and faced south toward St. Mary's Church at the corner of Lake Street and Oak Avenue. A Corinthian pillared portico extended the length of the building and supported an open gallery adjacent to the ballroom which was a vast, vaulted hall on the second floor, lighted by parrallel rows of bulbs across its domed top – the same general idea as that of Orchestra Hall's lighting in Chicago, but on a somewhat smaller scale. Those naked bulbs presented an annual problem to the Gamma Sigs, Oaks, Deltas and Zetas, because during every Christmas vacation period, each Society entertained and the decorations had to be put up and hauled down in rapid order to clear the way for the following evening's party.

Of course the aim of all concerned was to dim those gleaming lights as much as possible and the bravest members gained notoriety when they fearlessly mounted the giant ladders to festoon banners, paper flowers, balloons and Christmas greens around them. Everything was tried but black sateen – we knew from experience that

the chaperones who always sat in the small balcony at the end of the hall, would frown upon anything that would obscure their clear vision down to the furthermost corners of the room.

The thrills of those high school fraternity dances still make me hot and cold to remember. Dressing for them in advance was a routine matter, for until I attained the status of a junior, I had no greater decision to make than, "Shall I wear the pink slip under the white lingerie dress or the blue slip, sash and hair ribbon tonight?" Either Mother didn't want her youngest to grow up or she and Father had very fixed opinions on simplicity of dress for the adolescent girl. I had watched Chop go through the same costuming regulations and emerge unscathed by the ordeal so with the knowledge that I, too, could be the proud owner of satin or taffeta in due time, I tied my ribbons and went out for fun.

From the porte-cochere landing, you had to walk some forty or fifty feet along the portico to reach the broad entrance doors and on a windy night of rain or snow, you ducked and skittered to keep from being spotted. Once there, you turned the big grape-fruit-sized brass knob and entered Paradise. A general mixture of clean floor wax, cigarette smoke, coffee, damp overshoes, face powder and cologne, made an unforgettable impact on your nose and you turned left quickly and proceeded to the ladies' coat room so that your escort of the evening wouldn't see the tears of excitement that were bound to gather.

Marion, Webb's lovely daughter, would often help us take off our carriage boots and capes, but this was only when the staff was short-handed. Marion played the piano beautifully, and was busy majoring in music during the years of Webb's stewardship. Mrs. Webb's ghost will doubtless rise up to haunt me for not mentioning her Country Club role, but I just don't know what part she played in the members' lives. Maybe she too, loaned willing hands in the coat room then as Mrs. Perry did later on when the club functioned under Adam Perry's regime, but in her day it had a more modern touch and had become the "powder room."

Unwrapped, we stood before the long peer glass located between the two south windows, withdrew our "Dorines" (powder boxes) from our coat pockets (there were no evening bags for my generation) and with unskilled fingers made a very broad sweep with the puff, concentrating on our center feature only, all the while keeping our eyes discreetly averted from those of that daring girl standing next to use who was applying red pomade to her lips.

After carefully withdrawing our corsage boquet from its protective box and searching for a firm foundation on which to pin it (I had quite a hunt) we went out into the red-carpeted hall and with absorbed but hidden attention, watched to see how easy or difficult a time our escort was having in filling out the dance programs. He at length came to our worried side and, arm in arm, we walked up the broad center stairway where we paused on the landing to choose which steps we would take up the rest of the way. Both flights were identical but those to the right confronted the narrow, winding stairs that went on up to the balcony and it was a debatable subject as to whether or not it was best to pant our way up to those heights immediately and present our compliments to the chaperones or take the left hand choice to the ballroom archway and delay our manners until after the grand march.

We lined up two by two with the president of the society leading his or her "bid" of the evening. Johnnie Hand's orchestra (not band in that era) was seated in the far corner next to the stage, with "Jones" at the piano. (One night he played so hard and long that his thumb was paralyzed for a whole day afterwards.) Johnnie raised his baton and with banjo mandolins tinkling, a violin or two and an elaborate set of drums to beat out the tempo, the evening was under way. We were led by fours, eights, sixteens and even thirty-twos down the length of that heavenly hall to the thrilling and rousing tune of [1] Hand's famous grand march.

Once, Jones composed and dedicated a march to a belle of our town and there wasn't a dry eye in the house when she expressed her thanks with great emotion from the front platoon of the line. And another time, Lester Landis (a Gamma Sig and later the husband of Jessie Royce Landis, the actress) wrote a number called "The Zeta Waltz" — a favorite with all of us regardless of our Greek-lettered affiliations. "Extras" were numbered on the dance cards and were introduced haphazardly during the program by a great rolling of the drums and a vocal announcement that the next dance would be the third extra. Some of our own local talent would frequently take over then, with El Johnson or Bud Knight playing

[1]Through the diligence and generous interest of three busy brothers (and all of them Bankers) we have tried to unearth the name of this march. We have sung and played it via long distance telephone, scanned the opening bars as set down by the out-of-town member of this musical family and put Armin Hand to the futile task of searching through his late father's old scores; but still—no name came to light. And so, with the agreement of my three consultants, Gus, Hank and Bud, we hereby dub thee, "Hand's Famous Grand March." The Knight men are truly well named.

the piano and Normie Johnson the traps, but most impressive of all would be the advent of Bud's older brother, Gus, home from Yale, with fresh honors and magic fingers that would keep us deliriously turkey trotting at a decorous distance from our partners when we danced down within hailing distance of the balcony. Yes, they "hailed", too, if the stance and posture were not befitting that of a lady and gentleman.

Fortunately for the Gardner Girls, the apex or summit of the evening was scheduled before midnight and we could be there to witness the unveiling of the "Special". This took many forms but the outstanding one in my mind is the night that the Gamma Sigs had rigged up door bells of varying tones to the ceiling lights and from a control board behind the stage curtains, buttons were pushed by Bud and "Parisienne" burst forth from overhead with startling and awesome sound effects. It was time then for me to run, leaving my glass slipper behind but I have been told that the music was paid for to go on and on 'til one o'clock.

Only the oldsters remember the old country club for it burned one night in the winter of 1922 ([1]December 16th), and fortunately with no loss of life, but in the rebuilding afterwards, even though the original plan was adhered to quite closely and the loyal membership remained unchanged, a vital something was lacking. Could it have been my own prolonged adolescence?

* * * *

Evanston, half a century ago, had a pleasant custom which I wish were more often observed today. Debuts were made then as in 1956 but the so-called "Buds" were introduced only to the mothers and daughters of the family friends. There was no Social Secretary engaged first to declare the most propitious date, to scan the Social Register for suitable guests and to compile a list of "Stags" who had been well screened and found to be eligible in that they spoke the English language, didn't eat with their knives and owned a pair of black patent leather oxfords. Those Evanston parties, fifty years ago, were held in one's private home unless an unusually ambitious mamma wished to expose her daughter to Chicago Society as well as that of the entire North Shore. In those rare instances, the receptions were given in a club house or the balroom of the Blackstone Hotel.

[1]Thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bersbach for the exact date of this holocaust. They called The Evanston Fire Department, who referred them to the Evanston Historical Society. It was they who gave the correct date: December 16, 1922. The Fire Department mistakenly recorded the disaster under the name of "Evanston Country House."

Debuts were postponed until all formal schooling was a thing of the past. There were no big parties given during the summer months before a girl's freshman or sophomore year of college nor did the debutantes bow in groups of forty or fifty at Christmas time before hordes of strangers, for the most part totally unknown by their parents.

At our debut (most editorially speaking) Charlotte and Fritz "received" with Mother in the living room of 1218, surrounded by a florist's shop of flowers (or at least, it seemed so to me) and mostly chrysanthemums for this took place on a Saturday afternoon in late November. Mother had previously ordered the conventional basketful for the piano and a vase to place beside the card tray on the hall table and was utterly surprised by the floral offerings received that day from their friends. She had never dreamed that there were so many thoughtful people among her acquaintances of four short years. A complete lac kof sophistication and a sincere naïvité were among the most endearing qualities of that ittle Kansas girl (our Mother) and she remained so forever. And too, she was shy and must have forced herself to take the lead in the infrequent entertaining that father's business sometimes required. He suffered so from the same reserve (except with his oldest friends) that any social project must have been a task for both of them. But Mother loved this particular party. Her older girls had been graduated from school and she was eager and proud to have them meet the women whom she knew but who were strangers to Charlotte and Fritz after their many months away from home.

The afternoon reception ended and with some man power (Ned didn't come to us until the next year) the living room and hall rugs were rolled up, furniture moved to the back porch, and all vestiges of afternoon tea taken from the dining room table. The assisting girls went home to change into evening dress and there awaited their male escorts who brought them back to the dinner dance at our house. These same males were all friends of long standing. Some had gone to Lake View High with Stub and Fritz; some had been acquired during summer and Christmas Holidays, but all were known to Father and Mother even though they might not have been "self-supporting" right then—a definite prerequisite that was exacted of all applicants for our hearts and hands. Even if Father made his inquiries through us along these lines, with a twinkle in his eye, he meant business and exploded with amusement one time when I described a new-found dance partner as being a

"Divine hesitater." For the benefit of the fourth generation who may be reading this and wondering what type of moronic personality I was describing, let me assure them that the "Hesitation" was a waltz step and not a habit. Father knew that much of my current vocabulary but even so, in his estimation anyone who hesitated divinely on his feet was apt to do the same thing with his brain and would be correspondingly slow to feed himself. He chuckled quite a while over that one.

I don't know which florist was engaged to decorate the dining room for this party but doubtless it was M. Wieland as local talent was always employed and he did a beautiful job in transforming that room into a grape arbor. Chicken wire supplied the base and was tacked against the walls from floor to ceiling then intertwined solidly with greens and vines with great clusters of Tokays hanging at mouth level—that is, the mouth level of the five-footer and over. Nothing had been arranged for the four-footer and under and when I looked at it hungrily for the first time on the following morning, I decided that only giants had come to the girls' dinner dance—stripped and empty stems remained way up to the top most moulding.

Mrs. Hallstrom, with her daughter, Amy, a lovely young Junoesque blonde girl, very efficiently catered to the gastronomic needs of every Evanston party. They came early in the day but were preceded earlier still by a little wizened Negro who drove a tired horse and an even more tremulous open cart. He brought the huge coffee pot, the extra-sharp knives, pet egg beaters, the supply of frilly serving aprons and any additional china that might be needed. After depositing his load at the back door, he left and in some mysterious manner, inevitably sensed the closing hour and reappeared to pick up the remnants just as the last tea towel was hung to dry. It was interesting to meet him in the morning when I was on my way to school and note which driveway he turned into—there was sure to be a big function going on in that house shortly. I knew Amy and Mrs. Hallstrom pretty well for their department was popular with me and I liked to sit on the plate-warming cabinet in the pantry and add that last maraschino cherry to the pineapple's prickly greens before Amy took the gorgeous hollowed-for-salad fruit into the dining room on a party night.

Amy also doubled for a time as Mother's "Social Secretary in Absentia." There was a period during which she (Mother, always called the "General Manager" by Father) was demoted to "Time

Keeper" of the family and Amy assumed responsibility by telephonic or telepathic methods. The girls were at home and the children were still at school in Evanston when the General Manager was so absorbed and immersed in keeping all wheels running smoothly within our four walls that she lost all track of the days and hours. On one of these days the 'phone rang—it was Amy speaking in low, sepulchral tones, "Mrs. Gardner, it's one fifteen and I know Mrs. Keyes is expecting you here for luncheon—can you come?" Mother was aghast — the date had completely slipped her mind — she told Amy that she'd be right there—and she was. After one or two such experiences, Amy called early in the morning of those days when she and Mrs. Hallstrom would be officiating at a party. Her reminders were life-savers to all concerned but we four girls had a hard time understanding our methodical mother's temporary fall from grace. We have all lived to suffer the same lapses of memory and to endure the torture of not knowing where we lived if asked too suddenly but we haven't had Amy to fall back upon: Evanston has grown too fast and far for her to take care of the population's individual party manners.

Mother was more than honest in apologizing to her hostess for her social laxities (they understood for they were the same age and hence sympathetic) and told one of them the following story on herself: With white gloves and card case in hand she set forth to make a formal call on a friend; rang the bell and was greeted by a maid at the door. "Is Mrs. ——— ah ——— Mrs. ——— well, is the lady of the house at home?" she inquired. The maid shook her head and mother, more flustered than ever, said, "Please tell her that Mrs. ——— Ah ——— Mrs. ——— Oh tell her that a darned fool came to see her." I doubt very much that this ever actually took place but Mother insisted that it was typical of her own mental state then.

The General Manager had regained her full title by the time the tea was given for the girls and all went off on schedule—I didn't officiate in any capacity, however, on the girls' debut day. Chop relieved me of that pantry pleasure because she was far too young to mingle with the guests; too old to be classified with me and too curious to leave the house for a minute. Someone was thoughtful enough to inquire the whereabouts of mother's youngest during the afternoon and when Mother replied that I had gone with Father to see Donald Brian waltz and sing his way through "The Merry Widow," the disbelieving looks in response were intended to convey high disapproval but only provoked Mother to truthfully

add that this was not my first venture to that matinee. I am positive that had this lady possessed a nine year old daughter, my name would never have been included on her list of playmates. Seeing this light opera twice did make an impression on me for I am still crushed by the fact that no one, BUT NO ONE, has ever shown the least desire to fill my dancing slipper with champagne and drink therefrom.

* * * *

The second of the New Englanders, referred to some chapters previously, had touched my life but briefly prior to the time when he came to make Chicago his home. Our first introduction, received when the family spent a few weeks in the White Mountains, was all that I needed to become convinced he would make a very acceptable permanent member. I was five that summer and very appreciative of the tall Harvard man's attentions. He took the time and trouble to contrive a base ball bat from a shingle and we played ball together. His games with Stubbie were different and far more successful but it was exciting to have a non-related man in the house, especially so when he had a lump beneath his knee that had been gallantly, if painfully, won in a track meet.

Stubbie had met him in Washington, D. C. the previous winter when she was taking her final year of preparation for Smith at Mrs. Somer's School. Ruth McCall was her roommate and what was more natural than to meet your roommate's brother? Smith and Harvard were not too far apart but after their College Degrees were received, the distance from Boston to Chicago was highly unsatisfactory and the legal profession offered far more opportunities in the Middle West than in New England. (I hope that Sumner never had the temerity to present this argument in his home town.) Whatever the reason, he arrived in Chicago shortly before the debut party and was seen frequently enough in our living room among other contenders to prompt some wonder as to whether this event were going to provide a formal announcement as well. Stubbie was certainly leaning in his direction—(and let us be proper and say that this is "figuratively speaking")—but no formal engagement took place until Sumner had proven his ability to be "self-supporting" in the law office of Peckham, Packard, Appamattock and Walsh." If not that name, it was another equally unpronounceable. In the months it took to be able to support two as well as one, Sumner became a veritable brother in our house and a son devoted by Father and Mother.

The wedding was February 3, 1909 and not by a damn sight would Father consider walking down any church aisle so the ceremony was held in the far end of the living room at 1218. Nor did he think it proper or becoming for the bride to see her groom on that day—not until they met face to face in front of the minister. So dear Stubbie was banished and missed all the fun of mixing with the gathering clan of relatives who arrived on each incoming train; the excitement of our nearly burned down house when one of the bride's maids left the electric iron attached in the sewing room to be discovered only when the board was smouldering. "What would have happened to all those dresses, tissue-wrapped in there and good heavens! the wedding presents just down the hall?" I can still hear Mother wail when she discovered the smoke that late afternoon.

The day had started wrong for me by Mamma's insisting that I would catch cold if I appeared in my flower girl's frock that night without really warm underwear. And so she took me in hand, straight to Rosenburg's where she invested in a union suit, long legged and fleece lined to boot. One of my little friends, Hester Walrath, was to be co-flower girl with me and I spent the afternoon with a pair of scissors hidden in a third floor room where I hacked off the legs and slashed out the high neck of the abominated new pneumonia preventer. I didn't care so much about the guests but to have had Hester's discerning eyes catch sight of anything so juvenile as wrapped-around ankles and bits of knitted wool showing around my throat was more than I could contemplate. Mother had made my dress, each exquisite stitch by hand and being well acquainted with the potentialities of girls, she fashioned it with the expanding figure in mind—to such an extent, that I was able to wear it without too much splitting of seams about four years ago, when Mrs. Ralph Hobart (Miss Hinsdale of yore) invited all of her former pupils to a reunion party at the Winnetka Womans Club. She requested us to come dressed as we were on those many yesteryears ago and thanks to Mamma's eye for the future, I could; but I sort of forgot the unionsuit.

Of course it was a lovely wedding but a fraction of a moment off from Gardner schedule because at the very moment Hester and I had reached the landing, with Father and Stubbie on the top step behind us, he glanced down at her toe poised there and said, "Hell of a looking pair of shoes you've got there to be married in." She gave a quick look downwards and found her curly toed, tattered Turkish bedroom slippers grinning up at her, and fled (if one can

flee in a long train and veil) for her too snug wedding models. She never looked more beautiful and I was equally proud of my other sisters when they preceded us down the stairs in their pale green satin gowns. The piano and small orchestra were placed in the stair well and only yesterday someone reminisced about that evening and recalled Mother's distress on the following morning when she found the open Steinway filled with rice. I'll interject right here that confetti was used when Chop was married some years later, but the results were even more exasperating to contend with. Fritz chose an out-of-doors locale and her paper rose leaves proved the easiest of all to clean up. As for myself? We were married on such short notice that all we received were our guests' own shoes.

Stubbie and Mac went to glamorous Coronado Beach on their honeymoon and then returned to their first apartment on the corner of Oak Avenue and Davis Street, the location of our present post office. We missed them frightfully, but on the other hand we three girls left at home gained 3/5 of the use of one bathroom. My fractions may be wrong but my arithmetic used to be pretty good because I was forever striving to reach an avèrage for the month of 110% in math—a mark that Father swore he always received and that in his opinion 100 was only fairly good. There was one bathroom for four girls in our house. During Stubbie's courting days she protested that the light was far better in there than in her own room so we waited in a queue down the hall and called her hideaway "Charlevoix." When you multiply her legal equity in the bath (¼) by 2 (and she did have it half the time) and subtract that amount from 1, you have ½ left to be divided by three—because there were still three of us left unwashed—well, I'm over my own head now and I'd much rather still be waiting for Stubbie in that hall than to work it out.

Another way that I gained by [1]Stubbie's marriage were the

[1]W.A.G.'s letter to Chop after Stub's wedding when Mother, Olive, Grandma and Grandpa Riggs went to San Antonio, Texas.

Chicago, Feb. 16, 1909.

The Butler buttles,
The Jassack brays,
Mom's head gets grayer
These wintery days.

Fritzie's a Hummer
Choppie a Bummer
Stubbie's a matron
Duffer's a Lunger

The sky's red
The sun's blue
Feel something crawling on my head
So do you.

Hold yourself readiness
Go to bediness
Mother in little shoes,
Choppie with the blues.

Father is coming,
Pitter patter sneeze.
He'll take you home
With greatest of ease.

happy days and nights spent in the McCall's guest room when Father, Mother and Fritz went tripping for a few days. With Chop now occupying the place of "Little Gardner No. 3" at Mrs. Somers', I would have been bereft of family had it not been for that second home on Davis Street. It was during one of those stays over there when I began to suspect that Mother had not been quite truthful when she told me that I had come into the world sliding down a rainbow and that she and Papa had been standing right there on the horse block at 2574 North Hermitage Avenue waiting for me. There was a lovely colored print of this lucky catch right in my Baby Book and even when Mrs. Mahon laughed at my report of this event as I was telling my Sunday School Class about it, I remained convinced that my friends may have been brought in their doctor's little black bags but I was among the annointed and had experienced a more ethereal entrance.

My suspicions bore fruit—(or should I say babies?) as a short time later I happened to be driving with Marion Osborn in her pony cart and passed the McCall apartment where I saw Net waiting out in front. My curiosity was great and after getting no satisfaction whatsoever from him, I rang the door bell and was greeted most unenthusiastically by Mamma, who said she didn't know when she would be going home. No, Stubbie wasn't sick, but yes, she was going to have a baby but she couldn't tell me when. That ended those intimate little conversations that one reads about in books as taking place between mother and daughter. Dear Mother's Victorian upbringing precluded all things but rainbows.

And yet again from Stubbie's leaving us, I gained, for the following morning I became "Aunt Duffer" to the forerunner of our four blessed McCall girls.

Chapter V

Everything Good Shape

It would be repetitious for me to review the inception, construction and expansion of the Northwestern; far more diligent research artists than I have ably written chronological histories covering the period from 1848, when the first 39 miles of strap rail were laid, to the middle of the twentieth century and for those descendants of W.A.G. who are interested in following that story, I am suggesting that they read "Pioneer Railroad" by Robert J. Casey and W. A. S. Douglas, published in 1948 by McGraw-Hill Book Co. Much of their source material was provided by a privately printed edition of "Today and Yesterday," written by Dr. W. H. Stennett, an auditor on the road.

The authors have approached their subject from an impersonal point of view. There were many thousands of men employed during the first hundred years of the C & N W's life and each contributed to the road's success according to whether he made of his work a job or a dedication. From among those many they have traced the life of the founder and we know of Mr. William Butler Ogden's office as Chicago's first mayor; the role he played in securing the railroad's original charter from the Illinois State Legislature for the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad and his subsequent election to the first presidency of that embryonic line which, in 1864, became the C & N W Railway System. Names are mentioned on almost every page that are familiar to a mid-westerner but little is revealed of how and why they became "top names" and leave me wondering what the intermediate steps of those men may have been: what problems, worries, frustrations, disappointments and recognitions did they encounter on the way up?

We are fortunate in having W.A.G.'s office diaries in our possession; a record of his business life from the time he was promoted to superintendent of the Wisconsin division on June 15, 1890 until shortly before his election to the presidency on October 20, 1910. For the benefit of his grandchildren who may have curiosities equal to my own and who would like to know what makes the wheels

(both human and mechanical) go 'round on a railroad, the diaries are a partial answer. They contain terse, cryptic entries referring most to conditions of weather, track, power, passenger and freight business with perhaps once or twice a year a comment on his family: "Charlotte measles" – "Baby (Olive) quite sick Kansas" – "Nubs home"—"Fritz to Gardner with me." Only rarely does he give one a glimpse of his thoughts and opinions and I wish that those views might be broad, revealing vistas but he observed the same habits in his written reports as in his speech and in translating his abbreviated words and telegraphic symbols for station names, I have been sharply reminded of his admonishments to us at home, "Don't tell everything you know" and "you talk too much." Despite that sage advice, here is one Gardner clamoring for a chance to speak and put her too scant information before his family.

The records constitute discouraging reading for a young man of today who might be contemplating Railroading as his life's work. After deciphering the first two years I became convinced that the job of an unresponsible section hand was the one most to be envied but bear in mind that the industry has changed. Improvements of modern times have eliminated much of the grief and disaster to be found in the records of those years near the turn of the century. Equipment, communications and even weather differ radically from those earlier decades. Then all cars were built of wood (even the frames) all switches, couplings and signals were controlled manually; telephones were a rarity and radios non-existent; telegraphing was the only way to send a message or in the last extremity one could pump a hand car. The thermometers seem to have registered day after day of 15 to 20 degrees below zero and soared above 100 in summer when no air conditioning units were installed to cool off irritable passengers or stationary office workers. The only phase that appears to have remained much the same is the movement of stock freights: the animals are fed and watered at feeding grounds now in transit but regardless of our sealed tight Pullman windows, the old time evidence of a cow's fleeting passage still inevitably lingers on and on.

In wondering how best to interject the diaries in the running account of our life at home with W.A.G., we have been puzzled. The Northwestern official was divorced from our father and rarely did the two men meet in a conversation that made them one and the same person to his children. He referred to business at home as infrequently as he mentioned domestic concerns in his office

records of those twenty years. We have tried placing them, a few pages at a time, in the hit-or-miss chronological order of our months as we grew up but the continuity of W.A.G.'s career was entirely lost in following this design. This biography cannot fall into an orthodox pattern but neither did the subject himself so after mulling many hours over the question, we feel that the railroad records should be segregated in one chapter and in doing so, hope that W.A.G.'s grandchildren will, through these pages, know him as we did—all paternal or all business—depending upon the time, place and circumstances.

The diaries commence on June 15, 1890 and the following months must have been costly ones so far as W.A.G.'s shoe bills were concerned. [1]He records the condition of tracks and yards on every mile of the [2]division when he walked from station to station familiarizing himself with the entire territory and personnel that he was now superintending. He refers always to his engines by number and their crews by name and in mentioning the officials, whom he frequently accompanied on business trips, a "Mr." prefixes the initials or his title is used, such as, "the Gen'l Mangr." or "the Pres't." For one who cut short all else in life, it at first seemed strange to find so many unnecessary formalities observed in his private and personal papers but perhaps that was another automatic bit of self-subordination which, in turn, produced good subordinates.

These entries are not selected for their importance but for their possible local interest to the children who have grown up within a few blocks of the Northwestern tracks and who may recognize many old landmarks that are mentioned.

[1]From an account in the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette.
It was at this time that Mr. Gardner performed a feat in railroading that is a matter of traffic history on every railroad in the United States today. Every year Mr. Gardner would walk over every mile of the division of which he was superintendent. He watched every change in operation and every improvement. It was said that he knew the location of every switch and sidetrack and curve and grade on the entire division on the Northwestern. Some even ventured to suggest that he knew every rail joint and the condition of every tie, but this isn't verified.

[2]The Wisconsin Division embraced 541 miles of track that extended the length and breadth of that state and included the northern portion of Illinois.

Chicago to Fort Howard (now Green Bay, Wis.) via Janesville, Oshkosh, etc.	242 miles
Chicago to Milwaukee, Wis. via North Shore suburbs	85 miles
Milwaukee to Fond Du Lac, Wis.	63 miles
Sheboygan, Wis. to Princeton, Wis.	78 miles
Kenosha, Wis. to Rockford, Ill.	73 miles
	541 miles

Chi—Chicago
High Park—Highland Park
rv—Ravenswood
Milw.—Milwaukee
St. P.—St. Paul
Cal.—Calvary
Gal—Galena
bd—Belvedere
Mad—Madison
cy—Clybourn Junction
ft—Fort Howard
(Now Green Bay, Wis.)
Fd Lac—Fond du Lac
ka—Kenosha
C. Lake—Cedar Lake
vd—Harvard, Ill.
wd—Woodstock
Washn.—Washington, D.C.
am—A.M.
pm—P.M.
wk—week
biz—business
lg—large
yr—your
bet—between
ofs—office
spl—special
wb—West Bend.
@—at
a/c—account of
yds—yards
frts—freights
brkman—brakeman
recng—receiving
condr—conductor
swimen—switchmen
supts—superintendents.
engr—engineer
passgr—passenger
genl—general
Saty—Saturday
Tomw—Tomorrow
divs—divisions
rept—reported
sub—suburban
4/85—train no. 4 engine no. 85
Belt Line—Elgin, Joliet & Eastern Ry. circling Chicago; or Indiana Harbor Belt Line—
Interlock—Interlocking plant. A set of switches & signals which are electrically interlocked so that the towerman controlling the switches & signals, when he lines up a route for one train cannot line up a conflicting route for another. The electric interlocking of switches & signals very effectively discounts the human element. It makes it practically impossible for the towerman to make a mistake which might result in collisions or side swipes. When the signal for one train is clear, or proceed, the signal for the other train must be at stop.

All odd numbered trains depart from Chicago.

All even numbered trains are inbound for Chicago.

Remarks within brackets are those of the editor.

— 1890 —

Mon. Oct. 27. Started in laying 2nd track at Glencoe to High Pk.
Sun. Nov. 9. Chi. all day. Walked from Rv to Pk. back #7—pm.

2nd track getting along good shape. Ought to be using it this wk. Belt line blocked . (Indiana Harbor Line)

Thurs. Nov. 13. At Chi. until #9 then to Milw. Steamer Fedora—Capt. Kelly—owner J. McBiern, Erie Pa. grounded in Kinnikinnik Draw (bridge) @2 pm. Could do nothing with her and could get nothing done in Milw. Ran our trains via St.P road Bayview to Milw.

Fri. Nov. 14. Got Fedora clear @ 11 am. Went to work @ 4 am with 75 men. Came to Chi. #8. Everything badly blocked up.

Wed. Nov. 26. Chi. all day. Spent $15 for books for Nubbins a/c anniversary. Biz red hot.

Sat. Nov. 29. Had meeting of all Supts. in regard to hauling more cars per train & reducing expenses. Biz still very heavy & everything in state of blockade.

Thurs. Dec. 11. Found 88 Quayle & Lane had collided @ Jackson with 1/79 Haughey & Frederickson. Very bad wreck indeed—remained there all day getting it picked up & came to Chi. #12. Accident occurred @ 1:37 am.

Dec. 13. Had investigation of accident @ Jackson. Discharged Haughey and Frederickson. Biz still pretty heavy.

Sat. Dec. 20. Chi. all day—matters in fair shape except No. Chi. That yard blocked as usual. Weather very soft—good prospects for lg ice biz. (Ice cut from Wisconsin lakes constituted heavy freight business then.)

Tues. Dec. 30. Chi. weather warm. Biz fair—no wrecks but #6 Engr. Hays broke in 2 @ Ives & held #9 40 minutes. Brakemens ball in evening.

Wed. Dec. 31. Raining all over division—foggy & warm. Trains in good shape last night. Put new center in Chi. Ave. turn table today. VERY FOGGY.

— 1891 —

Wed. Mch. 18. Went to Milw. #-—back to Kenosha #8. Met J.C.S. (John C. Stuart) went to Harvard 195 & to Chi. 114. Raw blustery day. Snow Milw. to Racine. Killed the usual man with 129 bet. Erie St. & Chi. Ave. Found everything good shape.

Mon. Mch. 23. Galena & Wis. Div. swimen struck @ 6:30 pm.—sent for me to come in @ 7:50. Could not do anything until Craw was reinstated & McNurney discharged. Some Wis. swimen threw switches under cars at Chi. derailing #3 & blocked everything 3 hrs—finally got straightened out.

Thurs. May 14. Discharged all swimen @ 7 am. Trainmen went

at it with us & got everything straightened out. All passgr trains on time. Ofs all night.

Fri. May 15. Got 12 new swimen Chi.—same number @ Milw. Everything in tip-top shape under circumstances. Went to Milw. #7 back on #14.—found everything at Milw. good condition.—slept @ ofs.

Tues. Sept. 1. Had a bad night of it. Duffield 99 got a cinder car off the track @ Bay View.—stopped 87—they stopped 13—latter didn't get flag back far enough and Spl. north went into them & broke platform off parlor car "Madison" which was going to Green Lake deadhead. Eng. 654 on #113 blew out cylinder head. I went Milw. on #7. Remained all night.

Oct. 27. Chi. all day. Gen'l. Sup't. after us about St. Paul time freights. Mr. Cowan here. All hands lay down on me. Instructed X.Y.Z. to do better or bust. Weather gradually growing colder. (Time freights ran on schedules—carried livestock & perishable goods.)

— 1892 —

(W.A.G.'s assistant recorded the following events while Father was on vacation.)

Jan. 5. Everything good shape—trains on time—weather moderate.

Jan. 7. Poplar Grove depot burned down—everything quiet. Biz gradually picking up. #158 returning from frt. yds. ran over Sec't. foreman @ U.S. yds. (Union Stock yards) Young Boggs, son of bridge tender Boggs at Kinzie Draw (bridge) boarded Spl. with Doyle to throw off coal—lost balance & fell under & was killed—derailed 3 cars. Swiman Manning killed @ Milw. 10:30 pm—run over by a single car. Very cold and snowy—10 below zero.

Jan. 8. All quiet. Biz good—weather 10 above. Yds. good shape. Time frts. all on time.

Jan. 9. 12 below zero @ 7 am. Frts. all on time. Holding 98 cars for C&GT Ry. They take nothing but live stock and Perish. Belt road full of G.T. cars from WC to GT (West Chicago to Grand Trunk)

1st & 2nd 166 Mead & J.J. Deel in eng. Tallmadge orders to meet Spl. north Davie @ Vandyne. 2nd collided with rear of 1st frt. Suchs @ Vandyne—damaging front of eng. 428 & wrecking 3 cars & shoving in 10 or 12 D bars. Brkman Jas. Conley cought bet. 2nd & 3rd cars crushing both legs—one was amputated below knee—took 3 hrs. to release him—main track

blocked 3 hrs while clearing track. O's wrecker broke & nearly crushed Jno. Knicks. Sent wrecker from Milw. & while crossing bridge @ DuLever journal broke off eng. truck of eng. 450. At 10 pm Jno. Carroll swiman, cought foot in slip switch & was instantly killed.

Jan. 10. Weather moderating—snowing all day. Clearing up wreck @ Vandyne. Yds. in good shape. Poor Berney Malloy died 10:15 pm.

Jan. 11. 7:25 train in found a man lying along side track near Cuyler—head badly damaged. Presume he fell off 6:30 am north train (Oliver) think he was full. Young man tried to jump on #8 at Cly. Jct. Got his leg under—lost it. Weather snowing all day—not cold enough for harm.

Jan. 12. Made all arrangements for Mr. Malloy's funeral. Will place him in recng. vault at Calvary temporarily.

Jan. 13. Mr. Malloy buried—gave Spl. train 12:30 p m to Cal. ret'd. 2 pm. At 8:30 am Galena train ran into side of our #3 & derailed Gal. eng. blocking everything 30 mins.

Jan. 13. Ditched 7 cars @ Woodworth—broken rail. 4 cars pulled right on—other 4 off trucks—very little damage done. Sent Milw. wrecker W.D.C. & P.H.L. Swiman put a car of coal through shed at Vd.—wrecker went there after clearing wreck at Woodworth. 160 backed caboose & 3 cars off derail @ Bd—had to send frogs on 107 (wrecking frogs to re-rail cars).

At this point W.A.G. returned from his holidays and reported that he "found everything in good shape." In reading such a record of combined human and financial loss occurring in two weeks I was appalled and continued to be so as I dug my way along through the diaries. A tremendous savings of lives and equipment has been effected since modern safety devices were installed and much of this economy was prompted by the "Safety First" program initiated by the C&NWRy. Mr. Ralph C. Richards (general Claim Agent for the Road) originated the idea and came to W.A.G. questioning its merit. The scheme was heartily endorsed by Father and with his backing and promotion, a department was set up dedicated to safety and the prevention of crippling mishaps. The successful demonstration of organized effort to reduce casualties led to the formation of the National Safety Council which is now one of the final authorities in the United States.

Sat. June 4. Sun shone 3 mins @ 8:10 am—very busy day—4 sects. #505—all did fairly well. Ran 8 trains for St. Paul Rd. bet.

Chi & Milw a/c wreck they had. Very foggy night – had to block everything both divisions. Both J.C.S. & myself in office all night.

Sun. June 5. Ofs. all day. Everytrhing went off first class shape. 5 sects. #505. Weather dried up & looks promising.

Fri. June 10. Mr. Sanborn sent for me at 10 am in regard to Mr..... 1 hr. meeting @ 3 pm. Harrison nominated at St. Paul. (Prest. Benjamin Harrison.)

Sun. June 12. Ofs. in am. Got in last of delegates O.K. Heavy picnic biz @ Ch. Everything went off in good shape.

Mon. Aug. 9. About 6:30 am spl. south Condr. Weight & Engr. Ryan broke in 2 @ Edison Pk.—collided near Norwood. Then Cobb eng 770 came along & ran into them—2 cars of ice & 1 car flax badly broken. Main track blocked until 7:20. At 10:40 am, work train derailed a car at Bd. held L. Geneva train 35 mins. Everything worked backwards.

Fri. Aug. 12. Barnum Circus Oshkosh to Sheboygan in good shape.

Sat. Aug. 13. Chi. all day and part of night. Circus Sheb. to Milw. (Ringling Bros. & Barnum & Bailey, a combined company, folded their tents permanently July 16, 1956. For those of you who will never be able to smell, see and feel an actual three ring performance under a "Big Top," I have nothing but pity in my saw dust heart. Television is supposedly the cause of their declining gate receipts but nothing, not even colored screen versions of the original acts will ever replace the thrills of the five senses as experienced at first hand & under canvas.)

Oct. 28, 1892. Went to Cary on #503—back on 534—To Winnetka @ 1:30 pm back @ 3:10. making slow progress with joint ties. Big fire reported at Milw. 8 pm. Went there with Chi. Fire Dep't. 10: pm. Ar. Milw. 12:20 am Frt. houses, 216 cars, coal shed, water tank etc. all burned up. ("Today and Yesterday" records the total financial loss of this fire as $222,809.36. The Chicago Fire apparatus was carried on flat cars to Milwaukee.)

Sat. Oct. 29. Milw. Bought lumber & went to work rebuilding frt. houses, picking up wrecked cars etc. Ordered all carpenters from Gal. Mad. & Wis. divs. also all roadmasters and section men.

Sun. Oct. 30. Milw. all day—nearly completed our frt. houses. Picked up 50 car trucks—loaded rubbish etc.

Tues. Nov. 1. Milw. Got into our frt house 10:30 am. Mr. San-

borne came home on #6. I came on #2. #184 broke in 2 @ Wb double header.

Sun. Nov. 6. Milw. on paper train (2:30 A.M.) remained there all day until #12 @ 4 pm. Milw. yd. in good shape.

— 1893 —

Mon. Jan. 9. Very cold & everything went to pieces. 4/185 car off at N. Evanston delayed everything from 5:10 to 7 pm from 15 to 45 mins. Most of the passgr. engs. played out on the road. Those that were alive were no good. Mechanical Dep't. Chi. Ave. no good. Frt. biz fairly good.

Tues. Jan. 10. 8 to 15 below zero. Sub. trains delayed by interlock at Cy freezing up & running through interlock at N. Evanston. Tough weather & very tough time.

Fri. Jan. 13. Very cold. 6 to 10 below. Out of water Chi. Ave. 7 am. Arranged with Chief Sweeney to give us fire engine—took motor apart but trouble all seemed to be lack of pressure. Things moved well up to 5 pm then Gal. div. ran short of water. Depot was blocked up & devil to pay generally. Truck broke under passgr. car near Arlington Hts. on Spl. South 1:45 am took all night to clear it up—weather moderated 5 or 6 degrees.

Sat. Jan. 14. Belt line bad shape—thermom. 15-20 below zero. Trains did exceedingly well under circumstances. Coldest night of year.

Mon. Jan. 16. 10 below. Blockade in passgr. yard. Everything bad shape—some suburban trains abandoned.

Wed. Jan. 18. 10 below. Things worked fairly well in am & pm. Water supply @ Chi. Ave. gave out @ 5 pm & none in tank up to midnite.

Jan. 24. Very severe snow storm.

Jan. 25. Had an eng. or car or something else off the track every few mins. all evening. Ran flangers all day—broke 2 of them. Suburbans in good shape.

Feb. 1. About 8 different broken journals—collapsed trucks & Hell to pay generally but suburban trains were in pretty good shape.

Feb. 2. Milw. on #1. Worst storm of year set in about 7:30 am—sleet, rain & snow on south end (of division) but hard snow on north end. Did not turn a frt. wheel for 24 hrs. all passgr. engs. double headed. Wind blowing a gale.

Mar. 4. Chi. all day. Everything good shape—suspended Engr. Kelly 5 days for fast running @ Division St.

Mar. 18. Chi. all day. Went to Fair Grounds with Nubs and babies in am. Everything in good shape during the day. (World's Fair of 1893.)

April 6. Went to Racine on #5 & walked to So. Milw. Track is better than it was but after the rain it went down badly. Everything else in fair shape. Paid Mr. Ryan 60c fare a/c Condr. White punching his ticket twice bet. Woodstock and Chi. Sunday evening #506.

April 12. Chi. all day. Sup'ts. meeting. (was) elected chairman. Everything good shape.

May 1. Rained hard up to 7 am. then sun tried to come out. Cavalry got in @ 6:45 am. Infantry @ 7 am. Moved about 30,000 people in & out of Chi. Cleared up at noon but was very black in pm. (Opening day of World's Fair.)

May 7. Ofs. in am. Went to fair in pm. Everything moved well in depot. Trains on time, weather cloudy & cool.

May 30 (Decoration Day) Old fashioned travel—about 120 car loads extra to Rosehill & Irving Park. Handled 38,854 passgrs. Everything worked well.

June 15. Travel very heavy—35,148 (passgrs.) a/c German Day at Fair. Trains on time.

June 23. Gen'l. ofs. most of pm. in regard shorten time up on Milw. Trains.

June 27. Horse fell on me in am. Came to ofs & went out Spl. for Milw. with Mr. Sanborne (Gen'l. Mangr.) Came back from Kenosha & went to bed. Everything went all right. (The accident occurred while riding horseback—no bones were broken but he remained at home until July 1 "gaining daily.")

July 4. About 28000 passgrs. Ran 7 Spls. out after 11:20 pm. Last one at 2 am. Biz comparatively light during the day. Trains on time & everything good shape. Most comfortable fourth that I ever put in.

July 14. Terrific storm at 1: am. Lightning struck house and scared Nubs very badly. Went to Fond du Lac. Earl (Martin) with me. Trains in good shape.

Aug. 28. Bad mess in depot in am. Trains held out etc. Went all around City with Mr. J. M. Whitman, City. Engr. Ellert & party in regard to elevation of tracks.

Oct. 9. Banner day at Fair. We brought in 27,420 passgrs. Everything O.K.

Oct. 10. People commenced to go home—crush in depot all day. Outgoing trains heavy.

Oct. 30. Very heavy out-bound passgr. biz. 3 sects. (To Omaha) #13—2 sects. (To St. Paul) #505—2 sects. (To St. Paul) #507. We hope this is the wind up. Severe wind all night & colder but no fog.

Dec. 7. Discovered a break in main cord of Wells St. bridge about 2 pm. had to use our main track and Jefferson St. "Y" until friday Am. Did pretty well in the evening but it made lots of grief.

Dec. 31. Ofs. in am.—home in pm—very pleasant day—everything O.K. This closes the busiest and most satisfactory year I ever put in on a Railroad.

— 1894 —

Jan. 26. Warmer all over Div. Left Ft @ 7 am.—went to Fd Lac—from there to Chi. Visited several parties at Oshkosh in regard to roasting we have been getting in the papers.

Apr. 25. Went to Gardner in am with Olive & Nubs. Came back in evng. Everything O.K.

May 17. Went to Milw. #5 back on #14. To ofs. in evng. a/c heavy rains & wash outs. bet. Waukegan & Spg. Bluff. Took Spl. 15 cars to Waukasha to open new Brewery. Spl. got back 12:25 am. All safe.

Fri. May 18. Left on 521 to Fd Lac—to Chi. #16. Very muddy day—snow & rain. Frightful wrecks on the lake @ Milw. & Chi. Several lives lost. We took Racine life-boats on C&NW to Milw. Spl. in pm. 4 or 5 engines played out and ran hot on passgr. trains. One of the worst lake storms ever known. 12 to 15 vessels lost & some lives.

May 30. Decoration Day. About 50 cars extra to Ft. Sheridan & back. Everything passed off pretty good shape.

June 10. 2 hr. train to Milw. Everything worked fine. Pleasant day.

June 13. C&NW. #7 on time. St. Paul's #2 on time. (To Milwaukee—a bit of competition.)

June 14. Ofs. in am. Went to L. Geneva Spl 10 am. with the officers to take luncheon Mr. Richards—had very pleasant time indeed. Trains on time.

June 21. Chi. all day. Everything O.K.—very hot. Party of commonwealers tried to monkey with us @ Racine on night of 21st. (Commonwealers were Labor Agitators.)

June 27. Considerable excitement a/c Debs. (Eugene V.) Our line not touched yet.

Thurs. June 28. Excitement growing worse. Swimen commencing to go out. Doing our work with difficulty.

June 29. More men going out but still able to hold our own—looks dubious.

June 30. Looks Shaky. Still holding on pretty well but lots of trouble.

July 2. Engrs. & firemen commencing go out. Lots of grief but trouble all confined to neighborhood of Chi.

July 3. Looked pretty tough in am. Things took a turn in pm our way & evening trains went out in good shape.

July 4. Quiet all day. Lightest passgr. day we have had in several years. Big improvement in the situation on N W road.

July 5. Comparatively quiet. Few more firemen rep't. for duty. Fairly good frt. biz @ N. Chi. Riots on the south side.

July 6. Quiet day. Considerable biz. Everything in fair condition. Town filled up with troops & situation looking better.

July 7. Seems to be turning point. Rec'd orders about noon to run all cars out of the city—nearly cleaned out N. Chi. & W. Chi. Slept at Briggs House (Hotel). Everything quiet on our road.

July 12. Very encouraging look to things. Handled lots of frt. & did it well. Milw. did a big days work.

July 13. Matters looking better—went to Milw. on #5—ret'd. #14. Debs hunting his hole fast.

July 14. Everything in good shape. Trains moving on time. Milw. coming to the front. If Debs ties us up again we'll need 4 tracks.

July 17. Everything O.K. Very hot. Debs, Howard etc. put in jail.

The great railroad strike of 1894 stemmed from the dissatisfied workers employed by Mr. George M. Pullman, the originator and builder of Pullman Palace cars in Pullman, Illinois. The city, situated south of Chicago, was established and owned by this manufacturer who took tremendous pride in his model town and the homes he leased there to his personnel. The year 1893, having held a business depression, a gradual reduction in wages was effected by the Pullman Manufacturing company with no compensating adjustment in rentals granted by the landlord to offset his employees' loss of income. By late spring of 1894 the workers were receiving only 70% of their original wages and a serious walk-out took place.

On June 26 a boycott on Pullman Palace cars was declared by

the year old American Railway Union and from their Chicago headquarters, Eugene Victor Debs sent telegrams to his organizers at every divisional point of railroads in the midwest and to some farther east, instructing them to refuse to pull Pullman cars. By noon of that same day he began to get returns. Train crews abandoned their trains on sidings and passengers were left stranded to fend for themselves. By the third day newspaper reporters estimated that 40,000 railroaders (the majority on lines west of Chicago) were participating. By this time the boycott had extended beyond Palace cars to freight and coaches and the railroads were paralyzed; yards became hazardous areas; riots took place on city streets and the public took refuge within doors. The constitution of the A.R.U. provided that a strike could be declared by a majority vote of railroad employees and by the following day bulletins from headquarters said that 125,000 men from twenty railroads were on strike. Then Grandmaster Workman, J. R. Sovereign of the Knights of Labor pledged support of his order to the strike and from trade and labor organizations of Chicago, with a membership of 150,000, offered to call a general strike in the city if necessary to enforce the boycott. No compromise could be made with the railroad's Association of General Managers and this group with the cooperation of bankers, speculators, railroad directors and newspaper editors conferred with President Cleveland in Washington and secured the aid of the fifteenth infantry brought from Fort Sheridan to Chicago. Deputy marshalls placed Debs under arrest on July 15 and bail having been provided, Debs made another offer to the General Manager's Association to call off the strike if the A.R.U. men were reinstated. Realizing that Debs was cornered, the G.M.A. rejected his offer and on July 17 Debs was re-arrested for contempt of court in that he, Howard and Keliher (his two right hand men) with five directors of A.R.U. had violated the "gatling gun" injunction. Debs was placed behind bars and order was gradually restored.

The perils of this period plus a more minor incident ten or twelve years later must have formed the basis for one of our house rules: no member of the family could go to Chicago if any labor trouble were brewing in the city, were they brawny teamsters or docile wig makers. This other event occurred while we were living on Asbury Avenue and stands large and important in our minds as "that time when Papa got permission to carry a gun." We had in our home then a much loved maid named Emma Anderson whose brother, John, frequently came out from the city to see her and

who once, when he was without work, asked W.A.G. for a job on the road. Whether he was employed as a freight handler or switchman there is now no way of knowing but shortly afterwards labor trouble developed in the yards and Father, gun in pocket, went directly to the scene. Standing high above his audience, John Anderson was rousing his rabble to action when W.A.G. appeared and grabbed the man from his platform. No, he didn't need the gun. The trouble subsided and Emma's brother was firmly denied any further hospitality at 1704 Asbury but with it all, we remained devoted to the completely innocent girl and when she contracted tuberculosis a few months later, it was Father and Mother who financed her trip west and the cost of her brief but terminal illness.

Sat. Oct. 27. Ofs. all day. Charlotte had party in pm. (Her tenth birthday came the following tuesday.)

Dec. 20. Chi. all day. Everything O.K. Trains in good shape. Commenced asking passgrs. to show tickets before getting onto trains.

Dec. 25. (Christmas) Very delightful day. Took dinner with Culvers as usual. Cold but pleasant day. Everything in good shape.

— 1895 —

Jan. 25. Warm in am. Commenced snowing 2 pm. & kept up strong with N. E. gale until midnite. Did not run any frt. trains out after 3 pm. Tied everything up. Double headed Passgr. trains. Very bad night—slept on ofs. floor.

Sat. Jan 26. Storm abated some @ midnite—started plows out from Milw—Chi. J&C cleared off tracks for suburban trains. Wind went down in evng. for hr. or 2 then blew with renewed vigor from NW. Had more or less frts stuck all night delaying passgr. trains some but finally worried through. Very cold. 15 to 20 below zero.

Sun. Jan. 27. Walked in from Ravenswood 6:30 am. Snow very bad from Rv. to Dering. Long drifts 2 & 3 ft. deep. 187 & 89 stuck in snow bet. Ka & Jo. for 4 hrs. Held #115 pretty badly. Very hard day. Tried to move frts. & did so to considerable extent but everything worked hard a/c extreme cold & snow. Delayed all over Div. Home at 10 pm.

Feb. 1. Simmons broke in 2 @ Cudahy—let his rear end go down the hill & #17 went into them. Busted Eng. 622, caboose & 2-3 cars. #17 went in 2 hrs. late. Dismissed Simmons—found he left

hind end without setting any brakes. Got through balance of day pretty fair shape. Very cold.

Mon. Feb. 4. (After three days of sub-zero weather.) Very cold after midnite. 20-25 below. am. trains did fairly well but steam heat plants not of much use. (Taken from the President's report, June 1, 1894) "A large amount of work was done during the year in equipping passenger trains with steam heating apparatus and Pintsch gas lights, and in fitting up freight cars with air-brakes and automatic couplers, in addition to the usual repairs and renewals, and the rebuilding of 6 furniture cars.")

Wed. Feb. 6. Started snowing 10: pm Tuesday—kept it up all night. Did not moderate very much—3 or 4 in. snow by am. Sub'n. trains 5-15 mins. late. Storm cont'd. all nite & was a terror. #575 stuck 2 miles north of Shopiere & stayed there until noon thursday. McDonald derailed eng. & 4 cars @ C. Lake & raised cain generally. Nothing got by there until 8:30 pm. Sent #505 via Gal. div. Could not move any frt. all night. Worked snow plows & flangers all night trying to keep track open—was at ofs. all night. Very severe N.W. wind. Mr. Braden (S. W. Braden, Supt'd. Galena Div.) & Mr. Lawson (T. A. Lawson, Ass't. Gen'l. Sup't.) also at ofs.

Feb. 7. Opened up—bad weather frightful. Milw. Sub. trains did well—most of them on time. Wis. div. knocked out by sticking @ Barrington with 1st train but ran spl. this side of div. which took pretty good care of people. Moulton got #5—7:50 train out on time. @ 2 am #7 shortly after reached Vd. #501 found bad snow bet. Rf & Wd. #508 held behind some stalled frts. @ Capron—got in 3:30 pm. Moved considerable frt. At ofs. all night.

Feb. 8. Very cold am. still 15 below. Sub. trains in pretty good shape also frts. Handled good many frts. during day. #181 stuck in snow @ Spg. Bluff for 4 hrs. & in evng. #192 stuck bet. Nv & Barton 3 hrs. Wind blew a gale 10 am to 6 pm then went down some. Snow packed like sand in the flanges & made very hard wheeling. Kept flanger cars moving all the time. Ofs. all night.

Sat. Feb. 9. Went home in evng.—found everybody well.

Sun. Feb. 10. Ofs. all am—home in pm. Cleared up frt. Everything good shape.

(The weather moderated during the remainder of the month and the next few days recorded little but freight statistics which are of

interest only if contrasted to the reduced tonnage of today's shipments made via rail.)

Feb. 27 Moved 3345 cars
Feb. 28 " 3337 "
March 1 " 3237 "
" 2 " 3219 "

Mar. 10. New time table effect 2:45 am. New mail train to Elroy & new Church Train to Evanston 130 passgrs.

Mar. 12. Chi. all day. Com. meeting am. Opera Special this date had 2 Ravenswood passgrs. 1 Summerdale—1 Rogers Park—3 So. Evanston—1 Ft. Sheridan. (Later called the "Theatre Train") Each day thereafter, the number increased and at the end of two weeks the train carried 184 passengers.)

Apr. 9. Went to L. Bluff with Mr. Cairns in pm.—looked over picnic grounds. Stopped @ Ravinia—looked over Pk. there. All trains in good shape.

Nov. 23. Chi. all day. Went over with girls (Charlotte & Fritz) bought hats for them and for Nubs. Rainy, cloudy day. Trains fair—lots of engines breaking down. (W.A.G. had a discerning eye for pretty hats.)

Tuesday, Dec. 31. Chi. all day. Everything O.K. Trains on time—travel pretty good. Frt. biz light—weather cold & clear. If all the yrs are as comfortable for the Sup't of Wis. div. as this has been, there will be no cause for complaint.

— 1896 —

(There are very few entries until mid-summer.)

July 3. Chi; all day. Met Mayor Dyche of Evanston by appointment in pm to see about night gate tenders. Made satisfactory arrangement with him subject to approval by the Council Com.

July 4. Travel good—about like others days of this kind. Trains generally on time. Came to ofs. at 7 am—remained until 10 & then went home for balance of day. First time I have done this since I came to Wis. div.

Aug. 22. Race train to Milw.—80 passgrs. Dinner 26. (Served that number on the Diner.) Chi. All day—rained more or less. Everything good shape. Passgr. travel good. Penn Co. bge. car 60 ft. 9 pm. effects of Julia Marlowe Tabor for Milw. #15. (We translate this to mean that the C&NW moved a Pennsylvania Ry. 60 foot baggage car, containing scenery and trunks for the actress Julia Marlowe, to Milwaukee at 9 P.M. on train #15.)

Aug. 25. Weather pleasant. Folks home from Asbury Park pm. Buffalo Bill Company Milw. to Madison.
Aug. 26. Buffalo Bill Co. Madison to Janesville.
Aug. 27. Buffalo Bill Co. Janesville to Rockford.
Aug. 28. Buffalo Bill Co. Rockford to Racine.
Aug. 30. Buffalo Bill Co. Racine to Sheboygan.
Aug. 31. Buffalo Bill Co. Sheboygan to Appleton.
(Moving this Wild West show from town to town via special trains was always a source of worry and anxiety to the railroad. The same might be said for bringing the Ringling Bros. Circus down from their winter quarters in Baraboo, Wis. every spring but the Gardner Girls reaped benefits in the shape of tickets and shaking the hands of Col. Cody and the various Ringling men.)
Sept. 1. Went to Waukegan #3—walked from there to L. Forest. Found poor track laying bet. L. Bluff & 2 miles north. #5 derailed by spike in track put there by boy named Turskey—5 yrs old. Cleaned it up @ 10:40 pm.
Mon. Sep. 28 (Entry made by W.A.G.'s assistant.) Mr. G. in ofs. part of day transferring biz of Div. to Mr. T. A. Lawson—ending thus a very successful career as Supt. C&NW Wis. Div. and taking up higher duties as Ass't. Gen'l. Supt.
Sep. 30. Ofs. all day. Biz increasing. Went out and got 100 box cars for Mr. Aishton—Tama (Iowa) in pm.—ordered Ass't. Gen'l. Sup't.—Trains on time. Moved over river at noon. (From the station to the General Offices.)
Oct. 9. Brought 12000 people into Chi. a/c Chicago Day. Fine weather—no accidents or delays—hard up for box cars Milw. Coal biz heavy for west.
Oct. 29. Went to Milw. on #5—Oshkosh on #11. Mr. Sanborne, Mr. Burt & party on 401. Rained & blew hard. Remained in Oshkosh ofs. all night & watched Bryan's Special. (William Jennings Bryan.)

— 1897 —

Jan. 25. Coldest day in 25 years. 25 below zero.
(It remained cold all winter with heavy snows crippling all divisions. Most of the trouble was in South Dakota and this line was blocked on and off until April 21 when it finally became clear. The summer season was correspondingly hot and the Road suffered a shortage of box cars as well as a period of low motive power.)
July 24. Made 1 hr. 35 min. run from Milw. to Chi. Spl. eng 703 Mahoney, 2 coaches. (Diesel engines today make very little better time.)

(The early part of the year was consumed by numerous trips to Omaha, Neb.; trying to fill the heavy demands from all quarters for box cars and the progress of second track construction on the Wisconsin and Madison Divisions.)

Mar. 13. Moved Kinzie St. bridge @ midnite. Ofs. am—at bridge until mid-day. Got along pretty well over there.

Mar. 14. First train over new bridge 7 am. Everything worked out during day. Called on Capt. Troy—arranged with him to go west on #1. Left on car 401 With Troy and son, Martin.

May 1. Ofs. am. Put 4500 people into Des Moines—2700 into Milw. Got them back home in pretty fair shape. (Excursion rates.) Good run of stock.

June 18. Went over to hear Charlotte & Fritz @ Handel Hall. (Piano recital.)

June 20. Ofs. am. Went to Omaha Spl. in eve with Union League Club etc. Very nice party indeed. Everything worked well.

June 23. Chi. all day. Biz very good but not heavy. Trains in good shape. Charlotte graduated (from 8th grade) with high honors. Weather pleasant.

June 27. Everything good shape. Trains on time. Nubs & children went to St. Paul 6:30.

June 28. Chi. all day. Didn't do much but look out and think in. Frt. biz not red hot.

July 23. Paid Life Insurance. Busy day—not outside of ofs. Nubs went out in a boat.

Oct. 5. Chi. all day. Very busy preparing for the President's train. (Prest. of U.S. Wm. McKinley.)

Oct. 6. Everything warm with arrangements for Pres't. C&NW's spl. train to Omaha. Sent our (special) train to Washington for B & O (to carry Pres't. McKinley).

Oct. 7. Chi. all day sweating over Pres't. Train. Everything else hot a/c shortage of cars.

Oct. 8. Chi. all day. Matters generally mixed up condition. Conflicting information from President's train & everything else.

Oct. 11. Left with Pres't. McKinley @ 7:45 am — ar. Omaha 9:10 pm.

Army ret'd. Spl. left 10:15 am—ar. 10:30 pm.

Everything worked fine. (Evidently President McKinley had a large military escort.)

The Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition of 1898,

held in Omaha, Nebraska, opened June 1 and was the purpose of W.A.G.'s various trips to that city during the summer and early Autumn. According to James B. Haynes' history of the exposition, "Illinois Day" was June 21. "Among those who came from Illinois were President Clark E. Carr of the Illinois Commission, delegates of the Union League Club of Chicago, the Stock Exchange, Board of Trade, National Business League, and the Chicago Worlds Fair Directory. "New York Day" was October 8. "Among prominent guests who came were Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Presidents of the New York Central, Chicago Northwestern railroads and others." "Chicago Day" was October 1. "Several special cars were attached to the regular trains to accommodate the railroad officials of Chicago." The Burlington Ry. donated $30,000 and the CNW Ry. matched the sum, donating the largest private gifts to the Exposition.

From the "History of Nebraska" by James C. Olson (University of Nebraska Press. 1955) we learn that "Under the leadership of Gurdon W. Wattles, a former Iowa banker who had come to Omaha on the eve of the financial panic of 1893, the Knights (of Aksarben) set out to lick the depression by demonstrating to all the world that it did not exist. Out of this effort grew the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition of 1898.

Oct. 12. Omaha all day—bad shape for frt. biz—very short of cars.

Oct. 13. Ar. Chi. 10 am. Found things badly mixed—short on cars—long on complaints. Nice job nowdays.

Oct. 14. Chi. all day. Empty car supply the principal thing in life.

Oct. 17. Got in from Omaha 8:25 am #2. Very bad rain in Chi. all day. Raised dickens with all the decorations—interfered with travel etc. Did not run a frt. west of Boone (Iowa) all day a/c snow. (Decorations were for the McKinley Jubilee.)

— 1899 —

June 27. Went to Milw. Spl. with Gov. (Theodore) Roosevelt @ 9:30 pm. ar. Milw. 11:10. Nice run & party. Took 11000 people into Milw. in am. Rained in pm.

June 28. Milw. until 3:15 pm. to Chi. Spl. ar. 4:50 with Gov. Roosevelt. Had a nice time. Turned cold in pm. Everything good shape.

Aug. 1. Engine derailed near Kate Shelley bridge—killed Condr. & engr, Expressman, 1 postal clerk—cause unknown. Everything else in good shape.

(On July 6, 1956, The Chicago Tribune printed the following account of Kate Shelley.)

RAILS HONOR A LEGEND; SHE SAVED 200 ON TRAIN IN FLOOD.

The memory of Kate Shelley, a legend in American railroading, was honored today on the 75th anniversary of her heroic act which saved a loaded passenger train from plunging thru a flood weakened bridge.

The observance, sponsored by the Order of Railroad Conductors and Brakemen, was climaxed with the unveiling of a bronze plaque at her grave site in Sacred Heart cemetery here. (Boone, Iowa.)

Kate Shelley was 15 years old when national fame came to her. At midnight on July 6, 1881, Kate, Irish born daughter of a railroad section boss, crawled across a 500 foot trestle above the flooded Des Moines river at Moingona, near Boone.

In a cloudburst and gale, she flagged down a Chicago & Northwestern passenger and express train, carrying 200 persons, speeding toward a washed out bridge over nearby Honey Creek.

Her action also saved the lives of 2 railroad men whose pusher engine used for testing tracks for washouts had collapsed a flood weakened bridge.

At today's ceremony, R. O. Hughes of Cedar Rapids, international president of the ORCB, said: "Seventy five years have made Kate Shelley's name secure. She symbolizes women in railroading who are honored with her today. Kate Shelley was a daughter and sister of railroad men."

During the last eight years of her life, Kate was a Northwestern station agent at Moingona. She died in 1912.

The plaque and 75th anniversary program were adopted by resolution at the 1954 meeting of the grand division of the ORCB in Columbus, Ohio. The plaque sits on a pink granite stone presented by the C&NW Ry. On the plaque is inscribed: "Hers is a deed bound for legend—a story to be told until the last order fades and the last rail rusts."

(The month of September contains a good run of stock and great demand for freight cars of all kinds.)

Sep. 29. Pretty tough day. Crooks gave Bartlett permit to use 200 of our cars to load grain for Wabash elevator—like taking blood from us.

Sep. 30. Box car shortage in Iowa—west division. This business takes and requires a good deal of patience.

Oct. 3. Regular Hell on earth—everybody on the road distributing cars. Biz heavy.

Oct. 4. Usual deal of complaints and cars. Weather pleasant—that is the only pleasant thing around here however.

(The rest of that month was devoted to a search for cars to move coal. W.A.G. describes it as a "hand to mouth" situation. He had many conversations with the president — they were not "promising."

Nov. 25. Circulars (are) out announcing (my) appointment as Gen'l. Mngr. Everything in pretty fair shape. Trains doing well.

Dec. 12. Very busy finding a place to stand on. Everything fair shape.

(With his apointment as General Manager of the road, W.A.G. skipped the intermediate positions of General Superintendent and Assistant General Manager.)

— 1900 —

Jan. 20. Looking over Ashand & Gogebic Range. Put in good full day. Weather too warm—killing biz.

Feb. 2. Chi. preparing go west. Left 10:30 pm with Messers H. R. McC—S. S. Schroyer & Green.

Feb. 4. On Union Pacific Ry. bet. Cheyenne & Green River—Desolate country.

Mar. 4. Ofs. forenoon. Arranged Mr. Aishton (Richard H.) go to LeGrand (Iowa).

Mar. 8. Pittsfield & Garfield (to see Aunt Ann in Stephentown) then New York.

May 28. Chi. forenoon. West in evng. #1 to meet Mr. C. P. Huntington, pres't. Union Pac.

June 24. Frightful disaster DePere (Wis.) Killed 8—hurt 40—gross carelessness. I am heartsick.

July 4. Ofs. am. Headsplitting day. (Noisy 4th) Good travel, free from accidents except Wis. div.

July 10. Went north #11 with folks to Gogebic Lake (we were there until July 23 and W.A.G. came up twice to spend a day or two).

Oct. 5. Confer with Pres't. Not very happy.

Dec. 3. Power plant boiler explosion at Wells St. Killed 5—injured

15 @ 5 pm. Great commotion—trains going about 11 pm. Expected to go to Des Moines.

Dec. 4. Cleaning up at Wells St. Very deplorable accident.

Dec. 25. Christmas. Only at ofs. very few minutes.

— 1901 —

Feb. 22. Spent day Peoria. Regular ovation (W.A.G. spoke before Traffic Club there.)

May 27. Met Pres't. McKinley at Union Pacific transfer @ 8 am. Very peaceful, quiet trip, ar. Chi. 3 am Tuesday.

Sept. 5. Very busy all day trying to clean up. This business is a destroyer of temper, patience and happiness.

Sept. 6. Milw. Met messers Marshall, Finney, Bigelow about walls at Lake front. Pres't. McKinley shot at Buffalo exposition.

Sep. 13. Pres't. very low.

Sep. 14. Pres't. McKinley died at 2:15 am.

Sep. 26. A star day for hustle & bustle.

Sep. 30. Charlotte left for Washington. (Her first term away at school.)

Nov. 7. Left for Washington.

Nov. 8. Washington see Charlotte.

Dec. 31. This has been a busy year. I have left undone many things I ought to have done but have not had time to do many things that I ought not to have done. My family have been well and I am happy—extremely so in my official life and surroundings.

— 1903 —

Jan. 1. Remained home all day—good time with Charlotte, Grandma, etc. Everything good shape on road.

Jan. 5. Went home early a/c Stubbie.

Jan. 6. Stubbie went east.

(The weather was very cold; engines froze and stock trains were delayed until Jan. 19th when they moved 570 cars or 17 trains to Union stock yards.)

Jan. 26. Stock very fair shape. Traffic Dep't. doing everything they can to break us down. Nice happy job.

Feb. 3. H—l to pay everywhere.

Mar. 9. Duffer scarlet fever.

May 5. Very busy every conceivable thing.

May 17. Home all day. Fritz ill.

May 27. Difficult time Boiler Makers—cited to appear before

Mangrs. Ass'n. Shopmen. Mr. Blank & Mr. Blank both talk too much.

June 3. V. P. Consol Coal Co. Nothing in this but hard work and d——d few thanks.

Dec. 31. This has been a trying year on mind, body & resources. The most exhausting one I ever put in—jumped from one thing to another—hurried this way & that without opportunity to reflect. But our organization has withstood the attacks of even the traffic department which I view with more misgiving than anything from a labor organization. We have lengthened the time of freight trains including stock & held our ground despite the adverse and captious criticism of our own people & it has saved and made the Co. a very great deal of money. Much remains to be done but it cannot be accomplished until everybody is equally interested in the operating department.

(There is some friction and misunderstanding between the Traffic and Operating departments of all railroads. Traffic, in making contracts with shippers of freight, compete against the delivery dates offered by other lines and at times make promises and guarantees which are impossible for the operating department to fulfill. At this date, W.A.G. was the ranking officer in operations.)

— 1904 —

Sat. Jan. 3. We took up lessons to be learned from Iroquois fire and went after everybody on basis of precaution to avoid accidents; reiterating instructions already out.

Jan. 4. Fritz to Washington (returning from Christmas vacation). Forgot her ticket. Got after airwhistle signals.

Jan. 6. Stubbie to Northampton. Pres't. east. Everything good shape.

Jan. 6. Very peculiar day in Chi. Dark in am—very foggy pm.—had to move trains with extreme caution. Completed rigid inspection of everything for fire inspection.

Jan. 15. 11:00 am. Found G.H.C. very ill—he died at 6 pm. (close personal friend) Poor fellow—he deserved more good things in this world than he ever got. A man whose chief aim was to economize & save for the future but he left before he took advantage of his life's work. Few people appreciated him because so few understood him.

Mar. 28. Nubs reached home allright. (Mother had gone to New York and Washington.)

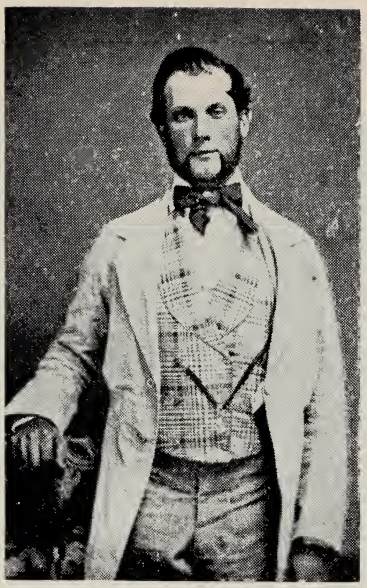
Mar. 31. Stubbie arrived—Fritz reached East Orange. (Easter holidays.)
April 12. Stubbie went east.
July 5. Left Spl. 9 am. Casper, Deadwood, Bonesteel. (The extension of the Wyoming & Northwestern Ry. from Casper, Wyo. to Lander, Wyo. was then under construction.)
Aug. 5. Have been very lazy. (no entries had been made for a month.)
Aug. 6. Fritz returned from Lakewood, N. J. (she had been visiting Helen Rook Grange.)
Aug. 23. Girls came home—pleasant day.
Aug. 27. Nubs home.
Oct. 26. Albany to Northampton (seeing Stubbie).
Oct. 27. Northampton to Boston (business) & Washington. (Business & seeing Fritz.)
Dec. 1. Went to lunch Chi. Club. Met Dr. Harper & other gentlemen in regard to a school of instruction for R R men. (Chicago University.)
Dec. 15. Nubs sick.
Dec. 16. Nubs still sick.
Dec. 17. Nubs still sick.
Dec. 18. Nubs still sick.
Dec. 19. Dr. Fellows (C. Gurnee Fellows) operated Nubs for Sinus —great relief.
Dec. 20. (I am) at home sick. (W.A.G. remained at home until Dec. 26.)
Dec. 26. Nubs better (so) I am better.

— 1905 —

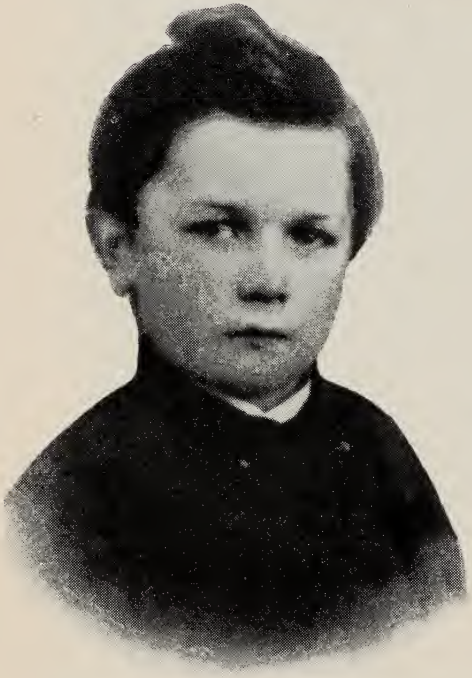
Jan. 1. Family all home.
Jan. 2. Left for Washington with Fritz.
Jan. 6. Ar. Chi. 4 pm. Found Nubs better.
Jan. 7. Stubbie left 2 pm. for school.
Jan. 30. Left for Florida with Nubs. (Mrs. John C. Spry and her daughters, Gladys and Eleanor as well as Olive and I made the trip too on the car "401".)
Jan. 31. Ar. St. Augustine 11:30 pm.
Feb. 1. Daytona—Sea Breeze Hotel.
Feb. 5. Ar. Chi. @ noon.
Feb. 11. Worst snow storm for 20 years.
Feb. 13. 20 below zero all over div. 35 below Iowa.

Grandma and Grandpa Riggs on their fiftieth wedding anniversary October 12, 1903.

(Evadne Withers Riggs b. Jan. 21, 1835 — d. Jan. 30, 1916)
(Stephen Baldridge Riggs b. Aug. 7, 1832 — d. Mar. 18, 1909)



Grandpa
Charles Edward
Gardner
(1831 - 1866)



William Alexander Gardner
at the age of seven years.

Anna Washington Riggs
at the age of seven years.

Lot Account

1874

Dec 15	To bind Contract	$25.00
25	Notary P. Certificate	.25
1875 Jany 11	To payment on Lot	75.00
Examing "	Abstracts	5.00
	(Lawyer for examination)	
12	Recording of Deed	.90
Apr 9	Paid for plans of house	35.00
1876 May 9	Paid for Protest	2.35
"	recording release	.60
		$144.10

I can credit this up to experience of which I have financially had all I want of this kind.

A page from W.A.G.'s ledger when he was fifteen years old and a telegraph operator for the Chicago & Alton Railroad. He was intending to build a house for his mother but quite evidently became discouraged.

Dr. January 1875

1	To this book $	.75
1 & 7	Newspapers	2.5
	Car fare	1.5
	Shaves	10
	Papers	.20
9.	History of France	1.00
	Board	8.00
11	Sal Payment	75.00
	Abstracts examined	5.00
	Waiter at Hotel	.25
	Papers	.10
	Cigar	.10
	Collection Church	5
13.	Fuel watch	6.00
	Oil	.5
	Recording of deed	.90
	Theatre	1.10
	Barber	.50
	Box blacking	.10
	Total.	99.60

W.A.G.'s debits and credits for the month of January, 1875.

January 1875.

1	Cash on Hand	$55 00
4	Cash on Salary	30.
9	" "	10.
12	" "	5.
	Fund	$100 00.

Mother
(Anna Riggs Gardner)
in 1896

W.A.G. on May 4, 1877
while still with the
Chicago & Alton Ry.

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FÉ RAILROAD.

OFFICE OF DIVISION SUPERINTENDENT, EASTERN DIVISION.

Topeka, Kan. Feby 1st 1882.

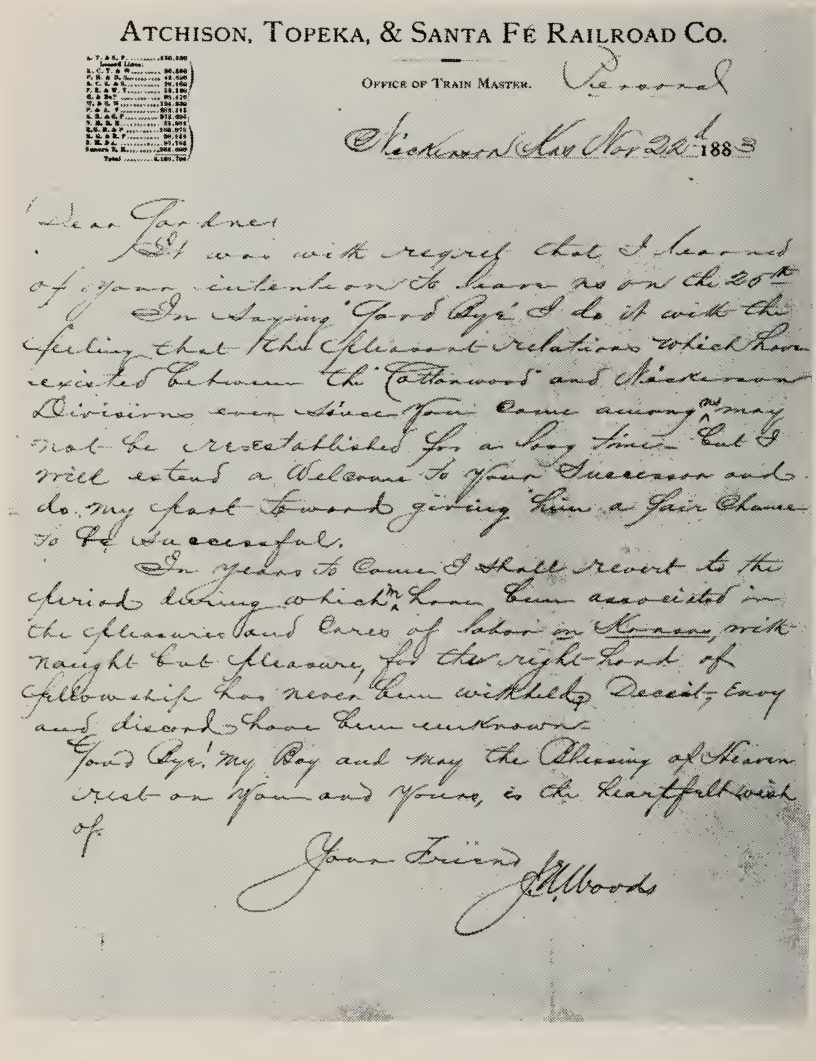
Circular

Mr. W. A. Gardner is this day appointed Train Master, with headquarters at Emporia, Vice Mr. H. H. Abrams resigned. His orders will be respected accordingly.

A M Rockhill

Division Supt.

The official circular posted at the time W.A.G. became a Trainmaster on the Santa Fe Ry. The original copy was very recently discovered among Mother's keepsakes, four months after we had enlisted the help of Mr. Fred G. Gurley (President of the Santa Fe) in attempting to secure the dates of W.A.G.'s Santa Fe employment. It is not strange that he was unable to find any record among their archives — it had been torn from a book and mailed to Mother in 1916 by a Santa Fe official who knew that she would treasure it.



ATCHISON, TOPEKA, & SANTA FE RAILROAD CO.

OFFICE OF TRAIN MASTER.

Personal

Nickerson Kas Nov 22d 1883

Dear Gardner

I am with regret that I learned of your intention to leave us on the 25th

In saying 'Good Bye' I do it with the feeling that the pleasant relations which have existed between the 'Cottonwood' and Nickerson Divisions ever since you came among us may not be reestablished for a long time. But I will extend a welcome to your successor and do my part towards giving him a fair chance to be successful.

In years to come I shall revert to the period during which I have been associated in the pleasures and cares of labor in Kansas, with naught but pleasure, for the right hand of fellowship has never been withheld. Deceit, envy and discord I have been unknown.

Good Bye, My Boy and may the Blessing of Heaven rest on you and yours, is the heartfelt wish of

Your Friend J. N. Woods

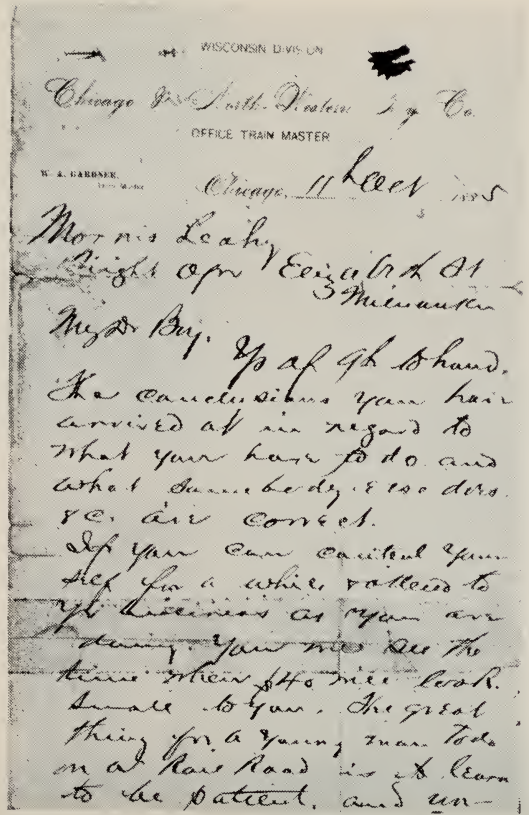
A letter from Mr. J. N. Woods (Trainmaster Nickerson Division, Santa Fe Ry.) to W.A.G.

2574 N. Hermitage Ave., Ravenswood
(street number now changed)
where we lived 1885-1902

1704 Asbury Ave., Evanston
(street number now changed)
where we lived 1902-1906

1218 Sheridan Rd., Evanston
where we lived 1906-1921

"Annasmere", the Cape House,
viewed from the ocean.
We summered here from 1913
until 1928.



WISCONSIN DIVISION

Chicago & North Western Ry Co.

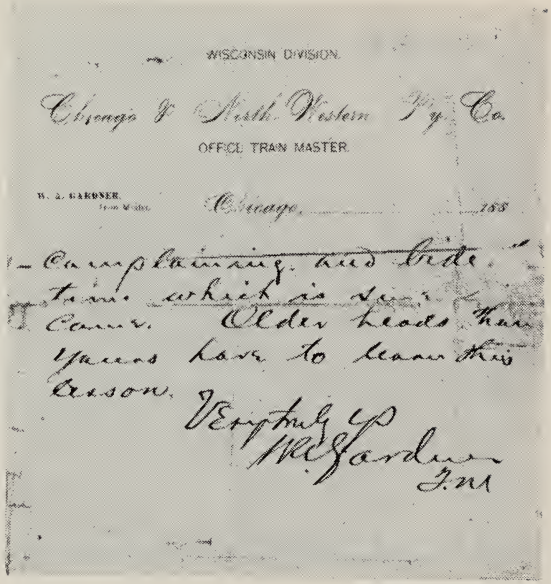
OFFICE TRAIN MASTER

W. A. GARDNER, Train Master

Chicago, 11th Oct 1885

Morris Leahy
Night Opr Elizabeth St
Milwaukee

My Dr Boy. Yr of 9th to hand.
The conclusions you have
arrived at in regard to
what you have to do and
what somebody else does
&c. are correct.
If you can content your
self for a while & attend to
yr business as you are
doing. You will see the
time when $40 will look
small to you. The great
thing for a young man to do
on a Rail Road is to learn
to be patient, and un-



WISCONSIN DIVISION

Chicago & North Western Ry Co.

OFFICE TRAIN MASTER

W. A. GARDNER, Train Master

Chicago, 188

-complaining and bide
time which is sure
come. Older heads than
yours have to learn this
lesson.

Very truly yr
W. A. Gardner
T.M.

W.A.G.'s letter of Oct. 11, 1885 to Mr. Morris Leahy, Night Operator, Elizabeth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The editor doubts very much if W.A.G.'s head (then aged twenty six) was any older than Mr. Leahy's but the responsibility he was carrying then and his years of experience qualified him to speak and advise.

W. A. GARDNER
226 WEST JACKSON BOULEVARD,
CHICAGO.

April fourteenth,
Nineteen fourteen.

PERSONAL

My dear Mr.Leahy:

It afforded me utmost satisfaction to have opportunity to approve your recent promotion. You have earned this new title and its responsibilities by your long devotion to duty, your zeal and fidelity, and I know, in the course of time, you will receive still further recognition.

I trust you will always feel that I am your personal as well as Official friend.

Very truly yours,

W.A. Gardner

Mr.Morris R.Leahy,
Ass't.Gen'l.Passenger & Ticket Agent,
Chicago & North Western Railway Co.,
Chicago, Illinois.

W.A.G.'s letter of April 14, 1914 to Mr. Morris Leahy, Ass't. Gen'l. Passenger & Ticket Agent, C&NW Ry., Chicago.

Stubbie at ten years
(Charlotte R. Gardner)

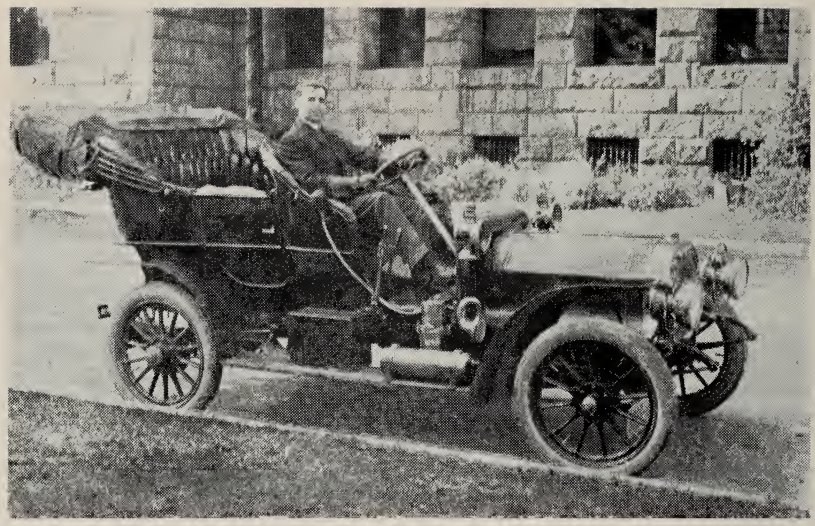
The "girls"

Fritz at eight years
(Ancinette W. Gardner)

Chop at three years
(Anna Olive Gardner)

The "children"

Duffer at three years
(Willamine A. Gardner)



Neddie (Edward Thomas Crawford) in the Stoddard-Dayton in front of the Chicago Public Library 1906.

Mrs. Somers' School (now Mt. Vernon Seminary and Junior College) then located at the corner of 11th & M St. N.W., Washington, D. C.

W.A.G. from a moving picture film taken on the opening day of Old Elm Golf Club.

Fritz, Stub, Chop and Duffer between the years
1906 and 1912.

Feb. 17. First sunshine several weeks.
Feb. 25. Left for Florida (to bring us home).
Mar. 11. Played golf. (Glen View in March?)
Mar. 27. Returned from Omaha (with) Vanderbilts—very pleasant.
May 8. Went out on #11 to meet Pres't. Roosevelt.
May 9. To special train at Ames, Neb. Mo. Valley 11 pm.
May 10. Chi. 12 noon. Pres't. Special. Exhausting trip.
July 1. Home very sick—dog bite. (And no one of us remembers—how could we forget?)
There are very few entries for the remainder of the year.

— 1906 —

Jan. 1. Chi. No new (years) resolutions adopted!
Jan. 16. Peoria meeting. Went to Spgfld. Mr. Marshall Field died.
Jan. 19. Mr. Field's funeral.
Jan. 23. Appointed Vice Pres't. (of Operation & Maintenance.)
Mar. 1. Sheboygan on #1. Walked over Rtway (right-of-way) new line.
Mar. 24. Fritz went to Washn. (I) went to French Lick.
(There were five days of rain at French Lick and then W.A.G. returned to Chi.)
Apr. 3. Commenced talking about auto.
Apr. 6. Purchased auto (Stoddard Dayton).
Apr. 10. Cloudy & cold. Stub went (back) to school.
Apr. 14. Chi. Circus in pm. (I have a) Circus most every day.
Apr. 26. Madison. (W.A.G. was appearing before the Madison Railway Commission.) Nubs moved into new house Evanston.
May 20. Left for Washn. 11 am. Penn. Ry. (Mother went too.)
May 24. Fritz graduated am. Left 5:40 pm for Chi.
June 14. Went east Mich. Cent. 10:30 (Mother also).
June 15. Ar. Northampton 2 pm. Fritz met us Sprgfld. (Springfiield, Mass.)
June 18. Stubbie graduation Smith.
June 19. Left Northamupton 11:50 am.
July 4. Home—GlenView—very pleasant.
Aug. 11. Chi. very hot. Frt. badly derailed @ Oelrichs (So. Dakota)—regular chain of difficulties on NW. result of long period of poor administration.
Aug. 12. #11 derailed near Racine Jct. (Wis.) epidemic of loose wheels.

Aug. 30. Mo. Valley to Lincoln (Neb.) Linwood, Hastings Norfolk. Great improvement Lincoln Line when it is ballasted. Room for still more expend. Biz in So. Platte good but we are way behind in our connections & extensions.

Oct. 1. Chi. Cool—pleasant. (Called to) Pres't's ofs. 8 times.

Oct. 6. Reporters all in (here) about Depot scheme. (Publicity released in regard to proposed new Terminal.)

Nov. 26. Got Depot ordinance through the committee West side streets & alleys.

Dec. 9. Spoke in church. (First Congregational of Evanston, Ill.)

Dec. 17. Ordinance passed 60 to 3.

— 1907 —

Jan. 14. Senator Kearns & Mr. Bagley, Salt Lake, here—want a RR west of Lander (Wyo.) Bank meeting. Big run of stock. Oak Park elevation—general situation improved.

Jan. 15. Had Sen. Kearns & Mr. Bagley to lunch—tried to fix Oak Park ordinance—unable to fill demand for grain cars in west. Unable to do all the work—takes a stiff heart & keen mind to keep in sight of the procession nowdays.

Jan. 16. Had Kearns & Bagley over to see the Pres't.—he cut me dead. Signed up with Engineers. Est. cost to C & N W 200,000. Trains bad shape stock for west—needs whole lot of careful scrutiny. (W.A.G. had agreed to increased pay for engineers.)

Jan. 17. Lunched with the Pres't.—he was quite communicative about N. Y. trip. Matters on road in fair shape. 2 long conferences with Gen'l Sup't. as to utility Motive Power.

Jan. 18. Nasty day. Short conference with Pres't. Mr. Krutschnitt had Union Pac. Ry. fellows here as to exchange of cars. Regular deluge on stock market. (Early stages of 1907 "panic".)

Jan. 19. Rained hard all day—cleared up & blew a gale in the evening. Ofs. most of day—long conference Pres't. in pm about nothing in particular. (He answered these calls frequently—they were non-productive and time consuming.)

Jan. 25. Met architects in pm as to new station. Mr. Best quite communicative—wants me to settle Upham matter—I demur. Mr. (Frank) Walters here from west. (General Manager west of the Missouri river.)

Jan. 30. Pierre (S.D.) 5 am. Froze face. Very cold and d——d chilly reception at the Legislature (rates were reduced to two cents per mile).

Feb. 8. New York. Met Mr. Reid & Judge Moore. Very thorough discussion. Came west.

Feb. 9. Came to office—wrote Mr. Reid fully.

Feb. 11. Very busy day—legislation thick. Suit in Wis. about Spred law. Matters pretty binding. Did not hear from N. Y.

Feb. 12. Did not hear from east. Pres't. doing everything but make a definite proffer. I am afraid of his sincerity. Weather moderating.

Feb. 13. Chi. New York party ill—explains delay. Bad situation all over the road for cars & moving frt.

Feb. 14. Matters clearing up a little. Bad situation Council Bluffs with U P Ry unable to take our cars. Mr. Jackson telephoned.

Feb. 15. Interview pm about new station. U P washed out in west —after them about our cars. Depot meeting in pm. Struggling hard to get a move on things. Cars go mighty slow—nothing heard from east.

Feb. 19. Automatic signals to Mechanicsville (Iowa). Nothing heard from east. About time to call that off I think. Unable to draw bridge at Medicine Creek—ice & current. Empty car situation getting better.

Feb. 23. Letter from N. Y. as expected.

Feb. 25. Mr. Jackson & Sebastian (John Sebastian of the Rock Island Ry.) Mr. Walters here. Not a very red hot day for Monday—700 stock on time.

Mar. 8. Birthday. (48th) Worked hard as usual—not much rest on this highway. Trains fair shape.

Mar. 9. Pres't. returned (from) N. Y. in very bad humor. Everything wrong-!!

Mar. 15. Rockford. Matters poor shape there. Firm opportunity for somebody to give good service.

Mar. 30. Barney Cavanaugh's last trip. ("Uncle Barney," a warm family friend for many years, retired from the road after serving as conductor on the 4:00 pm train to Milwaukee and return.)

Apr. 24. Re-elected V. Pres't.

Aug. 30. Went Culver (Ind.) get Duffer.

Sep. 23. Resigned from bank. Nuisance to go there. Interferes with work. Very busy on Ry.

Sep. 25. No meeting of bank directors.

Sep. 30. Pres't. returned. Very non-committal—I am not curious. Big days work Sunday. Head on collision Oakdale—339 & 40.

Oct. 1. Chicago—rain. Pres't. Pierre & Ft. Pierre Bridge & Ry Co. Pierre, Rapid City & N W Ry. Don't know!

Oct. 3. Pres't. Manitowoc, Green Bay & Western Ry)
" Milwaukee & State Line Ry.)
" West Wyo. Ry.!!!)

Long meeting Executive Com. Bank. Everything will be O.K. (Evidently W.A.G. accepted the offers that he was considering Oct. 1st & 3rd. He is listed as President of those companies in "Today and Yesterday.") He must have thought twice about bank resignation also as is noted below.)

Oct. 4. Chi. Not a word indictive of future. Fine way to treat a man but doubtless some very good reason for it.

Oct. 7. Clearing house committee. Gaining some useful experience—rained hard.

Oct. 8. Meeting ½ Director Com. Burlington served notice—reduce time Chi. to Denver to 30 hrs. (an agreement between the 2 roads).

Oct. 9. Spent 2 hrs. @ bank. Like pulling teeth to get a hold there but will do it.

Oct. 10. Bank 2 hrs.—busy day.

Oct. 11. Bank @ noon.

Oct. 14. A lot of wind knocked out of me this morning—all O.K. If you don't expect too much in this world and discount by 50% everything that everbody tells you, then you will not be disappointed.

Oct. 18. Elected Pres't. Omaha Ry. @ Hudson (Minn.) this am.

Oct. 27. New York. Everbody blue (Stock market).

Nov. 4. Chi.—Looked bad for Trust Cos. N. Y. over Sunday but better this am. Pres't. very anxious.

Nov. 6. Long interview Pres't. Bought some Omaha & N W @ top.

In trying to piece together the fragmentary facts recorded in 1907, we can find more continuity between the lines than in W.A.G.'s brief and perplexed notes. He quite evidently gave Sen. Kearns and Mr. Bagley's request a courteous reception and presented both it and the gentlemen to the President with unfortunate but not entirely foreign results to himself. Doubtless W.A.G. was not in favor of building the line beyond Lander, Wyoming; both he and Mr. R. H. Aishton had opposed the extension from Casper to Lander (completed in 1905) and had recognized the construction as another non-profit making length of track born of competition

with the Burlington's parallel line. Although they had not been in a position to voice their thoughts at the time, both W.A.G. and R.H.A. held the opinion that the Northwestern had missed a golden opportunity of ownership to the west coast when they had failed to purchase the Union Pacific Ry. in the early nineties at a time when that road was in receivership. Neither official, nor perhaps others, could find much virtue in large investments returning questionable profits and this fact convinces me that W.A.G. was "cut dead" on this occasion because of his well known opposition to such ventures.

This encounter is followed by a trip to N. Y. with the President where the discussion took place with Mr. Moore and Judge Reid (whose connections we cannot trace) and then there is W.A.G.'s correspondence with one of these gentlemen. Apparently they made an attractive offer to him which must have reached the President's ear and caused him to (1) bring pressure to bear on Moore and Reid for withdrawal of their offer and (2) "do everything but make a definite proffer" to W.A.G. himself.

A Mr. Jackson and John Sebastian called on him personally. A visit from the latter was not a news-worthy event for he was a close friend of long standing and a near by Evanston neighbor which leads me to believe that Mr. Moore and Judge Reid had been acting as emissaries for the Rock Island railroad and were followed by Jackson and Sebastian who were sent to further the cause.

In April W.A.G. was re-elected Vice President of the road. His unsettled frame of mind is reflected by his reluctance to continue serving on the [1]bank's board of directors and his obvious determination to "get a hold of it." None of this uncertainty is characteristic of the man we knew.

In the midst of this mental turmoil, the President returned from a N. Y. meeting looking wise but saying nothing and the two following days brought rumors of W.A.G.'s appointment to the presidency of five subsidiary companies of the C&NW Ry. He received no word of confirmation to these offices and ten days later must have had

[1]This was the Western Trust and Savings Bank which, at that time, was located at 29 S. La Salle St. Mr. J. E. Otis was then the president and in a very recent conversation with that highly esteemed gentleman and valuable Chicago citizen, we learned that W.A.G. had served the bank at his invitation and found in this new capacity that, "He liked Railroading and he liked Banking but he didn't like walking around in a stump field." W.A.G.'s lack of patience was an obstacle to nursing and tolerating delays. Mr. Otis' estimate of his old time friend is a heart-warming forty-five year old memory, "Will Gardner was an honest, upright, loyal man and one who was completely incorruptible."

his conference with the President wherein "all the wind was knocked out." One day later came the official notice that W.A.G. had been elected President of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Ry., an office which he retained with his C & NW affiliation until his death.

It is difficult to understand how and why a man of the President's caliber could stoop to playing such a game of poker with a person upon whom he relied and depended to such great extent. He wished no one else to have W.A.G.'s services and at the same time resented his own need of the man.

— 1908 —

Feb. 8. Ticket traffic mangr. very emphatic before operating dep't. TIME, PATIENCE, PATIENCE, PATIENCE!

Mar. 2. Nubs California. (Mrs. John C. Spry, Eleanor & I also went with Mother.)

Mar. 28. Nubs home!!!

Aug. 22. East on S.S. Northland. (Mother, Olive and I took the Great Lakes boat trip too, as far as Buffalo where we changed to the Erie Railroad and traveled on Mr. John S. Stuart's private car to New York City where we met the "Baltic" with Charlotte & Fritz on board returning from Europe.)

Aug. 28. Baltic 10 am—west 2:40 pm.

Oct. 26. Left for N. Y. (with Mother.)

Oct. 28. Sailed S.S. Campania.

Nov. 20. N. Y. west 3 pm.

Nov. 21. Chicago 9:30 am. GOOD.

— 1909 —

Jan. 12. Omaha Road meeting. Introduced for 9th time Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt & Mr. McK. Twombly. They did not know who I was. Did not cause me any loss of sleep. Left N. Y. 3:30 for Chi.

Feb. 3. Stubbie married.

Feb. 10. Nubs St. Louis—left for Texas pm.

Feb. 13. Settled labor trouble.

Feb. 19. Left Ill. Cent. 3 am for New Orleans. (Fritz, Aunt Allie & I were on the car with him.)

Feb. 20. New Orleans—went west 9 pm.

Feb. 21. Ar. San Antonio (where Mother, Grandma & Grandpa Riggs had been for ten days.)

Feb. 22. San Antonio—left 9 pm north.

Mar. 17. Left 6 pm. Emporia. (Mother had been notified of Grandpa's severe illness.)

Mar. 18. Mr. Riggs died.

Apr. 16. Chi. Stub very ill. (She had contracted pneumonia as well as what the family referred to as the "O. C." (other complication) which developed into my first niece on the following Nov. 21st.)

Oct. 30. New York. (went) to Vanderbilt Cup Races. (Mother, Fritz & Olive went also and it was on this trip that he found his old friend again, Mr. Joel S. Coffin.)

Dec. 31. All of December extreme weather without any let up.

This commenced the trying winter of 1909-1910 and there are almost no entries for the year—not even a terse "Elected President of the road," an event which took place on October 20th, 1910. From among the 847 letters and telegrams W.A.G. received upon the release of this news, we have gathered a great deal of the material used herein.

THAT WINTER OF 1909-1910 by Mr. Frank H. Hemes

The Gardner story would not be complete without recording the events covered by the five month period, December 1, 1909 to May 1, 1910. By W.A.G.'s own admission (according to "one who was there" and saw a lot of it happen) this five month period was the most trying and the toughest in his forty five years of railroading. We know it took a lot out of the man who was so proud of Northwestern's record for service to the patrons of the road. His pride was terribly hurt that winter and here is the story as it was told.

On December first, 1909, W.A.G. was at St. Paul when negotiations with the switchmen's union collapsed and on that day a strike was called in the Twin Cities' terminals by the union. He remained at St. Paul until Saturday, December 4th, spent Sunday and Monday in Chicago and returned to the Twin Cities Monday evening, Dec. 6th.

On that very day, Dec. 6th, 1909, Old Man Winter came in with a bang throughout the middle west and that, together with the strike, set off a chain of reaction which resulted finally in pretty much of a collapse of the whole transportation machine; not only on the Northwestern but on other mid-western roads as well. The collapse on the C&NW Ry was contributed to by the fact that they started into the winter with power (locomotives) in any-

thing but good shape. On top of it all, business was way above normal during the late fall.

It is said the C&NW might have worked out of it reasonably well but for the deplorable power situation. Expenditures for locomotive maintenance had been held down for some time on account of a year and more of below par earnings. W.A.G. apparently sensed early in 1909 that something should and must be done about improving the power picture before late 1909 in the form of new locomotives and also expenditures for repairs for motive power in general. In this stand he was supported by the General Manager and other operating officers as well as the Superintendent of Motive Power. He alerted the powers-that-be early in the year, orally and in writing; on several occasions calling attention to the importance of doing something before winter moved in. His pleas were ignored and the necessary appropriations were not made. It is a matter of record that the Supt. of Motive Power, after first supporting W.A.G.'s position, later cooled in his support and that didn't help matters at all. So it all started December first.

By the middle of January a creeping paralysis had set in. Engines "died" like flies all over the railroad and this resulted in blocking terminals and yard tracks everywhere. By late December side tracks and terminal yards were plugged with freight cars, loads, empties and very little power to use them. It was a deplorable and most discouraging picture.

Shippers and other railroads not in such bade shape commenced to bring pressure. W.A.G. as head of the operating department, had to take the brunt of this pressure. It is said that the traffic department of the C&NW was not too co-operative with the operating department during this crisis—all of which added to the woes and troubles of the operating head.

Things went from bad to worse and there was no relief in sight. Old Man Winter was at his best and remained that way, according to the records, until practically April first. Cars were snowed under on side tracks all the way to Omaha and Ashland. It was a losing battle against the elements and with power in such crippled shape, not much could be done toward catching up, at least until the weather moderated. It was a time to try men's souls.

By mid-January 1910, W.A.G. concluded that he could accomplish more by going to the battle front than by staying in Chicago and in the office. This would also take him away from the telephone and the flood of complaints from those who were not so

friendly as well as from the more temperate ribbing of some of his friends. We know that W.A.G. had a great deal of pride in his railroad and the service it had always rendered its patrons and this continuous carping commenced to wear him down. He was not one to run from a fight but he figured he wanted to change the scene of battle and with his business car he hied himself to Boone, Iowa. He wanted, above all else, to do everything he could to get the main line cleared (Chicago to Omaha). He set up headquarters at Boone; not in the superintendent's comfortable private office but right at the train dispatcher's desk where, it is reported, he put in fourteen and sixteen hours a day at the telegraph key over a three week period.

At that time Fred J. Byington was Chief dispatcher at Boone. Later Mr. Byington was promoted along the line until he became General Manager before his retirement. In the years after 1909 he often told us of his interesting experiences during those three weeks spent working under the immediate direction of W.A.G. Promptly after Mr. Gardner's return to Chicago, he started the wheels rolling for Mr. Byington's promotion.

W.A.G. succeeded to start the breaking up of the blockade and congestion on the main line between Chicago and Omaha. Upon his return to Chicago and by mid-February things started to shape up a bit; but by that time much of the damage had been done. It was a costly winter in many ways and it took until the latter part of April before the situation was back somewhere near to normal and the mess cleaned up. W.A.G. is said to have referred to this winter as "The hysterical period in the history of the Northwestern road."

Someone said later in retrospect, "They could not blame Mr. Gardner for the switchmen's strike, for the early and most severe winter weather, for the abnormally heavy Fall traffic and certainly no one who knew the facts would blame him for the condition of our power on Dec. 1, 1909. It can only be said that the demoralizing power situation was a result of an error in judgment but it was not W.A.G.'s error."

And, come Fall of 1910, W.A.G. was elevated to the presidency of the C&NW Ry. It is only logical to assume that there were those on the Board which voted him the Presidency who were fully acquainted with the causes and circumstances which led up to the trials and troubles in the winter of 1909-1910.

* * * *

Lest the annals of these troubled decades of railroad history deflate the plans and ambitions of W.A.G.'s great grandsons who may have such a career in mind, more should be said.

Around the turn of the century Casey Jones, watch ads and Horatio Alger contributed a great deal of man power to the railroad industry. The boys lengthened into men dreaming of themselves as massive beings leaning from an engine cab, straining their billshaded eyes for a glimpse of Pearl White (or more likely her mother) tied to the track. As they became aware of gold braid, there was always a picture to be found of the Limited's uniformed conductor standing with upraised arm to signal the engineer when the sweephand of his timepiece reached a magic moment. In spite of Mr. Alger's success stories, very few of his young readers saw their future selves wielding a gavel to gain the attention of bearded and bespectacled gentlemen convened to hear annual reports and to vote an 8% dividend on preferred and 7% on common stock. Such a reward for labor looked dull and anticlimactic in comparison to the first mentioned romantic and thrilling aspects of railroading and I rather agreed with them when reading these same tales.

Some of that man power has now reached the top after experiencing the transitions and improvements in the industry and are meeting a greater challenge than ever in competitive lines of transportation. They are shortening the running time of freights, carrying trailors piggyback on a new type of flat car that will decrease the number of abominable trucks to be found on our crowded highways, purchasing lighter weight passenger cars to speed up travel time, appearing before Interstate Commerce Commissions in an effort to adjust rates that will be commensurate to present day costs and enacting the swift change from steam to fuel oil. That last item causes me one great sorrow: tomorrow's children will never experience the excitement of hearing and seeing a huge Mogul locomotive gather power to charge its mighty way across the country. What thrill can they find in listening to a Diesel's horn as compared to the sharp blast or low mournful whistle of a steam engine approaching grade crossings?

Despite the existing competition, there will always be railroads and they will always provide opportunities for those of you who have what it takes. Technical training is not a necessity for this line of work; college degrees help in so far as they groove a person to self-discipline and concentration but anyone with determination,

patience, keen powers of observation, stick-to-it-ive-ness and a willingness to prove himself has, as had his grandfather before him, an equal chance today in competing with his diplomaed contemporaries. This is true not only of railroading but in any business—or so say the men of our generation who represent and are speaking for many different industries.

* * *

Chapter VI

—Wagtales—

Being so familiar with Father's modest and retiring inclinations when he had to meet his away-from-home and out-of-the-office public, I wonder how he ever faced up to the demands made upon him for speaking before an audience. I never heard him address one but I was well accustomed to the quiet hours we had to observe before these ordeals were scheduled to take place.

Speeches required preparation and a lot of thought so on those evenings and Sundays in advance of their delivery, Father had the library to himself—a room located off the landing midway up the front stairs. He was easily visible through the French doors and there, as we stole up and down the steps, we would see him in his Morris chair, his brow furrowed in concentration, twirling the charm on his watch chain or passing one coin over another with such a wearing action that the swivel of his chain was constantly in need of repair and the Indian head pennies were rubbed to a smooth, copper finish.

He was amused when asked to "deliver a few timely words of wisdom" (his own description) to an audience—or that was the impression given to us when we were awestruck by his out-of-our-home importance. Deep in his heart there must have been a sincere wonder at his own ability to advise the groups of graduating college students and a humble pride in accepting the honorary degrees that were bestowed upon him by two mid-western universities. These last honors were modestly kept a secret from us (or at least from me) until Mother mentioned it during her last illness.

The following speeches were delivered before National Conventions of Railroad Brotherhoods or groups of railway officers who met annually and invited an official to address them. The papers reprinted below have been selected for their current pertinence; they may be as apropos today in relation to the problems of railroads and other corporations as when directed to newly Organized Labor and Department Heads fifty years ago.

OPPORTUNITY — by W.A.G.

In general, I do not attribute any of the great difference of state or station to Fate or Fortune. Whilst some people are unfortunate victims of inheritance and others are permitted to exist and are recognized on account of their pull, the large majority stand for and are the result of individual effort, and I regret any inclination to relieve ourselves of responsibility for lack of energy, poor judgment or negligence by invoking the "Bogy" of bad luck. Those who bear the reputation of being lucky, you will find upon investigation, are the ones who have fitted themselves to take advantage of opportunities. Therefore, in consideration of the subject assigned to me, we shall qualify it with Character on one side and modify it with Time on the other. Character is the fundamental foundation of opportunities and opportunity must embrace time to realize or produce results. When you write Character, Opportunity, Time, you have the whole sermon and anybody so minded can fill in the detail from the standpoint of their years and experience.

Next to railway rates—the expert knowledge of which is world wide and universal because each individual citizen has given us an essay on the subject—I presume that character has been analyzed and discussed quite as much as any other topic. The most common definition with which we are conversant, is the estimate or reputation attached to an individual by the community in which he lives. All mankind possess some common characteristics from the beginning and we involuntarily develop certain peculiarities or improvements identical with our lines of thought. Of course, we know you can buy some certificate of character with money but the banks do not discount that kind of note and what we have in mind is the sort that is accepted anywhere as good collateral.

Just as the blacksmith develops the muscles of his arm, the hobo the muscle of his legs, the Trainmaster the muscles of his mouth, so your mentalities are cultivated and become strong and reliable in various directions. A common illustration of this is the keenness of quick judgment and prompt action of a conductor's brain; not only in cases of emergency but at all times, because no man ever conducts a train over one of those busy trunk lines that it does not require his utmost energy, undivided attention and oftentimes a very superior article of judgment; but the blacksmith hammers all day without great fatigue, the hobo walks all day and the Trainmaster swears all day without exhaustion, so the conductor makes his trip under varying conditions (never two days alike) subjected

to severe mental as well as physical strain and at the end, on account of his training, does not realize that he has done anything out of the ordinary.

It is evident that we are some people of character and reputation or we would not be assembled in this cordial and fraternal manner, or thus honored by our hosts; and again, you go into any community where a railway man lives and you will find his reputation for good citizenship is above par; and when I say citizen, I mean a man who lives with his own wife, takes good care of his children, pays his debts promptly, spends a little less than he earns and obeys the eleventh commandment, i/e—Thou shalt mind thine own business.

We have a good start and it is not necessary for me to sketch a career from the cradle up to this present time but rather, to look for a moment at existing conditions and urge that we give the generation following us the benefit of our experience and admonish the generation preceding, that we will surely step on their heels if they do not move rapidly.

For the sake of brevity I am going to lump all of a railway man's earmarks of character into two baskets and that which is in either applies equally to the brakeman, the conductor, the superintendent or the General Manager. (Presidents and Vice Presidents excepted out of courtesy.) One basket I shall label "Gallery Plays." Those who use it for a savings bank have about as much chance for opportunities as a snow ball in Panama. The other basket we shall label "Loyalty and Duty" and it is always so full of opportunities that it overflows and you can't keep the lid down. A good many people in our profession, on account of their youth and inexperience, find much to attract them to the Gallery but they are not necessarily compelled to remain there permanently; and many of them, due to the force of your example and teaching, catch on to the tail end of an opportunity passing in the opposite direction and eventually end up in the classification yard of Loyalty and Duty. Therefore, when you see a young man starting out with his mustache waxed into fierce ends, double breasted velveteen coat, high heeled pointed shoes, soiled shirt and a red flag for a neck tie, or perchance another type who has such bulging pockets that you think he is Circulator for several publications (but you discover later on that it is a copy of the last agreements with your Company and several other Companies) there are only two things he will do without first consulting the agreement, namely: let you pay for his lunch or borrow a dol-

lar. There is still another type (they are not all in train and engine service) best illustrated by those signs you see on Clark or State St., an upper and lower set of artificial teeth hinged together and always moving. This fellow talks in season and out of season—frequently talks himself into a committee or an official position and finally talks himself out of one or both. Or go into official circles and you will find some men without convictions of their own, Trimmers who carry water on both shoulders. Whenever there is a nut to crack, they have sore teeth and an engagement with the dentist and have to pass the problem to somebody on the right or left. Their name is on the bill-board but they are not present at many performances; they have no confidence in the men; consequently the men have no confidence in them and note this: when a Corporation and its men form a partnership with mutual confidence and co-operation for capital stock, then the officers must make by far the largest investment at the start. All of these are just gallery players, totally unreliable; they do not deceive anybody except themselves and if let alone, they become a detriment to the service and having no character, they never find opportunities. But, after all, perhaps they did not have but half a start nor a fair chance and it is part of our duty to extend a helping hand.

On the other hand, we see a young man with no particular halo around his head, dare-devil sort of a cuss, likes to jump on and off the train when it is going fast, will do it two or three times at one station if there is a susceptible girl looking on; able to swear a little (I like them better when they have just enough profanity to take the train over the hill when the engine commences to slip). He also carries a copy of the agreement and with it is a Book of Rules and Regulations; he consults one quite as much as the other and he has a jaw that will work under certain conditions. If he is your brakeman, telegraph operator, clerk or superintendent, teach him how to do things by actually doing them yourself—just to show him that you know how. You will soon have a man that is trustworthy; and right here note the difference between seemingly wise and actually being wise. A man named Carlyle wrote an essay which has to do with this and it is worthy of your perusal. Do not flatter yourself that the brakeman fails to size up the Conductor after two or three trips, or that the Conductors do not sound the depths of a Superintendent in very short time or that Superintendents are not able to discriminate as to whether the General Manager is just a Bluff or really has a full hand.

At our time of life and with our leisure, it is hardly to be expected that we will master the sciences or arts or be able to translate an accident report into Greek tragedy. The train dispatcher probably does the latter as soon as the report arrives and in language not fit for repetition, but if a Conductor can keep three dollar shoes off of forty dollar seat cushions, he is an artist; or if he can go over the Road on time despite poor coal, train dispatchers and block signals, he is a scientist. It is a number of small things well done that make up Railway Education and if you are able to apply effectively what you do know, you will stand on parity with 99.8% of the people in this country. And this man will not flag by sight; that is, wait until he sees the following train coming before he tries to stop it. He will always close a switch or see personally that it is closed. Then the railways can discontinue these bandit stories, and prudent officers, when an opportunity comes to select a conductor for promotion, will take one who has reliable brakemen; for the best method to measure a man's ability is by the people with whom he surrounds himself.

I have watched generations of trainmen, just as I have generations of suerintendents, and they are in a measure, like generations of families: that is, son, father, grandfather, great grandfather, etc. You take a conductor and a couple of brakemen; he is their father and trains them by precept and example. After a while they are conductors and the first man is grandfather to four brakemen, etc. Now, the influence or characteristics of the original conductor will extend down to a line of several generations and if he was the right character and made the most of his opportunities, you will, in the course of time, have a dozen passenger conductors descending from his family. We have a long line of grandfathers and their descendents handling passenger trains on the Northwestern Railway today and on the other hand, I recall several generations who were very short lived and we have not preserved even a picture of them. The great point I want to emphasize is, that even in the drudgery of our daily work—if we do it right—we are not only improving our own characters and laying the foundations for opportunities, but we are helping our fellows and he who does that is thrice blessed.

Now as to Loyalty and Duty: The two words are synonomous and you can hardly be one without accomplishing the other. If a man is loyal to his family, to his employer, to his trust or to his own order, he must necessarily do his duty by one or all of them; and in my opinion it is not necessary to shirk your allegiance to

any one of these in order to prove your loyalty to any other of them. When I was younger and did general housework for a country agent down here in Illinois, there was a water tank at our station and then as now, no engine ever passed a tank and the trainmen always had a chance to gossip with the agent and bystanders. I understand trains are so long now that it is a very considerable journey from the caboose to the water tank, but it's a good idea to get over the head end frequently, no matter what business you are in. From the old time station gossip, as I used to hear it, connection with a railway was the very best job a man could get—the officers were the cleverest men in the country, work was hard but merit always recognized, and in short, the railway had plenty of the right kind of advertising; townspeople had every confidence in what railway employees said; same opinion circulated through the country and *because their own men believed in them,* railway companies maintained a good standing or reputation. The public does not seem to have quite as much confidence in us nowadays and I apprehend some of their misgiving is due to our own lack of loyalty to ourselves. Some of us, instead of publicly swearing by the Company, swear at the Company publicly, and too frequently this is traceable to indifference or inefficient administration by those who have the authority but fail to grasp fitting opportunities for removing annoyance and irritation.

I am not expecting a millenium very soon. You can't have two surfaces so closely together—a corporation and its men—one running along side the other without a little squeaking and squealing. They have to be worn down to a perfect contact and a little oil put on now and then to prevent over heating. I beseech you let us conduct our affairs like any other commercial enterprise and keep our little jars and contentions to ourselves, put up a united front to the public—and there is no force in this country today with such opportunities as the members of your order have to disabuse the public mind of any misunderstandings they now labor under.

A good loyal passenger conductor is a better traveling passenger agent and better general representative than any other three men you can select. He knows all kinds of people; he hears all sorts of views; he is the highest type of employe that comes in contact with the greatest number of the public. If he is courteous, does not lose his temper, performs his duty, speaks well of the Company, then everyone who knows him (and they are legion) thinks well of him and the Company he represents. Of course, he may sometimes

have to admit that railways are a little sinful but even under those circumstances, he can direct attention to a competitive line. Again, if the freight conductor and the station agent agree that there is some good in a railway and its management, somebody will stand around and listen to it and they will tell another and pretty soon the whole community will find that a railway is not an obstacle to their prosperity. If, perchance, the conductor drew a hundred for past month's services and tells of it, he does not really have to say that one third of it was delayed and one third overtime and one third actual running. If the engine is wheezing away with half of the flues plugged and fifty pounds of steam for hauling a train that requires five hundred pounds, do not get impatient and refer to the family antecedents of the Superintendent or Master Mechanic —just say that the old man wanted to shop the machine last trip but the engineer was so attached to the old girl that he wouldn't give her up and insisted on taking her out. You might just as well lie about one thing as another and there is a whole lot of satisfaction in misleading people about family skeletons. Seriously—a set of employes who believe in nourishing and forwarding the best interests of their employers can do more in their daily intercourse with the public to allay complaints, reconcile differences and encourage confidence than all the essays, pamphlets and books that might be printed in one hundred years. Men who have the courage and character to do this I call loyal. You find one of them and I will show you one of the cornerstones of your Order—the kind Mr. Clark (V. P. of the Omaha Line) likes to build on. A man's devotion to his own fireside never seems to detract from his standing in your circle to the extent that he is looked upon as an object of suspicion and dubbed as a family man and sort of avoided because he is such. Now if we are honest with our employer, is there any reason why we should be looked upon in some circles as lacking in faith and subjected to sort of a whispering gossip that we are Company men? A man who is loyal to his God, his family, his Company, you will always find to be a manly man, and he is none the less loyal to your Order; in times of distress he is the individual to whom you go for advice and whose judgment you respect.

I believe that a large majority of your members are manly men of this type and that you are therefore, creditably accepted as one of the Beacon Lights of Organized Labor, whose example is a safe guide for those of less character and experience. We all know what it means to do our duty. We do not have to read any books or listen

to after dinner speeches for that. Something inside of us renders a private verdict. The President in his last message said a whole lot of comforting things to you and me. One was when he described the difference between Legal honesty, whereby you barely managed to keep out of jail, and the real thing which enabled you to look every dollar you had in the face. So there are degrees of duty. Pay roll duty is one kind where a man does just enough to keep himself attached to the job. Then there is another degree where we do the very best we can. In this connection, I have no sympathy with this new disease—I call it "forgetassity"—that is, I have an important matter on hand and fail to do something which is vital to the transaction. Some man forgets he has a wife—goes off with another woman and wakes up a long way off and doesn't know how he got there. You have four trains to meet at a certain point and wait for only three of them and in extenuation, this theory is that our brains cease to work, although every other function is normal.

I have an excess of charity and sympathy and I know that railway men, not only in your capacity but in other lines of railroad work, have opportunities to make more mistakes with far reaching and disastrous results than any other employment in the world; and I know, furthermore to your credit, that in comparison with other work and opportunities for errors, we make less than are made elsewhere; but military precision and exactness is a fundamental part of our character and training. It is well for us to diagnose this disease and procure a remedy before it becomes epidemic. I attribute some of the difficulty to heedlessness and we must treat that just like corns on a horse's hoof—burn them out. Again, I am in sympathy with Mr. Clark's well chosen remarks as to age limit and I ask you to reflect upon seniority. Do not herald me as attacking seniority, because I disclaim any intent of that kind and I believe that up to the present, it is the very best medium by which the greatest number have been able to secure that which rightfully belongs to them—but sometimes it looks better on paper than in actual practice. You have a man who can switch cars excellently; his calloused hands indicate that he earns every dollar paid him but some afternoon you put a silver flute in his hands and say it is your turn to join the orchestra and you play this instrument. When the band opens up a few hours later it is needless to say that the flute player does just raise hell with the harmony. If our employers work us so many hours that we lose control of our mentalities, then they are at fault. If our avarice is such that we insist upon overdoing ourselves, then

we are at fault. In either event, there is a responsibility that cannot be shirked and if we are not able to settle it between ourselves, then we must expect some legal enactment to settle it for us. You are at liberty to draw your own inference between the two types of duty—pay roll or whole duty; and note the advantages or opportunities secured by one class as compared to the other.

As to time required to realize your opportunities, I read the other day that we are living in an age when every human effort or phase of life is connected with the commercial instinct and it is with difficulty that plodders like ourselves restrain the general inclination to become a part and parcel of some scheme to get rich quick; but you may find no little consolation in the suggestion by President Roosevelt that men should be judged by their conduct and not by the number of dollars they amass. When that day arrives, and I fancy it is getting nearer, we plodders in the railway service will probably have no reason to complain. Notwithstanding Washington was an Adjutant at nineteen, Napoleon a General at twenty-four, Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence at thirty-three and Hamilton framed the Constitution of the United States at twenty-eight, and a whole lot of people in various capacities arrive young, let us remember Rome was not built in a day. The Chicago Post-Office required two generations, Gladstone was nearly sixty before he became Prime Minister, Oliver Cromwell did not develop any ambition until after he was forty (Charles I. probably wished he had waited longer) and even Zimmerman was not able to sell the C. H. & D. Ry. until he was well along in years.

Let us also recognize the fact that natural talents of the human race are diversified; some compose music, are excellent violinists; others can only beat a drum; some are successful bankers on LaSalle St.; others have a sand bank in Indiana; some own Railways and have a perfect right to discuss their policies; others work for railways and discuss the fellows who are trying to run them. Very few people obtain success in undertaking a variety of things. Many a man you read about would give all he has for a clear title to your good reputation and happiness; and true happiness in this world consists solely of a contented mind and enough money to insure against poverty in your old age. If you would build a high structure of any type, you must have a wide and deep foundation. I, therefore, find no discouragement in the fact that we are Railway Men or that it takes the buds on our trees a long time to mature and open before we can appreciate their fragrance and beauty; on the

contrary, we have much to encourage and inspire us to be loyal and do our duty and this foundation for character will surely yield gratifying interest in the way of opportunities for the advancement of ourselves and those we hold dear; and I bespeak for you a New Year that shall be full of prosperity and comfort.

TICKET AGENTS — by W.A.G. — Autumn of 1906

I must disclaim any merited title, either by inheritance or otherwise, to the compliments your President has so generously used in introducing me. The only distinction I am ambitious for is that which is common to all of us who are trying to serve our respective employers energetically and efficiently; and from that standpoint I have no doubt that every delegate to this Convention is distinguished.

When your committee extended an invitation for me to be present today they very kindly and courteously said that they would leave me free to select my own text, because they had consulted some of your members on the Northwestern Road who were conversant with my attainments and were assured there need be no misgiving as to the simplicity of any subject I might discuss. So, not to be outdone in courtesy, I have elected to talk about yourselves.

This I know will be interesting to your families, but for fear they may think I know as much about some of you as they do and that it will take a long time to tell it, permit me to say that I have attended two college commencements this year and fully appreciate how attractive brevity is.

I am not informed as to the particular motives of your Association, but perhaps one of not the least important objects is to protect yourselves, or to act on the offensive and defensive as well, whenever occasion requires; or at times co-operate with other organizations or individuals who have to do with railway management. When I read the proceedings of the General Passenger and Ticket Agents' Association, or scan some of their modern advertising matter and realize that you have to put this before the public and stand sponsor for it, I appreciate how essential it is for you to identify yourselves with a protective association. When I look over the Minutes of some Accounting Officers meeting and note from year to year how much more it is arranged to do in your office and how much less in the General Offices, I recognize that you may obtain some satisfaction by getting together and unitedly shouting—not Rah-Rah-Rah—but some other word which it requires four letters to spell and is frequently resorted to by Americans as afford-

ing quick relief to a congested condition of mind and vocabulary. Then again when I consider how many kinds of advice, admonishments, instructions, and different kinds of communications you receive daily from the hundred or so traffic and operating officials who work off their surplus energy, or sometime misdirected energy, upon you, I can understand why you must deliberate together and agree upon fitting reprisal to those who work typewriting machines overtime and send output to your address.

But I assume that beyond all of this you are actuated by a desire to exchange experiences, to broaden your scope of observation and education, thereby making yourselves more valuable from your own individual standpoint and your services more efficient. And it is these two points, Individualism and Efficiency, that we purpose discussing for a few minutes, not from standpoint of political economy, but plain railway application.

The official title you bear—Ticket Agents—except as it applies to cities of very considerable size, is very misleading, and even at large points as well as small ones it by no means expresses the dignity of your position nor defines the almost limitless scope of your various duties or the boundaries of your responsibilities. It is significant to part of the public of a man who shoves up the window thirty minutes before train time, will never accept anything but cash, is generally so suave that you can't even get him to talk back when trains are late or you have excess baggage to pay; and in some localities there is a popular but mistaken belief that the ticket seller gets a rake-off on every sale, and that is the reason why he is so exacting in collecting the odd cents. The facts as we know them, however, are that in some cities it requires the entire time of an agent and more or less assistants to sell and handle tickets, but they comprise a minority of the thirty or thirty five thousand people who act as Agents in general charge of railway business at various points, and it is this large majority who come in personal contact with the greater number of one billion passengers who use our railways annually in this Country.

When one hears the word Railroad, we immediately and directly associate it with an aggregation of tracks, locomotives and cars. When the public reads or hears a Road is generously equipped they give little heed to the fact that it requires experience and skill to perform the duties of locomotive engineer or conductor, and that it requires ingenuous, intelligent and hard working agents to secure utility and efficiency from any and all of the equipment. The

point I want to impress is that a Railroad from the standpoint of serving the public and producing a profit for its owners is a big machine, and no matter how much is expended to make it adequate physically, you must have the right kind of men to run the machinery, or it will be a failure.

And let us not lose sight of the factor of personal contact with which you have much to do. Passenger business is frequently referred to as being a luxury and an unprofitable part of the business because the public requires such extensive and expensive accommodations; and comparisons are made between freight and passenger earnings in a manner not flattering to the latter, but you have heard that the way to a man's heart is by satisfying his appetite, so the way to influence a large portion of the freight tonnage and satisfy that other commodity which we have a wholesome respect for, namely public opinion, is through the Passenger or Ticket Department. Nearly one half the active forces in this country dispose of their products through middlemen and are only brought into acquaintance with the freight traffic through the medium of those who have a surplus of time and voice to devote to the development and lifting up of mankind during a period of public office seeking. The unselfishness of many of these personally conducted tours is beyond question, but occasionally we do find a candidate who divides his time between lifting us up and holding us up. But when the producer or any of his family engages passage with the Railway, he or they have a personal transaction with the Transportation Company. In Pittsburgh last year the Railroads handled some ninety million tons of freight. Probably eight or ten Commercial Traffic officers were the sum total of those who arranged for this enormous tonnage with the Railways. On the other hand, this audience contains some individual at whose ticket office from one to three thousand ticket purchasers are served daily. Of course this is a maximum, but I presume even the humblest office represented here will sell transportation to fifteen or twenty travelers every twenty four hours. Therefore, the great majority of the public form their individual opinions of the Railway Service and management from the standpoint of passenger train service. This applies particularly to womankind, who are seldom shippers but are extensive travelers and whose commendation we prize quite as much as we dread their condemnation. Of course some of the gentler sex are tongue tied but, generally speaking, they are able to express themselves without resorting to sign language. I also have good reason

to believe that the Daily Press sometime weigh or judge railway managements from the standpoint of personal experiences on trains, or our ability to put their particular publication into some interior point in advance of the time that a local paper is ready for distribution—but that is all right too. People who have large responsibilities should be criticised for small errors, then they are not so liable to commit grave ones. Then again, criticisms are for the most part, suggestions; and while there may be some railway agents or managers so wise that they do not need suggestions and so unwise that they never profit therefrom, yet it is my belief that about three fourths of the improvements on railways originate in the suggestions from patrons and the rank and file of employes. We try to cultivate the art of suggesting all along the line. We want our Agents to be good listeners, and we always have time to consider what they have to say. If we are made of the right kind of material we will welcome all sorts of criticism and suggestions because it serves two purposes: First, to inspire us to do better, and second, it develops our resourcefulness in reconciling the public to the fact that the man who makes the time cards and the man who makes ticket rates are just plain human beings and as much entitled to charity and forgiveness as anybody else. Therefore, while it requires very great sagacity to extract any profit from the passenger business—particularly in this Western Country with its Branch Lines in undeveloped territory and minimum density of population—in my opinion it is through the passenger business that we must seek our prestige and popularity—and popularity is a pretty good asset. It may not alone pay dividends but it helps amazingly both the Individual and the Company and any Railway Company or employe who belittles or ignores the strategic possibilities of a well conducted passenger train service—and by that I mean not to comply with the legal requirements or wait for petitions or demands, but to keep a little in advance of the times—not extravagantly but by exhibiting as much courage in running a Railway as other people do in conducting other great enterprises —— I say anybody who does not recognize the importance of this makes a serious mistake. You may think you have a small part to play in this but I think your opportunities are very comprehensive.

Selling the ticket is the letter "A" in this transaction. You start off a traveler with a kindly feeling towards yourself and it will extend to your Railway, and nullify a multitude of possible discomforts. We are undergoing a reformation in all branches of busi-

ness. That which for many years was accepted as legitimate and enterprising is succeeded by better standards and no one welcomes the change more heartily and will endeavor to execute more honestly than the railways, but in this we are confronted by the charge that we are endeavoring to make the new laws obnoxious and we seek opportunities to embarrass, delay and confuse, and it is our duty and responsibility to explain that it is not our policy to offend but on the contrary, to avoid a charge of Contempt. And right here I want to emphasize our peaceful intentions to the press. Perhaps it is already written that I am addressing a meeting of Railway Magnates whose private cars block the tracks in Milwaukee, whose diamonds make Charlie Pfister's shirt studs look like the price of a boat ticket between Chicago and Milwaukee and who are so chilly that they wouldn't perspire even if they were before the Railway Commission over at Madison, and that we have reiterated our vows not to cut our whiskers until the Hepburn Bill is repealed. We want to correct that impression, if it exists, and avoid any prominence other than that we are just plain law abiding, tax paying—probably soon to be farepaying—citizens, assembled here for the purpose of distributing olive branches. And in this connection, an efficient Agent is not defined or bounded by a man who keeps his accounts accurately, sends in his reports on time and is a master of technique. These are desirable requisites but a Railway is a commercial organization. It has only one article for sale, to-wit, transportation—and the salesman or agents should be good students of human nature, know how to adapt themselves to various kinds and conditions of temperament and be as successful in their efforts to gain popularity as the most prominent or popular business man. There are very few of us who inherit these qualifications. On the contrary, we must secure them by force of example, absorption and experience, and in properly systematized railway organizations there should be a well developed campaign of education, in effect extending from station baggage men to president. In my opinion, this School for Promotion will receive more attention in the future than it has in the past, because where railways used to be the only great corporations in the country and for that reason attracted the very best talent and had a surplus of ability at their command, they are now on a parity with many other aggregations of capital which are competitors for executive tact, aggressiveness and progressiveness; and if the railways do not make their service inviting from the standpoint of compensation and orderly promotion without favorit-

ism or influence other than merit, the shareholders will have much occasion for regret. I always feel sorry for the vice-president who denies ample latitude to the General Manager or the Traffic Manager for fear the Press may connect them with something praiseworthy and put their picture instead of his at the head of the column. I have no great sympathy for the General Manager who puts his name on all the popular announcements and leaves nothing for the General Superintendent except to find fault and deny requests for increased pay. We do not promote Division Superintendents who sit close to the door on all the days when the sun shines and put the Ass't. Superintendent or Train Dispatcher off in the attic where no one can see them; and I would have no use for an Agent who sold tickets when trains were on time and put his clerk up to the window when trains were late and everybody irritated, or who spends all the money allotted by the Company for an expense account at ice-cream festivals and church sociables, and assigns his Assistant the cheerful duty of attending all the funerals in town. I have seen many agents, superintendents and others on the railroad fail to secure desirable advancements because they ignored the necessity for fitting someone to take their place. Therefore we should endeavor to surround ourselves by those who are anxious to obtain knowledge and encourage them by every legitimate avenue of assistance to excell.

There is no royal road for advancement on a railway; no one department has a monopoly on securing official railway titles in this world. And in the next world I don't know any particularly cool or shady spot will be allotted or set aside for railway agents, but for the present at least, you need have no serious misgivings as to the future of those who are connected with your particular branch of the service. Quite as many executive officers have served an apprenticeship in ticket offices as elsewhere.

Integrity is the fundamental starting point for all degrees of success. It is necessarily not one of the many essentials that go to make up your moral and official character, but it is the essential of all others that you are noted for. Application is another mile post in our careers. I don't suppose there is a ticket office in the country where you are not satisfied there should be more help, so I have no doubt that you are all masters of application. Application is what enables the farmer to grow two ears of corn on a stalk instead of one, thereby obtaining a yield of eighty or ninety bushels per acre instead of forty or fifty. It enables the Superintendent to in-

crease train tonnage without increased train mileage (provided the General Freight Agent's pull is not the strongest) and it enables the Passenger Agent to increase the number of people per train without adding a sleeper or chair car for each additional passenger.

Persistence is another corner stone and I am confident no one here will admit that he ever permitted a purchaser to escape from his office and fall into the hands of a competitor. So we are agreed that you have a surplus of stick-to-itiveness. One other item you might profitably persist in, that is that some of the gentlemen who write and direct you so frequently shall make occasional visits. It will save the Company a lot of stationery and put them in touch with the Real Thing.

Imagination is generally accepted and recognized as a safety valve or reciprocating part for some of our strenuous activities. Who ever knew a passenger or ticket agent who did not imagine his line was better than all the others—who could not make an economical tourist believe that a Reclining Chair Car was far preferable and afforded more varieties of positions for an all night's ride than a Sleeper, besides relieving you of two burdensome items that are quite generally resorted to in sleeping cars. In a chair car you are not expected to wash because the Company does not provide towels —except in pictures of the interior of cars inserted in advertising matter. And you are not expected to remove your clothing because you might take cold from the constant introduction of fresh air. Again, who but the genial ticket agent can impress you with the fact that numerous curves are all straight lines, that out in the mountainous country where you are going, the atmosphere is so clear and you see so far that although the train is two hours late, your destination is in such plain view that you really are there before you arrive. Who but you, when the papers are full of extraordinary accounts of rainfall, delays to trains, etc., can minimize the fears of some timid woman by explaining the virtues of a dustless trip, the alluring aspects of nature after it has been bathed by Heaven's tears, the vivid green of the forest through which your Company has cut its dauntless path, the fragrance of the wild flowers on your prairies which are always distributed after dining car meals to attractive ladies, of which she is an ideal type. Or, during a period of drouth, who more than you has a painter's vision which you will loan for two or three cents a mile so that others may enjoy with you the varied shades of brown landscape which rest the eye, quiet the nerves, produce refreshing sleep and eventu-

ally renew the system. Who but you combine all these different items of integrity, application, persistency, imagination and several others equally valuable in your every day railway experience? You have to do with all departments and by virtue of your touch with Operation, Traffic, Commerce, and the public, you have a right to aspire to the highest office in the roster of your respective companies and I sincerely trust your greatest ambitions may be fully realized.

WAGTALES — by F. H. Hemes

One time, as General Manager, W.A.G. made a trip over the Minnesota and Dakota territory in his business car with Robert Johnson as chef and porter. When on the Minnesota Division W. D. Beck joined the party in the car and they had dinner. Bill Beck (later Supt. Dining and Parlor Cars and still later Supt. Car Service) was then with the American Railway Ass'n and had a reputation for using ten letter words only, even though a three letter one might suffice. In other words, he had a weakness for sixty-four dollar expressions.

To top off the dinner, Robert had prepared and served a very tasty dessert of some sort. Bill Beck, upon finishing the sweet and lighting his after dinner cigar, looked up at Robert Johnson who was engaged in clearing the table, and said as only Bill Beck could say it, "Robert, this was certainly a most delectable confection." W.A.G., raising his eyebrows and putting on a somewhat astonished air, looked at Bill Beck and with considerable emphasis remarked, "Darn you Bill, if you don't like the cooking on this car you might as well get off it right here and now."

This was his inimitable way of cutting a fellow like W.D.B. down to size.

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Later and when he was still General Manager, W.A.G. had occasion to make a trip over the Madison Division at a time when George B. Vilas was Superintendent of that branch. Mr. Vilas, later Vice President Operation and Maintenance and one of W.A.G.'s staunchest supporters, told this story often in later years: He had been plugging hard for some time for an appropriation of considerable proportions for a pet project in which he was more than a bit interested. Mr. Gardner could not be convinced that the project had the necessary potentials and not seeing eye to eye with Vilas was definitely unconcerned. Mr. Vilas figured that on this trip he could sell the idea to the General Manager sitting with him in his

business car with no outside interference and he waxed quite enthusiastic in his arguments — Mr. Vilas could become most enthusiastic, as those of us who knew him will testify.

In his effort to convince Mr. Gardner, he, in a final summing up of his arguments, said, "Mr. Gardner, if I were the General Manager of this railroad that is one of the first things I would want to put money into." Upon which W.A.G. looked at Vilas and said very calmly, "George, that's why you're not the General Manager."

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Mr. Charles S. Hall, as Engineer of Track Elevation for many years, was very highly regarded by W.A.G. for his ability and cooperation with the operating department. He was always very much absorbed in his work; to the extent that most of the time he seemed absolutely unconscious of his surroundings. He was quite absent minded—— a trait which at times amused W.A.G. not a little. One time when he was leaving W.A.G.'s office, Frank Hemes was there and as the door closed on Mr. Hall, W.A.G. chuckled and remarked, "Frank, some rainy night on coming home from the job, C.S. sure as hell will put his wet umbrella to bed and set himself up in the sink to drain. W.A.G. was very fond of C. S. Hall.

* * *

Someone in W.A.G.'s office was heard to say at one time, "Patience is a virtue but your name is not W. A. Gardner." Nothing truer was ever spoken. He was a man of action and he was positively intolerant of delays of any kind anywhere, in the office and out. It was generally understood that his office must have an iron clad, delay proof filing system. When he asked for a file he wanted it at once. The file clerk in W.A.G.'s office was an important and nerve tingling job and it took the concerted efforts of several people to keep the files in smooth running order.

* * *

One time, after a year of good earnings and good prospects, the higher-ups made an appropriation for improving station grounds and engaged the services of a landscape architect by name, Mrs. McC. The lady was an artist. W.A.G. was President at the time and the lady was told to do her work under the supervision and direction of the Vice President. W.A.G. probably figured that he was too busy to ponder over whether petunias and begonias should be planted here or there.

The lady, however, was set on doing business only with top brass and with no underlings. She, at times, became quite a prob-

lem for the Chief Clerk whose duty it was, in part, to conserve the boss's time and energy. Many phone calls from the lady were side-tracked; however, on one occasion when the boss was in a mood to clean up a stack of dictation, the C.C. weakened under pressure and figured he had better let her talk to him.

With fear and trepidation Frank stuck his head through the narrow opening of the door to the private office and quietly said, "Mr. Gardner, Mrs. McC. is on the phone. She insists that she must talk with you this morning.' W.A.G., hardly looking up from his dictation, remarked quietly, "And that's a damned good place for her. You just keep her there." And he proceeded with his dictation as if there had been no interruption. It's not what he said but the way he said it that made a lasting impression on the harassed CC. He does not recall just how he made his peace with the lady.

* * *

A Roadmaster at Milwaukee had a big job of track work between South Milwaukee and Racine when W.A.G. was Superintendent of the Wisconsin Division. This job resulted in a lot of interference with and delays to Passenger trains operating between Milwaukee and Chicago. W.A.G. was much concerned over what he figured were unnecessary delays in carrying out the work and started bringing pressure to hurry the job along. He was convinced the RM was not pushing the job hard enough. One morning when in the train dispatcher's office and on the phone talking with the RM at Milwaukee, he was heard to say among other things, "Yes, Jim, but I want you to get this job cleaned up while you are still a young man – don't you see?" It was often said that he had such a nice way of putting on the spur.

* * *

W.A.G.'s business letters, as he dictated them, were the envy of many of the higher officers as well as those in the lower ranks who had an opportunity to read them; and there were those who worked hard at capturing his style of letter writing. He could handle the king's english on paper as well as orally, we know.

His office staff often told about his way of dictating a "stinger" to someone who might have been guilty of one thing or another. When it came to signing his mail, he would read the "stinger" and invariably lay it aside to be signed the next day. In most such cases the letter was not signed but consigned to the waste basket. By dictating his innermost feelings he had relieved himself—had got it out of his system, as they say—and that was it.

Marie Knapp, who wrote shorthand for W.A.G. as General Manager, Vice President and President, one good natured day quipped her boss about dictating these stingers, having her write them only to find their way to the trash heap. To this he said, "You know, I learned a long time ago not to say things for which you may be sorry later. I also learned that it is a bigger mistake to put it in writing."

* * *

W.A.G. was charged with making the contracts for the various concessions in the new Terminal prior to 1911. He was told that concessions must be held to a minimum and merchandising must be kept on a dignified plane—that making money from concessions was to be considered of secondary importance only.

Most of the leases were made on a percentage of gross basis and so was the drug store lease with Buck & Raynor, of which concern Louis Eckstein was the president. Louis was a very close friend of W.A.G. and one of long standing.

In one of W.A.G.'s few weaker moments he gave Louis permission to place a portable, neatly made up cigar and tobacco sales case on the second floor train concourse. Surely it would be a money maker and a great convenience for the public. But a very mortal higher power on the very first morning of the opening day (rather the Monday after the opening on Sunday) on seeing this "monstrosity" became extremely unhappy. It was not in keeping with the new Terminal. The portable, much to W.A.G.'s embarrassment, had to go. In writing to confirm his oral request for the removal, he said to Louis Eckstein in conclusion of his letter, "I hope to live to see the day when this Terminal will be a utility instead of a monument." W.A.G. lived five years after this incident —not long enough to see the Terminal a utility in the strictest sense of the word.

* * *

Frank Hemes tells how elated and proud W.A.G. was when Charlotte's first born came—his first grandchild. One of his close friends called on him at the office not more than five or six days after the big event and inquired about Charlotte; how is she, etc., and the reply was, "Just fine." "And the baby?" and he was told with much enthusiasm and eye twinkling, "Fine also—she's getting so she can spit out the window already."

* * *

W.A.G. was in New York on Jan. 12, 1909 for a C.St.P.M.&O.Ry. board of directors meeting. For that date we find this entry in his diary: "Omaha board meeting. Introduced for ninth time to W. K. Vanderbilt and Mr. H. McK. Twombly. They did not know who I was. Did not cause me any loss of sleep." W.A.G. was Pres. of the Omaha road at that time and it may have been only his sixth introduction to these gentlemen. Another man in his position with less modesty might have been much concerned over such a situation but W.A.G. enjoyed telling the story on himself.

BURFENING TITLE CONTROVERSY AT THE EAST MINNEAPOLIS YARD OF THE OMAHA RAILROAD, IN 1915—by William T. Faricy, President Association of American Railroads

In 1914 and 1915, a controversy that attracted a good deal of public attention at Minnepolis, Minnesota, involved title to a portion of the East Minneapolis Yard of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company, which is on the right bank of the Mississippi River. At that time, I was a young lawyer in the Law Department of the railroad at St. Paul, Minnesota. The head of the office was James B. Sheean, General Solicitor. The President of the railroad was W. A. Gardner, who was also President of the Chicago and North Western Railway Company, having offices at Chicago.

Burfening, by then an elderly man, had claimed to own in his young days a small island in the Mississippi River, just off-shore and close enough to be connected by a small foot bridge or reachable by rowboat. The island clearly was located on the shoreward side of the thread of the stream. Back in the decade of the 80s, when a right-of-way agent for the railroad was charged with the duty of acquiring land for the new yard, he had purchased the land on the shore and, not being sure whether that carried with it title to the island which Burfening occupied, but evidently had never purchased, took an option from Burfening for the island. The right-of-way agent then discovered, after consultation with his Law Department, that Burfening, in fact, had no title or other rights and that, in any event, title to the island automatically went with ownership of the shore-line property on that side of the thread of the stream. Accordingly, the option to acquire the island from Burfening was never exercised—being superfluous.

Years passed, and the railroad filled in the space between the island and the shore property, so as to make it all one tract for the

yard, and in all those years Burfening never made any point about claiming any ownership.

About 1914, Burfening, who was by then an elderly man, began to attract public attention in Minneapolis by claiming that the railroad had robbed him of valuable property in his youth. His claim, although without any foundation in fact or in law, was of a type that attracted a great deal of publicity, just as a similar claim by a man who called himself Captain Streeter did in Chicago at about the same time. Captain Streeter, it will be recalled, claimed to own, in a somewhat similar fashion, valuable North Shore property which he denominated Streeterville. Burfening, perhaps encouraged by reporters and others, entered the property being held for expansion of the yard facilities and built a shack on it, which he proceeded to occupy under the claim that he owned it. The newspapers picked up the matter and proceeded to make something of a hero out of Burfening. The wide publicity attracted the attention of Mr. Gardner at the Presidential headquarters in Chicago and he inquired of Mr. Sheean, as head of the Law Department at St. Paul, what the latter recommended doing about it. Mr. Sheean wrote Mr. Gardner to the effect that he and his staff were busily engaged in looking up the law and, so far as they had gone, thought that a legal action to determine adverse claims would be in order and that they would advise him again shortly. After a week had gone by with Burfening remaining in possession, Mr. Sheean again wrote Mr. Gardner, this time saying that further search of the law had caused him to change his opinion somewhat, and that he now thought a legal action of ejectment would be the proper thing, but that he would consider the matter further and write Mr. Gardner again. Two days later a letter arrived at our office from Mr. Gardner to Mr. Sheean. It was my job in those days to open the morning mail, and I shall never forget that letter. Mr. Gardner believed in brevity, particularly in letters. He believed in it so implicitly that his own personal letterheads were just half the length of the ordinary letterhead in common use. This letter was written on such a letterhead. It said the following:

"Dear Mr. Sheean:

"What are you going to do about that squatter in our East Minneapolis Yard? Are we waiting for the interposition of Divine Providence, or is there method in our inactivity?

Yours truly,

W. A. Gardner"

On reading the letter Sheean hit the ceiling, figuratively speaking. An immediate consultation was called with all interested departments participating. A plan of war, so to speak, was prepared. One of the claim agents was told to impersonate a reporter for the Minneapolis Tribune, interview Burfening and persuade him to go to downtown Minneapolis to have his picture taken for the Sunday edition of the paper. This was done, and while Burfening was thus having his picture taken as a hero of the day, an Omaha Railroad wrecking crew moved in, picked up Burfening's house and put it on a flat car, ran it to the edge of the Mississippi River and dumped it in the river. A report of the disposition of Burfening's case was then made to Mr. Gardner.

While the Omaha Railroad was within its rights in dealing with Burfening in the summary manner that it did, neither Mr. Gardner nor Mr. Sheean probably visualized the aftermath.

In 1919, Burfening, in the hands of a resourceful lawyer, brought a suit against the Omaha Railroad on the theory that even if the Omaha Railroad was right in dispossessing him of his house, they should have gone through the house first and safeguarded Mr. Burfening's personal valuables, rather than consign them to the bottom of the Mississippi River. Of course, by that time no one was in a position to dispute Burfening's claim that he had valuable personal property around the shack. The passage of several years had made whatever articles of clothing or other personal property Burfening really had assume great proportions. To get rid of him, the railroad decided to make a payment and take a release. This was, in fact, the second settlement they made with him, as shortly after the 1915 incident the railroad had endeavored to buy him off by taking a quit claim and release, never thinking of the ingenious theory that developed later about valuable property being alleged to have been in the shack. The 1919 payment was, therefore, the second one made to Burfening.

In 1923, Burfening, who by that time had become accustomed to nicking the Omaha Railroad for some money every two or three years, brought another case, this time in Federal Court, claiming that he had been fraudulently dealt with ever since the decade of the 80s, and had been grievously imposed on. He blandly offered to credit the amounts paid him in the two settlements against a fantastic value he then put on the land he alleged to be still his, and the case procceeded to trial. By that time, I was General Attorney and it fell to my lot to try the case. It was evident to me by

that time that there was no point to paying Burfening any more money on the theory of buying him off, because that would simply lead to further claims in the future. We, therefore, tried out the case to a finish and the railroad won.

There is no question about Mr. Gardner's greatness as a railroad man. He was one of the foremost operating men of his day, and under his leadership the North Western System was regarded as a blue chip property. His driving personality and his insistance on cutting out the underbush and getting results by direct action are well illustrated by the chain of events he set in motion by his succinct needling two sentence letter. While he made plenty of work for the Law Department in future years, he got the yard property he wanted, had it cleared quickly and put into use for railroad operation—and let the lawyers do the worrying later.

* * * *

In contrast to Father's shyness and allergy for much, if any, social life, he did enjoy the Whist Club that met occasionally during the winter season. These meetings seemed to prompt devilish scheming in the minds of John Spry and himself and someone was sure to be rewarded by their thoughtfulness. Mr. R. D. Richardson's birthday was coming up and Mrs. Richardson felt it only proper that she be the hostess for the evening. There was a phone call or two exchanged between the Gardner and Spry homes and a bit of conversation when the two men met at the early horse back hour. A delicious dinner was planned for the six couples (I believe they called themselves the D.G.S.s for "Dead Game Sports") and as they were about to sit down the door bell rang. A total stranger entered a bit timidly and appeared to be overcome at his surroundings for his overalls and open collared shirt seemed out of place but he finally stammered his name and explained that he had brought some cattle into the Stock Yards downtown and never having met his cousin before, thought it would be kind of nice to come out and say hello. The Richardsons had never heard of him before but they rose to the occasion, made another place for the cousin at the table and dinner proceeded with some awkward pauses in the general effort to keep the conversational ball rolling but when Father and Mr. Spry talked at length of their own non-existing farm experiences of the past, the cousin was full of admiration for their incredible crops and the Richardsons relaxed.

With the coffee W.A.G. rose to his feet to express the appreciation of one and all for their generous hospitality. "Being the (50?)

birthday of their host, the Club was glad to come bearing a gift and knowing his interest in fine horse flesh, had sought to find an example, etc., etc. Would Mr. Richardson mind stepping out to the side door?" A liveried groom stood there holding the bridle of a once-white but now yellowed-with-age horse. His meager mane was braided with blue ribbons, his wispy tail was clubbed and tied pertly with a blue bow; his hooves were splayed; his back was swayed; his ribs could all be counted and his head hung mournfully.

It was a beautiful moment for W.A.G. and Mr. Spry and the next morning when they met on horseback they were still guffawing over Mr. Richardson's face when the actor (whose services and talent they had hired) had removed his cousinly makeup and they were still wondering how the new owner was going to get the poor old animal back alive to the Stockyards and Mr. Armour's glue factory.

In reviewing the events of his birthday party, Mr. Richardson was sure that he could see the fine hand of Mr. John Sebastian as having been the instigator of that evening's entertainment. Just why he was suspected I don't know—perhaps because he had remained unnaturally quiet during the performance but at any rate he was mutely accused. R. D. knew that John Sebastian was scheduled for a New York business trip the following week so with ample time to act, he composed an ad and mailed it to some New York newspapers for insertion on the day of John's arrival there: "Wanted Boston bull dog—gentle disposition. Apply John Sebastian—Waldorf Astoria Hotel—one day only." Mr. Sebastian accomplished very little business for the Rock Island Road that day but learned a lot about bull dogs.

It must have been within this same decade that W.A.G. and Mr. Richard H. Aishton (his staunch cohort on the railroad) received a letter from a Catholic priest, stating that he was to be stopping over in Chicago for a few days; that he had appreciated their kind services in connection with the C&NW Ry and hoped to thank them in person very shortly. In some way, the two men discovered that the Padre had been a boxer in his youth and enjoyed watching a good fight now and then so a little sleuthing uncovered the fact that a match was to take place in the basement hall of some questionable Chicago dive and they invited the priest to go with them. Prize fights were illegal then in our city and in the midst of the bout, the police appeared. (I'm sure that W.A.G. hoped they

would.) Lights went out and everyone ran for cover but W.A.G. and Mr. Aishton who had elected to stand beneath a high window with their round collared guest. With the first warning, Mr. Aishton scrambled to open it and hoist himself out to the alley where he tugged while W.A.G. pushed the broad and ample seat of the venerable dominic to safety and then crawled the wall himself to legality, freedom and respectability.

French Lick Springs was a convenient place to go for two or three days when W.A.G. wanted a rest and a game of golf in between seasons. It is the home of "Pluto Water" and a popular spa for those in need of its healthy but busy effects. Edging the fairways on the golf course, were small houses strategically placed for the comfort of those who had partaken well but not too wisely of the spring waters. If a cane were hanging on the door of one of these friendly stations, one knew that it was occupied and hastened on to the next. One morning, John Spry and W.A.G. (who were about to play the course) bought every cane that was for sale on the hotel counter and with these hidden in their golf bags, had a leisurely round, stopping at the door of every little house to hang one of their collection before making their way back along the fairways and through the woods to deposit their next sign of occupancy. Finally their golf bags were empty but their hearts were full of satisfaction.

By Olive G. Onderdank

One morning W.A.G. took the train from the Main St. station. (He ordinarily boarded it from Davis or Dempster St.) As he passed the ticket agent who was busily engaged, he touched his back and said, "Good morning, Billie." Mr. Norkett, without looking up from his work growled, "Good morning, whoever 'n hell you are" and then, too late, recognized W.A.G.'s shaking shoulders as he walked down the platform. Mr. Norkett wasn't too disturbed over his mistake—there existed then a sympathy between employees and their chief that embraced and outweighed any faux pas made in mistaken identity.

* * *

When trains were unexpectedly crowded, W.A.G. rode out from the city on the baggage car. He was doing this one evening and overheard a disgruntled passenger in the vestibule complaining in no gentle voice about the packed condition of the coaches. W.A.G. said nothing at the time but as he was edging his way through the

traffic he tapped the dissatisfied commuter on the shoulder and said, "Did you ever try to pour a quart of milk in a pint bottle?" This incidental remark was picked up by the conductor who repeated it to us decades later. The train crews seem never to have forgotten a word or personal action of W.A.G.'s that related to them in any way.

* * *

Stubbie's two older daughters, Charlotte McC. Wheatley and Margaret McC. Dommerich have various recollections of their grandfather but the one shared by both through the years is the memory of one Sunday noon dinner with all of us at 1218 Sheridan Rd. They had dipped into the candy box too often in the morning and had been told by Stubbie that no more could be eaten that day. The little girls followed W.A.G. hopefully to the porch after dessert, watching his every move as he approached Kehoe's Caramels. He asked them to show him which ones they liked best; After careful deliberation they pointed; he slowly unwrapped their favorites and plopped them in his own mouth, saying, as he winked his eye: "See, I've eaten them for you." They were both completely satisfied with the transaction and to this day carry no sense of injustice about the matter. Taking food from the mouths of babes requires guile.

* * *

By C. W. Floyd Coffin

W.A.G., when standing next to Mrs. Gardner, was prone to lift one foot behind him and gently nudge his good wife with the toe of his shoe. One evening in the fall of the year, when all of us had been dining at Eggleston Inn in Hyannis, your father spied a very familiar tweed coated figure waiting for him at the automobile entrance. He walked quietly to her side, lifted his foot and was startled to find the angry face of a totally strange woman glaring at him. What was there to say? "Pardon me—— I thought I was kicking my wife?" He mumbled profuse apologies and retreated to his own group who, with Mrs. G., were standing in the background enjoying his agonized embarrassment.

* * *

By Charlotte McCall Wheatley

Many memories of Grandpa, but so few which are of "anecdote" character: Recollections of riding on the blue velvet portable side-seats of the old Alco—Grandpa in his duster beside Ned in the front seats; watching Grandpa go horseback riding in the early morning with Auntie Fritz or "old black Joe" (Joe Murphy, who was then

stabling the horses) and begging our nurse, Gertrude, to take us walking along the lake front in hopes we might encounter them as they trotted by; birthdays when Grandma and Grandpa came to see Migs and me, bringing us gold pieces which were hastily confiscated by Mother for our savings accounts; the numerous Christmas Eves when Mother, Daddy, Migs and I went to Grandma's to spend the night, coming down stairs in the morning to the library where Grandpa seemed to be presiding over the breathtakingly wonderful presents awaiting us; and lastly, playing on the floor in his bedroom as he sat up in bed talking with any grownups there assembled and loving it when he took time out to tease or talk to me.

It was our custom to go to Grandma's for dinner every other Sunday. The first time I noticed the older members of the family begin their meal with oysters, I of course decided they were preferable to the soup which had been put at my place. Immediately I petitioned Auntie Fritz who was next to me. Grandpa, just beyond at the foot of the table, undertook the reply: "You wouldn't like them—they're so slippery they go down without swallowing, but if they go down the wrong way you have a terrible time." It was years before I could eat an oyster.

When the Sunday afternoon came to an end, it was Mother's custom to put my out-of-door apparel on first; then, when she turned her attention toward Migs, Grandpa's and my regular ritual took place. I would approach him saying expectantly, "I'm going home now." Whereupon he would throw his head back, laugh and laugh, "That's great — Good — Good — Good." My next remark was always, "I've changed my mind; I'm going to stay." This never failed to evoke crocodile tears and he would weep loudly into his handkerchief. Time permitting, this performance was repeated in accordance thereto.

There was one summer when Grandpa accompanied Mother, Migs and me to the Cape; we had an adjoining stateroom and compartment for the mutual convenience of all. Prior to this excursion I had debarked in some station (Probably the C & N W in Chicago) and, as we passed the engine, the engineer chose to let go a huge blast of steam — even today I suspect his motive. In sheer terror I emitted an ungodly yell, tore loose from Mother and shot for the end of the platform. The fear created in me was lasting and so it was with mixed feelings that I boarded the train with Mother and Grandpa. I knew that in order to go to my beloved

Cape another horrible monster would have to be passed when we arrived in Boston.

The first safari to the diner was a nightmare—no doubt for all concerned. Mother had cautioned me to beware the section just above the place where the cars were coupled together lest I catch a foot between the constantly moving "jaws." That, with the ever-present and gnawing fear of the engine, was all that was needed to make me quite panicky. At each vestibule I hung back until finally Grandpa took my hand and helped "make sure I stepped far enough." When the fatal moment came I gripped his hand hard and, like Daniel Boone with his famous grapevine swing, *sailed* over the treacherous area.

He knew of my terror over the event to come. How could he help it when I kept asking ever more frequently, "How soon do we have to pass the engine?" When the train reached Boston at last, I knew the dire moment was upon me and shivered with apprehension. I heard Grandpa saying to Mother, "You take Margaret and go ahead. I'll take HER."

The little procession wound its way toward the heart of the station. Grandpa kept urging me to look at the vast glass structure overhead, the redcaps laden with luggage, the funny little boy over yonder, and then suddenly we were *there* beside the big ugly hissing THING. To my utter horror we stopped squarely in front of the cab, Grandpa's iron grip holding me firm while he talked with the engineer. Pretty soon I did too for he was a friendly, red-faced man and he didn't release steam—although I looked with anxiety at the vapor escaping from various and sundry points. After a short while Grandpa started pointing out some of the features of the big engine and at last I wasn't afraid at all. I've loved puffing steam engines ever since.

Grandma, and by that time Mother and Migs as well, was waiting at the gate. Grandpa put us in a car and we went off to the Touraine to lunch, where we sat in most luxurious surroundings and—wonder of wonders—an orchestra played while we ate. When it took its well deserved rest I disappointedly queried Grandpa. "If you want them to play again, just ask Grandma; they're hers." Grandma said, "Oh *Will.*"

Ned met us in West Barnstable with the Alco and we headed toward the Cape House, passing "The Church of the Holy Rooster" enroute. Before breakfast on some ensuing morning, Grandpa took me through the pine trees to the edge of the bluff to "help" him

raise the flag. As we went over the fragrant pine-needle path, the sea was sparkling blue ahead of us. "That's your Grandma's ocean," he said.

* * * *

There are innumerable references in Father's letters to business trips that were constantly taking him east, west and north. We dreaded them as much as he did and I can well remember standing at Chop's and my bedroom door watching him take his clothes from the wardrobe closet in the hall preparatory to packing. If an extra suit were taken, as well as fresh shirts and underwear, I knew it was apt to be a long stay away from home and my face grew correspondingly longer. At this point he was prone to break out in song for my benefit, rendering, "Oh do not be discouraged for Jesus is your friend," while executing a few Sailors' Hornpipe steps down the hall. This was diverting but no solace to my feelings for I preferred having Father as a friend. I must have felt that "A bird in the hand," etc., etc.

My one long face was always multiplied by four and he insisted this gave a forlorn and forsaken picture for a man to carry with him on a trip. One day when all of us were bemoaning the fact that he was about to leave, he told us to stop belly-aching and let him have something cheerful to remember. The next time the old valise was brought out to be packed we heard him singing one of his favorites: a relic from his old Sunday school days which he could adapt, with many variations, to any happy event, "This is the hour I long have sought and mourned because I found it not." We gathered then in his room and produced a Hallelujah chorus of joy over the impending separation. His face fell—he looked at us completely bewildered—he had forgotten his own words and didn't seem to like our send-off very much.

When Mother went with him it was all very different. We knew then that they were both bound for fun for at least part of their busy days and would come home rested, having shaken their colds and with new, strange versions of the place visited. This was the case during one holiday season when Christmas had been the flurry of excitement that always exploded 1218 Sheridan. Father and Mother were both under the weather and exhausted, probably from a prolonged stretch of midnight hours kept while we were wearing out the ballroom floor at the Country Club. They decided to leave town December 26th for Atlantic City and this, in part, explains the following letters.

(Written from the Chicago C&NW office before they took the train for Atlantic City)

Dear Duffer:

As I sit crouched over my desk, I'd like to dynamite my nose and eliminate the pest. But to salt water I will go and perchance discontinue the incessant blow. Go to parties if you like, but at midnight take a hike.

I would very much prefer that you use our own show-fur.

The Marquette is not a pet but it's never failed us yet.

Obey your sisters with great zeal no matter how like hell you feel.

You are but a half baked debut-tant—not entitled to go with boys who wear long pant.

Love your Ma and respect your Pa then you can always say Ha Ha.

Harrisburg, Pa. en route Atlantic City
Dec. 27, 1912

Dear Duffer:

Such a night—Ma was at her best—I had no rest. First, take off blanket then put it on—close a ventilator, open it, spray her nose—spray my nose—spray both noses. Such a trip and I, in search of health. We awakened in a violent snow storm—several people lost their way. Schools closed but we have descended into the valley and the atmospheric condition is less conducive to the alert handkerchief. Soon, ah quickly we shall see the sea waves beat and pay $25 per day for a chance to bathe our feet. We now move to the refectory for a plain but substantial lunch—Jackass jelly mixed with good sowbelly. Papa. (Love to all—do not miss me.)

Atlantic City. Dec. 30.

Dear Duffer: I'ts wetter here today than any place I have seen since Cape Cod when it rains. Very high wind and surf is trying to get into hotel. I have started out twice but wind drove me back. Mom is out; hope it will clear up before night. Mom has discovered a young girl here your age whose skirts barely come below her ears and she is pleased. I am on your side. We eat just about all the time and balance of the time we sleep. Very few children here. 40 or 50 brides and grooms—balance are old people like us. We may go to Philadelphia some day this week and wink at the Liberty Bell. It's a short trip. I hope you are all keeping well and good natured. Papa.

Atlantic City. Jan. 1, 1913

Duffer Dear:

You are certainly a busy lady. I hope you will pull through alive. But I am also a busy man hooking Mom up. 9:30 A.M. and we are not to breakfast yet. We walked 6 miles and rode 5 in a wheel chair yesty. Ma getting to be great pedestrian. New Years was ushered in with firearms and fireworks, etc., but we passed a peaceful night. Mom is practically well. Coffins and Marshalls talk about coming down but I doubt if they do. We will be here until Monday. Did we get a box from Cutler's? You don't write anything. Papa.

Atlantic City. Jan. 2, 1913.

Duffer Dear:

Mom has walked 8 miles today. She grumbles some but is a pretty good sport. She also had 2 hr. ride. Large numbers left town last night and today but there will be fresh lot tomorrow to keep up this 4th July. We lead uneventful lives and I've really had enough—if I didn't have to be in New York next week would scoot for home. Some tide this P.M. took 2 girl bathers out in undertow but they were rescued. That happens every few minutes. One Dago just cut off another's ear in front of hotel — Don"t mind it. Cape Cod is nearer to God than is Atlantic City. Ma can't blow her nose without stretching her hose—more's the pity. Papa.

Jan. 4, 1913

Dear Duffer:

As a correspondent you are certainly an abject failure. Why don't you wake up and think of something besides boys, d——d fools and parties. Papa.

New York, Feb. 5, 1913

Dear Girls:

Roses are red and the sky is blue—a dog has scratches and so do ——colored people. Ever and anon I think of thee. Last night I dined at the Metropolitan Club—47 gentlemen, 94 waiters. Service was of solid gold, interspersed with French China. Talk about select company, wealth and dignity—noses were attended to with gold spoons instead of hdchfs. First people of the land sat down—many from Phila. & Brooklyn, Hoboken and Weehawken. We had

terrapin, vitrified duck, odorless salad, strawberry shortcake, ice, cheeses, coffees, etc. Most of the conversation was in French. Tonight, I dine at Sherry's and will write later as to that. Shall be glad to see the hook & eye wonder Nubs Gardner. It's very lonely here for an old man. I have the d——dst cold that any man ever endured and lived but don't let that annoy you or cause anyone to write—refrigerate the thought—it will come to naught. Papa.

* * * *

Chapter VII

This is the Hour

By autumn of 1909, W.A.G. for three years, had been Vice President in charge of Operation & Maintenance on the Road. His advance had been rapid and his ability recognized far beyond the limits of the C&NW Ry. It was then that he received a very quiet offer to become President of the New York Central Lines. He discussed this with Mother only. As a matter of fact, we knew nothing about it until many years later. They came to a mutual conclusion: his heart and loyalty were with the Northwestern and if Stubbie were any example, their girls would be apt to marry and remain close to home. Mother and Father had no desire to move to New York, and his answer was "No."

In the ensuing months, knowledge of this rejected offer reached the ears of the C&NW Ry Board, probably through interlocking directorates—and they proceeded to take precautionary steps, fearing that other companies might approach their able executive with similar and more inducive invitations. The Chief Executive became the Chairman of the Board and Father was elected President of the road. This act did not become effective until the directors met on October 20, 1910 but W.A.G. knew of his promotion some weeks in advance and regretted having guarded his secret so carefully for Grandma Allison died very suddenly in early October without having known that her son was at last to attain the position he had been working towards for so many years. She would have been supremely proud.

Becoming Chairman was not a voluntary move on the part of the ex-president. It is said that his board of directors had to bring considerable pressure to bear on the man whom they persuaded to fill this newly created office. He very frankly did not wish to turn over the reins after twenty three years tenure and in the vernacular of today, be kicked upstairs. It is the opinion of those who were close to the situation that he capitulated reluctantly to the request of his board and then set about revising the by-laws of this body without consulting the recently elected president in regard to the

changes made. The Chairman's prerogatives were numerous and can best be summed up by the following quotation from "Pioneer Railroad."

"The new president was obliged to continue to defer to the chairman on questions of policy and details of management. Not until he reluctantly relinquished the helm in June 1925, at the age of nearly 88, and accepted the somewhat honorary title of Chairman of Finance Committee (which he held until the day of his death, Jan. 6, 1928) was anyone else the head of the Northwestern Railway save the Chairman."

Membership to the board had preceded W.A.G.'s promotion to the presidency but in his absence from a prior meeting of this group, the above mentioned laws had been passed which very effectively narrowed the powers of his office. He was notified of the revisions by a method that was construed by several as being surreptitious. In preparation for the first board meeting in New York after his election, W.A.G. found upon his desk an unusual file to be included and placed before the board for consideration. These papers were perfectly familiar to him—he had been passing upon and signing such recommendations for promotions and increased salaries for a good many years; this was a routine part of his service as an official and had never before required action by the board. W.A.G. looked enquiringly at his secretary for an explanation and learned that the file had just been delivered from the chairman's desk with a copy of the new by-laws. One can easily imagine that Father's trip to New York was made with a few misgivings over the future and that a study of the revised laws fully justified his only comment ever to be made on the subject: "I've been left with a hell of a lot of responsibility and damned little authority."

Possibly other executives have been placed in similar crucifying situations. This one must have offered W.A.G. many opportunities to exercise his constant struggle for patience and to practice his close-mouthed policy. It was not until many years later that an age of retirement law went into effect; a ruling that has been detrimental in many cases but beneficial to some companies and in this particular instance, might have precluded the unfortunate years suffered by the Northwestern between 1917 and 1928.

Mr. Henry Clay Frick, a one time partner of Andrew Carnegie, and generally known as "The King of Coke" was a director of the road from 1902 until 1919. He must have been one of those who cast minority dissenting votes to the chairman's original stipulations

and have closely observed W.A.G.'s efficient and tactful handling of his trying situation as president under the new regulations. In 1913, three years after W.A.G. became chief executive of the road, Mr. Frick extended a personal offer and request for his services—an invitation directly contrary to the purpose the board had hoped to accomplish by their compromise with the chairman in 1910. Again W.A.G. declined. He was first, last and always a railroad man. His loyalty and the solid backing of his Northwestern associates, notwithstanding the despotic power above him, outweighed the increased income and any comparative peace and quiet to be found in life as Trustee of Mr. Frick's estate. I wish that some of the road's subsequent chief executives had been embued with the same spirit.

The diaries stop short in 1910 and we at first thought this due to overcrowded days; there was not enough time to jot down the events taking place; but in contrasting his sixteen and eighteen hour shifts of work in the early years to the shorter business days of the later ones, it was not logical. Heretofore he had filled his own job and like the competent understudy of an actor, was prepared to take the lead's part on a moment's notice, letter perfect in each act. This was exemplified by his jump from the position of Assistant General Superintendent to General Manager in 1899 and born out furthermore by his advice to the Association of Traveling Engineers whom he addressed while holding the last mentioned office: "Do not let your education overtake you. You have read about great public men who obtained a start by teaching school and they always had to study at night to keep ahead of their classes. Perhaps some of you have had occasion to look up a few things in advance so as not to appear in an unfavorable light before your children. The art of anticipation is a great thing. If you keep one day in advance of the class, you can really make them believe you are a very wise man—I have tried that and recommend it highly. The Company cannot afford to educate you as an officer only to go part way on the journey; they want and are entitled to the maturity of your judgment. You cannot afford to go through the hardships of a subordinate officer's life only to fail by lack of education when you have nearly in your grasp that which always comes to him who toils and labors hard. Keep up your study; associate with those who know more than you do; do not confine yourself to technical things; inform yourself on business methods in general; be an all around fellow; have visions of what you will do when you are

General Manager; prepare yourself to perform the duties of that office and after a while you will be "it" and do some of those very things you dreamed about."

As Vice President, W.A.G. had been equipped to handle the increased burdens of the chief executive and found these to be as numerous as expected but when countered by the curtailment of his authority in expediting these responsibilities, psychological adjustments had to be made by him and personal relationships handled with tact and dexterity. Family relationships also existed among the official personnel (no Gardners other than W.A.G. were on the pay roll) and these too presented problems to the man who had over-all charge of employment. Peace had to be maintained at any price and with it all, the road had to run smoothly and profitably for its owners. Those six years spent as the Chief Executive were years of strain, frustration and gradual but very literal heart break for the man who had given his life to placing the Northwestern on the pinnacle it reached in 1916.

* * * *

As Stubbie and Fritz were occupying positions of their justified senior importance, Chop and I tagged along seeking, like water, our own level in the family status. Chop had had two years at Mrs. Somers' school; both unfortunately interrupted by her painful siege of orthodonture, but there are compensations for all trials and hers were rewarded by an uninterrupted romance—a romance that began in high school when the tall, auburn-haired Laurie (to whom Father referred as Chop's "Aurora Borealis") looked down from his Junior heights to notice her Freshman existence. Trips to Davis Street with Ned at the wheel and with Chop and me crowded next to him, were one long entreaty to "go by way of Dempster Street, Ned." Laurie, his four brothers and charming Mother lived there; and I, trying to hold my own, would beg for the Judson Avenue route where lived a favorite member of my sixth grade whose acquaintance I had first made as a partner in beginners' dancing school class. Ned, grinning, would encircle the whole area without partiality and Chop would return home completely satisfied with having passed a certain house although not an Onderdonk had been in sight.

Laurie called at the house with faithful regularity in a group or by himself but they always found the living room and library usurped by the girls' train of followers and were forced to develop a fondness for out door exercise. Had they been paid for every mile

of Lake Shore walking they did on Sunday afternoons during the years, Laurie would have immediately become self-supporting and eligible but not until Stubbie was married and Fritz promoted to the use of the library could they find a vacancy in the house for sitting down to relaxed tete-a-tete conversation. Then it was that Father and Mother discovered Laurie's intentions to be serious and honorable and after a formal request to Father (made in private) they became engaged and I could look forward to another scalp to be added to my belt of beloved brothers.

Our library, the half-way-up room on the landing, was the official chaperoning station for entertaining a caller in the living room. Most of the time father was too sleepy to stay up until ten o'clock to share the vigil with Mother but one evening when Laurie and Chop were downstairs, he noticed that Mother was having trouble keeping her eyes open and urged her to bed, saying he would do the honors and play "tom catus." Why that name? I don't know but under these conditions that word was always used. Could it have implied that Evanston's finest males were tom cats?

Ten o'clock came and Laurie dutifully went home. Chop locked the front door, turned out the downstairs lights and went up to the library where she found Mother at a card table playing solitaire. She looked twice for Mother was wearing a hat and veil at that hour of the night and then she looked a third time and burst out laughing. Father had set up the table, gone to Mother's bed for a pillow, dressed it in her clothes (complete with head piece) laid out a card game and then retired to await the results. Of course Mother waited with him and neither one could go to sleep until hearing the outcome. It was all they had hoped for and more. Chop's reactions were always 100% satisfactory to Father—her quick comebacks and ready tongue were a constant whet to his own and their duel of wits gave us lots more food for thought at the table than the calories we ate.

During some of these engaged months, Laurie was working in Kaukauna, Wisconsin, and his rare week-ends in Evanston were things to be celebrated. One Saturday evening they had tickets for the theatre and left our house under clear skies to take the train for Chicago. Father, always mindful of weather and its effects on rail traffic, heard a strong wind blowing up and looked out from our library windows to see a blizzard in the making.

Chop and Laurie, the Theatre successfully ended, made their

way over to the Northwestern Terminal and were passing through the waiting room when Chop spied a familiar figure trying desperately to hide behind his wide-spread newspaper. She tapped him on the shoulder and he sheepishly muttered something about having had to come down to the city to see about snowbound trains—a pretty feeble excuse at that time of his career. Then he followed them down the concourse to the Evanston after-theatre-express and chose to sit in the remote end of the car but Chop knew without any more truthful explanation having been made, that Father's trip to town had been taken for the sole purpose of being on hand if all transportation were to be bolloxed up by the storm and she forced to remain in Chicago all night. By God, his daughter wasn't to be stranded in a compromising position on a stormy night and on his railroad.

I anticipated this wedding, knowing from past experience that I was bound to profit. I had reached the stage where I would provide a very detracting element to any bridal party—bars on teeth, legs too long for a flower girl and skirts too short for a bridesmaid, but I had lots of fingers and they were in every pie. The wedding was to be on Easter Monday night and the gifts had been arriving for days. On the Saturday before, Freda, the little Swedish maid, was helping all of us unwrap, enter in the bride's book and place the offerings on the long tables arranged in one of the second floor rooms. Mother was busy putting the taller objects d'art toward the rear of the tables when Freda came in and taking accurate aim, thumped Mother on the back with her fist—it was more than a love pat—and then throwing her arms about Mother's neck, burst into tears with sobbing avowals of her love for our family, with special emphasis on her affection for the bride. I was gathering excelsior from the floor and, accustomed as I was to everyone's fondness of Mother, whose shyness presented a sometimes formidable front to the world, I was stunned by our demure Freda's exhibit of passion and hastily obeyed Mother's motion for me to leave the room.

Nothing more was said (to me at least) and Freda had her customary day out on Easter Sunday so I was startled the following noon (the wedding day) when the door bell rang and I raced Freda to open it. There stood the tall, familiar figure of our family doctor who noticed me not at all but concentrating on Freda's face said, "My God, girl—you look sick—you should be in bed this minute." Freda admitted that she didn't feel too well and behind closed

doors, [1]Dr. Webster and Mother arranged for Freda's transferral to a nursing home, where the cause of her unhappy mental condition was found to be her unrecognized and unrequited love for our Neddie. I later learned that she had attacked Chop with even greater force and affection that same Saturday and this had sped Mother's call to Dr. Webster and set the stage for his dramatic entrance.

The pulse of April 8th settled back to normal and that evening the wedding party assembled at the top of the stairs while we waited below; Stubbie attempting to hide her eight-months-of-Margaret-condition behind a rubber plant (Why were people so retiring in those days?) Mother, beautiful and serene in aqua blue velvet (the gown that she wore in the portrait that hangs in our dining room today) and I, standing on tip toe hoping not to miss a trick.

As the rest of the party and Fritz, who was maid of honor, preceded them down the steps, Father felt Chop's hand tremble as it lay on his own shaking arm. They were about to round the angle of the stair landing when he looked down at the sea of faces below and whispered to the bride, "Now how in hell did they get in here?" Chop immediately scanned the crowd for the uninvited guest and found no one who answered that description. W.A.G. hadn't either, but the diversion had stiffened the knees of both of them and they continued on their way to the improvised altar and Dr. McElveen.

The ceremony that followed was a little out of the ordinary for earlier in the day W.A.G. had approached our minister with a profound question: did he have to giveth this woman away in holy matrimony? He had already "givethed" one once; he didn't like it and he'd be damned if he'd do it again. Dr. McElveen assured him that it would be legal and binding without that phrase so Chop was

[1]Dr. Webster's unforgettable remarks were by-words among his patients in Evanston and apropos to his handling of Freda, I think another one of his experiences among the domestics of our town should be quoted. He was called by a certain family and told that their cook refused to leave her bed although her mistress had gone through the routine of temperature-taking and could find no symptoms whatsoever that would indicate a sickness. Would Dr. Webster mind stopping by to look her over and diagnose her disease? Dr. Webster would be happy to do so and after many questions asked of the ailing woman, he finally said, "I can't find anything wrong with you—why in hell are you in bed?" She replied, saying that she hadn't been paid for three months and she wasn't going to get up until she got her money. His answer to that was, "Move over, girl, I haven't been paid for a year."

[1]never relinquished. Having experienced the awful finality of a wedding after Stubbie and Mac were married, Father was anxious to avoid his former emotional strain. When it was all over and Chop and Laurie were ready to make their get-away with Ned, she said goodbye to Mother and the rest of us but couldn't find Father. One of her bridesmaids went to look for him. He was hiding in the coat closet beneath the front stairs—he simply couldn't say those words again to another daughter.

One might say that I profited but it was in a way that I didn't especially relish. Chop and I had always roomed together; twin beds when we were small and a double one when I reached an age that had the decency not to kick my companion. She was very long suffering and patient with my foibles. To begin with she has always possessed the happy faculty of looking rapturously comfortable in bed. She could consolidate her length into a kittenish ball, pillow her head on an elbow, settle her covers into a cocoon and drift off to sleep instantly. I was skinny and flat; prone to flick my blankets out at the bottom when trying to copy Chop's arrangements of figure and covers and after looking at her slumbering so sweetly, would often shake her awake and ask her to change beds with me because I knew hers was much better. Why she was so willing and agreeable about it I can't imagine. Our graduation into a double bed at 1218 Sheridan must have created some problems but I can't pin-point them at this late date other than to say that the sharing of closet and drawer space with my engaged and hence trousseaued sister, led me to believe that it would be pleasant to spread out my Peter Thompsons (I was born wearing a sailor collar and black handkerchief tie) all over the room that would be mine alone. However, it proved to be definitely gruesome when she was married and left my bed and board permanently—I had to shut my own windows in the morning. I gained in the end though, for it was Chop who produced our first nephew and Father and Mother knew

[1]W.A.G. had a habit of calling Stub and Chop on the phone nearly every evening, giving them one or two pieces of rare information gleaned during the day. This was, of course, after they were married but living only two or three blocks distant. His news was frequently couched in rhyme (plenty of license being taken and not always the poetic variety). One night he telephoned Chop and was laughing loud and long when she answered. He explained that he had just gotten the wrong number and had entertained a complete stranger with his equally strange verses. I'm surprised our phone was never removd.

the joys of seeing a healthy little [1]William Gardner Onderdonk live and grow.

* * * *

Father acquired the Alco in the spring of 1910. This was an automobile manufactured by the American Locomotive Company in Providence, R. I., and constructed of such super-fine material and assembled by such high-priced workmanship that there was neither any wear-out to them nor broad market for their sale. Production was stopped within three or four years but I'll venture to say that the motor of our one and only Alco is still running somewhere. W.A.G. was eager to put the car through its paces and invited Aunt Lucy and Uncle Albert to come down from St. Paul and make a tour of New England with Mother and himself.

That first long auto trip was a conversational piece for years afterwards. The Schunemans, as well as Ned, who had father in the front seat beside him for the duration, quoted events and remarks that have left me almost believing that I was a passenger too. There were no road maps and if there had been there were no long, straight highways to carry the road-hungry populace from town to town. Genessee Street, then as now, seemed to go endlessly across New York State and this portion of a journey could be made without too many trials but any deviation from a well-traveled road required great concentration on the Blue Book instructions. In this volume (printed annually) one was advised to "Turn left at the Methodist Church, go 3.2 miles and proceed north on the right hand fork near a red school house. After crossing the railway, you will find a large fenced field where Capt. So & So was killed in an Indian skirmish in 1765." If the route paralleled the railroad tracks for any distance at all in New England, large bill boards commanded all the world to eat Gorton's Codfish and use Burrows Screens.

A few years later, neat plaques were erected at all places of historical interest along the roadside but when our foursome of Gardners and Schunemans traveled that summer, the Blue Book furnished the only information and its owner kept the volume in his own two hands. Ned has told us that Father would motion for him to stop or slow down in front of some land mark and then

[1]Dr. William T. McElveen (Minister of the First Congregational Church) was devoted to W.A.G. and was so pleased by his having a male namesake that the Sunday following small Bill Gardner Onderdonk's birth, the important fact was mentioned no less than three times during the service. I wonder if Bill's average is still that good?

he would silently turn and face the rear occupants, point to the historical object, wave his hand to Neddie and then the party would proceed enroute without Mother, Aunt Lucy or Uncle Albert knowing what they had been looking at. Ned admits that he, too, was curious and would have enjoyed some verbal education while there on the spot but all of them were forced to wait until they had gone too far beyond to turn and retrace their steps and only then would the Blue Book path-finder divulge his private information. Mother and Aunt Lucy were indefatigable sight-seers; Father and Uncle Albert could take such or leave it but preferred to leave it in most cases, for both were aware of their women folks' proclivity to chatter at great length and their thirst for detailed knowledge on all objects of interest. Father was merely keeping the touring time table right on schedule by moving forward constantly without losing a minute's delay in stopping to read inscriptions on monuments or going through the homes of long deceased V.I.P.s.

To save valuable days of time for this trip, the car had been shipped by rail as far as Buffalo and thence the party drove up to [1]Saratoga Springs, New York, where they spent a few days at the United States Hotel before driving down the coast and eventually reaching East Bay on Cape Cod.

It was on this same trip that W.A.G. entertained one of his thoughtful moods and predicted a vast industrial revolution taking place in the United States in the not too distant future—a bloodless combat between Capital and Labor, with the government assuming more and more control of private enterprise. There was even a possibility of its eventually ending in our country being divided into some ten or twelve districts through the consolidation of states. This would decrease the number of representatives in Washington and create a more wieldy group to be handled politically. It was a fearsome picture. Since Uncle Albert told me of this forecast,

[1]Sunday, August 7, 1910 UNITED STATES HOTEL
Saratoga Springs, New York

Dear Girls:

If Christ should come down in an airship he would alight here because the Jews are all assembled to meet him. Don't shock Aunt Fan. (She must have been staying with us.) You ought to see Ma try to drink this spring water. You go to Casino—pay 5 cents admission which includes all water you can drink. Band plays Waltz Me Around Again Wm. Every Touching movement. Ma is making faces and declaring she never can but she just evaporates water and then we go to breakfast. Fine motoring Buffalo to here. We have all enjoyed it hugely. Take the boat trip on Lake George tomorrow. So long as you all keep well I shall suffer with comfort.

Papa

I have been grateful many times that Father never had to see our entry into World War I, the resultant government operation of railroads, the increasing power of organized labor, the federal ownership of large business operations and the restricting effects felt by the small and enterprising business man.

All of this was foreseen twenty-two years before the advent of F.D.R. when Karl Marx had a relatively small group of readers, the Czar and Kaiser were still ruling their respective countries and the United States was at peace with the world.

W.A.G. was neither a "Robber Baron" nor a "Mogul," both terms having been used by subsequent writers to describe the unscrupulous promoters of railroads who had already accrued their gains when he was still a telegraph operator. He was just a paid employee in the service of that industry and could see and know from personal experience the problems of each side involved. He was the respected friend of both Capital and Labor and his Road enjoyed a harmonious and prosperous period that was free from strikes during his administration. I can at least hope that the last portion of his forecast (the only part that has not yet materialized) will never, never come to pass.

There was no income tax at that time and it had been in effect only three years when he was indignant at having to pay the government $500.00. He probably, like most men of vision, foresaw what could happen in future time.

Like our Pilgrim ancestors, our tourists discovered Cape Cod and found it only a little more advanced during the intervening 285 years. A few traces of Indians were left among the geographical names on the cape Wequaquett, Mattapoiset, Coonamessett, Cotocheeset, Mashpee, Santuit, etc. All had a strange sound on the lips of the natives who were themselves the eighth or tenth generation of Swifts, Crockers, Nickersons or Bakers to live in one or another of the fishing villages. Many Portuguese descendants of early adventuresome sailors lived in the scattered settlements and raked a living from the cranberry bogs and wild blue berries that were peddled from door to door. There were miles of sandy, winding roads (relics of the first Indian trails), acres of scrub pine trees and a score of silvery, shingled hotels that rose three stories above the neighboring snug houses which we copy today and rightfully call "Cape Cod Architecture."

Several hardy mid-westerners had preceded them in their treks

across the country to the Cape, having made the entire trip by car and covering 100 miles a day (if they were lucky). Such a tour must have required patience and time; the latter depending upon the muddiness of the roads, the number of punctured tires to be vulcanized and the whims of the passengers, for surely the top would have to be put up or taken down several times during the day in order to keep everyone happy.

The Alco arrived with all occupants speaking and in a holiday mood. Father and Mother enjoyed this part of the Cape so much that a cottage was rented there (large enough to hold all of us intimately) for the two following summers and we agreed with them that it should have been called "Cape God." In August of the third East Bay Season, they decided to build a house of their own as long as we now numbered eleven in family and the [1]weekly hotel bill for bed and board showed a tendency to increase every nine months with two girls in production, a third one contemplating matrimony and a fourth who might eventually "grow up and be foolish enough to leave her Father and Mother."

I was spending two weeks with the William B. Walrath Family, when the following letters written from East Bay, were received by me at Lake Ripley, Wisconsin:

From East Bay and addressed W. B. Walrath, Lake Ripley,
Aug. 17, 1910 Wisc.

Dr. Duffer:

I have your letter from Lake Ripley. No doubt you are still having a fine time. Am getting so fat my belts will not fit me—have to let them all out. This is an old fashioned country place—not very much style but a very good table. Everything clean and Golf ground only short distance away. We had a fine tour getting here. I shall do it some more.

Every morning I get up at six. At 7 leave for the bathing beach about a mile across the bay by boat. Breakfast 8:30. Leave for golf at 9. Back at 1 P.M. Lunch, then ride, sleep & get ready for dinner. Last night we went to Wequaquett for dinner. Clams steamed—clam broth—clam chowder. Lobster, fried chicks, green corn. The

[1]The meals here eventually became a bit skimpy and one evening when W.A.G. had been given one-half of a canned pear for his dessert, he turned in disgust and said that he had fared better than that the last time he had gone to Communion.

corn here is beautiful—even I eat 3 or 4 ears at a sitting. Sweet potatoes, pie and ice cream. Will leave here week from today, reach home Saty the 27th and hope you will come the same day. Regards to all the good Walraths. Papa (I kiss you lots.)

Sat. Aug. 20, 1910.

Dear Duffie:

Will you be home next Saturday? I will and get there before you do if you don't hurry. It rained yesterday & I got soaking wet on the golf ground. Not dried out yet. It's turned cold this A.M. Mom is frost bitten on a toe. 3 Kimbarks left this A.M. for Evanston—think you know 'em. Today is Field Day Sports. We have a large and entertaining program. I expect to take a prize. Tomorrow we go to Provincetown for dinner & Monday to Nantucket to see my relatives. I have gained 9 pounds in weight but all the hair is coming out of my pate. Be cheerful but at the same time prudent.

Wilt thou be mine? I wilt. Hoh Hoh, PawPoh.

A building sight was selected and bought in conjunction with an old friend of Father's who had also discovered the charms of the Cape. Back in the nineties, when Father had been a Division Superintendent on the [1]Wisconsin Central Ry., he had made it a point to walk every mile of track during repeated intervals of time and his stint for the day completed, liked to climb in the locomotive and ride back to Milwaukee with one Joel S. Coffin at the throttle. He would take off his shoes and curl his toes in comfort for the trip and Joe would advise him to forget his vanity long enough to buy a bigger pair that might really fit him so he (Joe)

[1]We know from family hearsay that W.A.G. spent a brief period with the Wisconsin Central Railroad as a division suprintendent. Since he made no mention of this in his diary, we deduce that the year was approximately 1888 or 1889 as it was during this interval he and Mr. Joel S. Coffin established their friendship. Neither do the official records of the C&NW Ry refer to an interim away from their employ but the letter, copied below, verifies the fact:

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY
Office of Superintendent of Transportation

Mr. W. A. Gardner

Accept my congratulations on your promotion.

Let the good work go on. It was a nice, pleasant warm day when you quit the Wis. Cent. and went back to your old love — Eh?

Truly yours,
J. M. Daly

wouldn't have to delay his run by having to stop and pick him up. But Father had been forced to stop him—he was burning too damn much coal and needed to be told a few facts about the efficient way to run an engine. Their mutual insults were hurled and enjoyed and then there was no trace of Joe to be found. Many years later (the fall that little Charlotte McCall was born) Father and Mother went to New York where Father addressed a group of Railway Supply executives. He noticed that a J. S. Coffin was also listed to speak on the program and looking down the table, found his old engineer companion. Mother, who was sitting on the balcony with other visiting wives, witnessed the back slapping, handshaking and a bit tearful reunion with a good deal of curiosity—as did Mrs. Coffin—and their introduction after dinner led to many happy years as summer time next door neighbors at Wianno.

The two men bought bluff property a half mile or so beyond the last cottage on the Road. They decided where the common driveway should be placed to serve both families, tentatively located the best spots to build the houses and then each returned to Chicago and New York, respectively, to endure another weary winter until time came to move back to that hallowed spot. Blue prints arrived by mail from Franklin, Pa., one autumn day and we poured over the architect's plans for "Annasmere," "Mother's ocean." "The whole damn sea is yours, Nubs, and if you ever get an unpleasant breeze from the south, don't blame me. It'll be John Sebastian taking his sox off and putting his feet on the rail at Martha's Vineyard." The house faced Vineyard Sound and Father loved to look through the binoculars, giving a running account of all that he allegedly saw taking place on the water or on the islands beyond. His imagination was definitely virile and his appreciative audience would egg him on until Mother would grab the glass and remind him that he had grandchildren who were plenty old enough to remember and repeat.

Oh, I hope that they have remembered, for those were the beautiful play days of Father's short life and if the older ones can recall the hilarious meal times, the fun on the beach and their Grandfather's twinkle when he returned from beating Joe Coffin at golf to eat luncheon and have hours of blessed napping, they will hold that picture of him forever. One time his victory was celebrated by his arrival home still wearing his cleated golf shoes. He deliberately walked across the living room carpet, scuffing his feet a bit to draw Mother's attention. She naturally objected. "Will

Gardner—that rug is new and it has to last a long time——." W.A.G. shrugged his shoulders — "What the hell — it belongs to our heirs anyways!"

His was a personality so purely original, vivid and enduring, that I believe even little people such as his grandchildren were then, will always carry a contented feeling of warmth, humor and tenderness with them for just having shared some of those bright days beneath his Cape Cod roof.

There were no long, protracted vacations spent by him at Wianno—just a week snatched here and there whenever possible, but he urged Mother to open the house the middle of every June and he would come for a few days after his very next meeting in New York. He had just arrived one morning and was wearing his relaxed Cape Cod face, when the phone rang and I hesitantly called him to come and answer long distance. Only trouble in Stub's or Chop's households back in Evanston would prompt such an unusual mid-day conversation. I knew this call spelled emergency. We heard only questions from Father at our end but knew before his receiver went down that the steamship "Eastland" had capsized in the Chicago River an hour before and that he was returning on the afternoon train to serve on Chicago's Disaster Committee.

When the girls joined us, one family at a time, for their Wianno holidays, Father would sometimes be able to make the trip with them and come laden with babies, diaper bags, bottles and a broad grin. Sumner and Laurie followed later for their two week's vacation and then little Grandma Riggs, Aunt Al and Aunt Fan would travel from Emporia to find relief at the Shore from Kansas heat. The walls and roof stretched endlessly and as Father looked around his full breakfast table he would announce that he hadn't been so happy since John Allison died.

The following letters were written during our first summer spent in "Annasmere" (usually referred to as "The Cape House"). The house in Evanston had been closed and Father was staying at the Chicago Club. This proved to be unsatisfactory—he was too far from Stub and Chop and their families when he wanted to see them in the evenings, so he did as stated in the second letter and re-opened 1218 Sheridan. It was during this period, too, that he was voicing his lonesomeness to Stubbie and she soothingly said, "Why, Father, you have me here at home——." His deflating reply was, "Hell—I don't want you—— I want your Mother."

(Addressed to "Annasmere," Cape Cod.) Chicago, June 20, 1913.
Dear Duffer:

Do not overwork yourself—it would be such a surprise to the family . . . What a relief—the telephone was silent last night after you left—not a sound was heard—we miss the tweek of a hungry bird. Days may come and days may go—it's very hot down here below. Get yr eagle eye on some lobsters & clams—put them in a pot and eat them not. Any signs of [1]Frank Deems in the gloaming? I presume Society is brisk and I bet you're a belle. I miss Fritzie—she is a useful object. I miss Mom because she always smells good. How is the flag staff—get the flag up at dawn every day and take it down at twilight. I must get a binocular. It's not to eat but to look through.

God Bless our home, Papa.

July 18, 1913

Dear Little Duff:

I enc ck $10. You go buy yr racket, that will be easiest. Mighty glad to hear from you. I am leaving Chic. Club and moving out to Evanston house again tomorrow, Saty. morning—tired of City life. Going to hire a couple maids and keep house—also trying to get an automobile—think I will find it O.K. Sumner & I will spend Sunday at Glenview. Olive is cackling around as usual. Take good care of mother,

Papa

(What the hell Little One — Papa *not* Dad-die)

I don't remember when it was that Mother put a minimum age limit on visiting babies but after a couple of Nor'easters one summer when it rained for days and the house was strewn with crib sheets and didies that refused to dry, it seemed wiser and maybe more esthetic to leave the bed-wetters in Evanston. Thereafter, all the grandchildren became self-containing at an amazingly early age.

Father was sure to be with us for Labor Day week-end or longer, but after that we had to close the house and head back to Chicago leaving the best of the Cape Cod months of the year behind us. I still had to be educated following that first summer in the Cape House and was facing my first year away from the family. As the time drew near for me to leave, I remembered less and less of "The

[1]Chief Engineer of New York Central Railroad Lines and our Wianno neighbor.

Little Colonel" and the "Betty Wales" story book raptures over their boarding school and college years and more and more about the security of living right there at 1218 Sheridan Rd. "Comforts" of home is the word I would have used in 1913 —— "Security" came in vogue with the advent of psychiatrists. Until then windows were secure and knots were secure but children were naughty because they felt like being so and not because they lacked security.

Father and Mother thought me a little too young to enter Mrs. Somers' school that year so sent me instead to an excellent school near Philadelphia where I lacked more back bone than either comfort or security. I was miserably and completely homesick and the only happy memories that remain are those of my room-mate and my bulging mail box.

This is the moment to include some of the letters that Father wrote to me during my three years away at School but a few statistics and generalities should be given first: Stubbie was away from home five years; Fritz for three, Olive for two and I for three. Mother wrote to us twice a week always and her letters were the newsy sort that kept us abreast of all that was happening in the house and among our friends. Unfortunately, they weren't saved and we have very few to refer to now. Our foregone acceptance of her untiring and devoted voice repeating itself on paper was just taken for granted—all mothers the world over sent letters to their children and we expected to receive them but busy fathers, as a rule, rarely took the time to put their nonsensical thoughts into writing. I really don't know how ours could have maintained such a heavy correspondence with each one of us (no two of us were ever at the same school at the same time) but his daily messages were dashed off without any obvious decline of C&NW Ry stock having been reflected on the Big Board and the arrival of his letters at our institutions of learning temporarily stopped all study.

I wish that we might have achieved some mild sort of professional success in a field chosen from our thoughtfully planned educations. Stubbie was the only one to earn the right of adding significant letters after her name; the "balance" just had initials; Fritz P.D. (principal Doodle), Chop P.F. (principal fool), and Duff P.D. (principal devil).

Stubbie never forgot the responsibility entrusted to her as the eldest and carried it almost physically for the rest of her life. Her school days were conscientious ones but with lots of fun and a legion of friends always mixed among them. She was a student—never a

grind—and after her graduation from Smith, spent several weeks regaining the strength and energy poured into the numerous committees she had been serving. She was very definitely Father's right hand man among the four of us; his appreciative and contributing audience in serious matters and an excellent foil for his table time repartee. All three girls have been my playmates but in later years it was Stubbie to whom I unconsciously turned for help and advice. Her breadth of general knowledge, her understanding and sympathy (a better word would be "empathy") reached to the four corners of the world, and the world took advantage of it to such an extent that its problems assumed the guise of a material load and she fell—as truly a war casualty as the men over-seas to whom and for whom she had given so much of herself.

Stubbie's mantle fell to Free's competent shoulders and she is deserving of a "well done." (It is awkward to refer to her as "Fritz" now after many years of hearing our children call her "Free" and "Auntie Bitz"). Added to her musical avocation, has been her enjoyment of drawing and accomplishing good likenesses through the media of both pencil and clay. Her original verses for children are charming chips from a mind that has never forgotten the imaginative and curious world of little people. She it is, who has all the self sufficient interests where the rest of us have only nibbled at them.

Chop should have all the honors ever bestowed upon the homemaker and Grandmother-of-the-year for she is the domestic member of the quartette and were Father here to make the award, he would pin the medal for "horse sense" to her long row of ribbons. You will note below that he had correctly given up all hopes of my ever being a Phi Beta Kappa and at the time of his writing, was pinning his faith upon my becoming a future Babe Zaharias, a Myra Hess or a Fannie Farmer—none of which transpired, although I'll proudly admit to having evolved into a Cook—in name only.

In Summary: our varied dispositions and pursuits have never led us very far from one another and we turned out to be just run-of-the-mill housewives and mothers producing husbands, homes and children in an orthodox manner and in their preceding order—that last is not always true of everyone.

After these preliminaries and reading of the letters received my first year away at school, one can more easily understand and follow the pattern traced by the series that were mailed to me in Washington later on.

In the desert — Sat. Oct. 4, 1913.

Dear Duffer:

Ha Ha the Highland chieftain cried—he rubbed his ear & then he died. Stand up—don't spraddle—I could a tail unfold that would cause yr. tresses to turn to gold. I left Chicago as you have heard before a week ago yesterday. Reached San Francisco Monday A.M. —had a long and perilous journey. I frequently thought of Lysander swimming the Hellespont, Geo. Wash crossing the Delaware & Fritzie swimming at Cape Cod. Everybody dances in San Fran— when the barber shaves you he tangoes—the waiters at the hotel tango as they bring yr humble meal — (sit up straight Duff). The maids tango yr bedclothes and at a funeral, undertakers & mourners tango from the house to the grave. How you must disappoint yr teachers — D——n the Cooks — sit up. From San Fran I journeyed to Los Angeles only 600 miles. It is a delightful city situated on land — 7 hills like Rome in the distance & it was still summer and all of the radishes and cauliflower blended their sweet perfume with the gasoline and hot human bodies — but I digress — *will* you sit up and stop twisting your hair? God is good and merciful—otherwise you wouldn't be here. Lots of people in L. A. that we knew—some of them I saw first. Came through orange groves, lemon drops, grapes, raisins and prunes. Who did Moses marry anyway? *Sit up* — do not look like a weeping willow. Will visit with Isabel and Mrs. Culver. The latter is taking notice—will probably wed a rich banker and go to Hawaii to live. Isabel is coy and hard to please—she carries a hdchf in which to sneeze. I shall reach Salt Lake about 2 P.M. Chicago Monday noon. I may go to N.Y. next week but more likely St. Paul. Try hard to be like yr Mom and less like Mrs. Basset. I love you dear but *do* stand up straight. Papa.

(Addressed to school near Philadelphia) Oct. 6, 1913

My Dear Duffer:

I wrote you from west—hope you have rec'd it. Just arrived at noon today—a long and tiresome trip. None of those schools dear, are what they are cracked up to be. You will find imperfections in all of them—but it's a kind of medicine that every girl seems to want to take—you can eventually get used to it. Mom and Fritz are in Kansas—expect them home tomorrow — Our annual meeting is next week. I will be going east I fancy in about 10 or 12 days then I can see you. God Bless you, Papa.

Chicago Oct. 7, 1913

My dear Duffer:

You'd better stick yr toes into the ground and take a stronger hold. Get over yr dislike for everybody and everything—just accept part of it in a sensible way instead of regretting all of it in a hysterical manner. You are experiencing a view of life as it really is—all kinds of people—all sorts of things. I have much that is disagreeable every day—so does everyone else. You are there for an education — Go to it and stiffen yr backbone and stop grumbling. Yr's hastily, Papa.

Chicago, Oct. 9, 1913.

My dear Duffer:

Well, here we are again as Mom says when the skeeter bit her shin. The weather is rain and foggy. One thing do not overlook—there will soon be frost and that will dispose of the flies. I used to like them myself but of late years, I can get along without them. Am preparing for our annual meeting next week Wed., Thurs. & Friday. Expect to be re-elected but not sure of it until it's done. Things are quiet at the house — I don't notice any great hilarity. We live fairly well but nothing of a banquet nature. Certainly no one gets more mail than you do. It won't be long until spring and we will all be down at the Cape where man does not corrupt nor bath tubs get rusty.

Bye Bye Dump.
Develop your hump — of knowledge. Pop

Chicago, Oct. 13, 1913.

Dear Little Duffie:

You seem to have cut me out of yr. list of correspondents. I would not because we shall be a long time dead. Hope you had a nice time at the theatre Saty. & good lunch at hotel. I am busy with annual meeting but after this is over hope to get foot loose so I can come & see you — which act I shall accomplish promptly. Not much doing here socially — at least I am not in great demand. Mom is at it, however——. Weather is crisp today. Bye bye dear,

Papa.

New York. Tuesday, Oct. 28, 1913.

Dear Little Duff:

All of my business is disposed of and we shall start west at 5 P.M. Mom and I went to see "Nearly Married" last night & enjoyed it very much. Mom selected the play & is congratulating herself on her wisdom. I shall be glad to get home & settle down for few days. May have to go to Wyoming next week. Don't study too hard—try to get out doors. I shall see you again soon. Lots of love — stand straight & keep yr feet together.

Papa.

Chicago, Nov. 3, 1913

Dr. Duffer:

I've had a busy day—3 or 4 meetings and a lot of other things to make me old and tired. You are a dear good girl to take yr. disappointment about Sunday so kindly. I don't like to have you traveling about the country. It worries me to death. I shall try to see you some day next week—don't know just which one it will be but probably Wednesday about 4:45 & I will have to return to the city at 5:30 to catch 7 P.M. train at North Phila. Love Papa.

P.S. Read yr french letter this eve. enjoyed it very much. Great pleasure to find someone who handles the language with same freedom and accuracy as I do.

Chicago, Nov. 19, 1913

Dear Duffer:

What the devil—why didn't you telegh me when you got back to school? I've been very anxious. You must always wire at both ends of the route. Weather bad here. Papa.

Chicago, Nov. 25, 1913.

Dear Duffie:

I have taken up matter of yr reservations for Dec. 19. Will hear from it soon expect. Did not buy bread & butter—didn't think you wanted to eat again until you got home. Just make up yr mind that you will pass yr exams and then do it. I never got anywhere if I started with idea that I couldn't arrive. Mom and I to opera last night dressed in our best—we were sensational. Ma at luncheon today and a recep tonight—God help us. I trust you continue to get fat. Olive has nice boy. Lots of saliva, Papa.

Chicago, Dec. 13, 1913

Dr. Duff:

We reached home all right this A.M. & glad to get here. Stub & babies met us. Both sections of yr train will stop at yr station friday. Yr car 2 will probably be on first section about third from rear end. Be careful—probably be a lot of yawps of boys coming home. Let them visit with themselves instead of you. Don't think they will check yr trunk further than Chic. You keep a memo of check number & mail it to me provided you get it off early in week.

Pop.

New York. Jan. 13, 1914,

Dr. Duffer:

Got yr letter 11:15 last night when I got in from theatre. Saw a play called "Henrietta." It's very nice indeed. I am going west on Century today. Yr bread & B will reach you today & again & again. Study hard now dear & stiffen yr back bone. I will try to see you in couple weeks.

Pop

New York. Waldorf Hotel, Jan. 13, 1914

Dr. Duff:

If you want salt butter & they send fresh—if you want fresh & they send salt, let me know. Just leaving. Pop.

Jan. 31, 1914

Dear Duffie:

I have yr Spec del this A.M. My dear, do try & take a different view of life—you make yrself so horribly miserable. You show yr worst side all the time & refuse to be comforted. I do hope you will be natural enough of the time so that a few of them at least will take you for what you are worth. Schools, like an army or R.R. must have discipline. I am criticised every day because I insist on discipline & you know I am fairly decent—just so yith yr teachers & the school—do try hard to see something beside imperfections. You distress Mother and me beyond measure and you are letting golden opportunities for education slip by because you don't stop long enough to take a rational view of anything. I regret scolding & preaching but you seem to need it and I hope you will pay some heed to what I say.

Yrs, Papa.

Feb. 4, 1914

Dear Scab nosed Duffer:

Do not drule when you eat yr supper. Fritz is the belle of New York. She likely will reject all proposals however & cling to the family tree. Mother is going to St. Paul with me tonight to talk with Aunt Lucy. Suppose you & she will have grand time when she comes to visit you. So Be It.

Pop

Feb. 10, 1914. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL, N.Y.C.

Dear Peapod, Hedgehog, Eyeswab:

Krist before Caesar spit in the ear of Ebenezer. I sent some rolls today that will sure make Hell to pay. Use per yr. desire. The air is balmy, soft and cool—do father look at yr. little fool.

I really love you very much. Papa.

(This served as the announcement that I was to receive hard rolls and butter once a week from Oscar at the Waldorf, because the food was a bit sketchy my first year away. The direction was misunderstood by Oscar or his henchman and I was inundated daily with two dozen rolls and one pound of sweet butter. There certainly was hell to pay among the authorities and I had gained fifteen pounds before order was restored.)

Chicago, Feb. 12, 1914

Dear Duff:

God is good & we are his people—we can stand down below & look at the steeple. I arrived home yesty A.M. nobody seems to care a dam though. Fritzie chases herself every minute. Mom says you are all going to Richmond next week to see some of her relatives—you will enjoy that. It's very cold here—snow all the time. Be careful of yr brain—you haven't got much. Pop.

Chicago. Friday, Feb. 13, 1914.

Dear Duffie:

Another change in program, for which I am no more responsible than I would be if a cow had 4 ears. Mom wants to take you to Portsmouth next week and have Fritzie and myself join you there. She wants to exhibit you children. I think it's a GO. Are you taking Calcium tablets *religiously* & *expeditiously*? I want you to do so. It's cold on the Cape—very cold. The ocean is frizzed up. I got a burn yesterday—a bad one—one of my hands all bandaged up—was a hero in an episode—saved three lives. (animal) Who did Cain

marry? Bessie Robinson married Wm. McDonald last night. Wear sox and escape freckling yr legs.

Pop.

Chicago, Feb. 24, 1914

Duffer:

We were out among the high life last night. Tom Moses & Billie Aaron not in it with us—27 course dinner at Carrys then all to Blackstone theatre. Ethel Barrymore, then to Blackstone ball room —dance 3 A.M.—home and eat oyster stew. Too much for Mom—she woke up at mid-nite with a bad arm—could not blow her own nose—had to use a stomach pump on it. Called 3 doctors—put bread & milk poultice on her feet—that drew her down in bed so her chin caught on the foot board. She bit a piece out of the rail in her insanity. At 7 A.M.she was better—ate ham & eggs. Ye gods I *was* busy but now I am normal. Do not be discouraged—nobody expects you will ever know much. Love Pa.

EN ROUTE BROADWAY LIMITED. March 9, 1914

Dear Duffer:

Good morning —— I didn't see you. Pop

(his train passed fairly near my school)

Four intervening letters received all about stopping the train at the school station to pick up spring vacationers.

March 17, 1914

Dear Duffer:

Is yr transpt good on train 5, Have you a Pullman pass? When do yr passes both Ry & sleeper expire? I can scarcely wait to get a new suit of clothes.

Pop.

And then I went into the infirmary with a fever from the swollen glands that had been bothering me all year. Fritz came to pack me up and I departed those halls of learning forever. Why couldn't I have spared Mother and Father all the details of my homesickness and why didn't they scold me longer and harder?

Chicago office, Aug. 8, 1914

(Addressed to me at the Cape)

Dear Willamine (the only time in history that he ever called me by my name) I have yr letter. You will never get away from trouble by running away from it. *You must make a confidant of*

Mother. Her advice is twice as good as mine or Fritz's. No one will ever love and protect you like yr Mom and she is a very superior Ma. You can, of course, be made very comfortable at home but that is not what you need. On the contrary you should stay there & get the full benefit of the change and not be driven away by any foolishness. You are somewhat inclined to be impulsive. I would consider the situation pretty thoroughly & I will have to know lots more about it before I can advise you intelligently—but go to yr Mother at once. Papa.

(I went to Mother and she wisely decided that it was best for me to stay right there and face a disillusioned summer-time romance.)

Again summer was over and it was time to get "Little Gardner No. 4" ready for Mrs. Somers to shape and mold into a gentle woman. All of the numerical references originated in Miss Guard, a section teacher at school who, as we continued to cross her Washington path, would use us consecutively as a good commercial. When she ushered parents of prospective pupils into my bedroom she would ask them to note the floods of city sunshine pouring through my windows and my well timed zeal for study and then introduce me to Mr. & Mrs. Jones saying, "And this is little Gardner number four, rooming next to little Kelsey number five." The method worked well for inevitably "Little Jones No. 1" entered Mrs. Somer's School the next fall.

The years that I spent at Somer's were blissfully happy ones in contrast to the miserable months of self-inflicted homesickness that I had endured during my initial experience elsewhere the year before .The family, having grown accustomed to write me then almost daily, continued their habit while I was in Washington but edited their letters so carefully that I was completely unaware of what was gradually taking place at home. Father had always been my best correspondent and I was so engrossed in my own small world activities that I failed to read between his lines that came almost daily. His "Indigestion" (the quotation marks are his own) was of course a reference to his tired heart—a condition that he had been combatting all of his life but combatting in his own manner and not with the methods prescribed by the heart specialists in Chicago. Maybe his premature birth was the cause or his severe case of scarlet fever at a very early age. He knew of his handicap when he first applied for life insurance but refused to acknowledge it and rode his horse, played his golf, swam his ocean, worked at

his office Sundays, holidays and many stormy times, remained at his post all night.

The following letters were addressed to me at 1100 M. St. N.W. in Washington, D. C. where I was attending Mrs. Somer's School (Mount Vernon Seminary). Illustrations are by my correspondent –

TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED. Oct. 8, 1914.

Duffer Dear:

Roses are red and violets blue – Ma is quite nice and so are you. I hope the golf bag arrived. Did it create any excitement? Do try to sit straight at the table & keep yr arms off. I don't want them to think that you came from a tribe of apes. *Take physical culture* –God & I both know you need it–also Domestic Science & Music. No fear that you will ever know too much or in fact, very much. I am making a hurried trip–will go back this P.M. Home is all white wash and wall paper. Lots of love, Pa.

P.S. you might take physical culture *twice* a day.

(The family was distressed during these days because I was round shouldered and slumpy.)

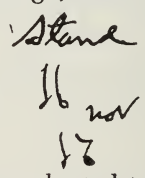
Chicago. Oct. 13, 1914.

Dr. Duffer:

Yr Ma is robust and requireth much space to sit upon but she sits erect & does not stand on one peg. Do try to be like her at table. Take physical culture, domestic science & music. Pa.

Chicago, Oct. 10, 1914.

Sit so yr body will look like a
sore thumb instead of a pug nose
Take physical culture
Take domestic science
Take music.

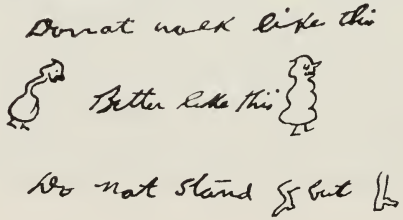


Don't aspire to too much art & science–neither adapted to yr. head. Even Mrs. Somers will find it difficult to make a classic from a ham sandwich.

Chicago. Oct. 9, 1914.

Duffer dear:

I am reminded you have been gone a week–it only seems couple of days.



Take physical culture, domestic science & music.
Think twice before you open yr mouth once.

Pop.

Chicago Oct. 21, 1914

Dr. Duffer:

Are you sitting up or are you using dining table for an arm rest? Are you standing straight? Really, nothing would give me so much satisfaction as to have you make even an effort to do this. Have you deposited the check I gave you with the school — don't carry it around with you. We are cleaning house and also sewing for church bazaar. God help us.

Pop.

P.S. Paid yr. bill ysty. You certainly ought to learn a lot.

Chicago, Oct. 22, 1914

The Oaks
The firemen's benefit
The policemen's carnival
The chauffeur's Glee club
Are all billed for the holidays. Hold yrself in readiness.
Walk erect
Build up yr chin
Don't wiggle
Take physical culture, domestic science, music and *common sense.*

Papa.

Chicago. Nov. 3, 1914

Dr Duffer:

You appear to be having a fine time and I am pleased. We have found a place that leaves nothing undone. In return, try & sit straight & do not use table for an arm rest. Hester (Walrath) spent last night at our house. She had a new baby brother arrive this A.M. & was quite excited about it. Expect to go to Cape Sunday to see about addition we are putting on the house. It will make me feel badly if I do. Mom may go—she also may not go. Your various family are busily engaged in spending their respective allowance. The gamma sigs will meet Dec. 31st. Prepare for it. Margaret, the maid, is going too.

Bye-bye—I would like to see you. Papa.

Chicago. Nov. 7, 1914

My dear:

Certainly very gratifying to know yr selection as Vice Prest. I once occupied the same position for a number of years and therefor speak from experience. It is not difficult to aspire and indeed secure these enviable titles but it is quite another thing to so conduct yrself as to give daily evidence that yr selection was consistent & that yr supporters may feel fully justified and continue their confidence. Do you get the point? LET IT SINK IN.

I bought some clothes for Wm. Walrath Jr. last night at bazaar. He will receive them this A.M. I am glad the show is over for Mom has worked too hard. I expect to go to Old Elm this P.M. for golf. Walk straight—a crooked Vice Pres is no good.

Take golf, phys culture, music & Jackass sense.

Yr adoring Pa.

C&NWRY OFFICES. NEW YORK CITY

Nov. 9, 1914

My dear little girl:

Was pleased to find yr letter at the office this A.M. Don't ever be afraid to ask yr Pop for anything. I may not be able to do what you want. If so I shall coyly tell you why. I cannot go to Washington this time dear—much as I would like to. Business prevents. These are difficult days Duffiie for people who have responsibilities & yr Pop has lots of difficulties to contend with in many directions. I think you will have to drop any idea of going to N.Y. or Princeton this year. Senior year may be different. Lots of love dear and thanks for writing. Papa.

The Biltmore Hotel. New York, Nov. 10, 1914

Dr. Duff: Director's meeting today & I am still alive. Made mistake —did not bring Mom but this is the time of year she smells of burning leaves. How much do you weigh & does yr increased knowledge compare favorably with yr inc. weight? Pop.

New York City. Nov. 12, 1914

My dear daughter:

Roses are red, violets blue—
Horses are snorty—so are you.

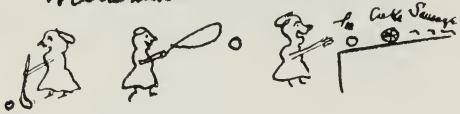
This is regular old age weather. Ma is thriving and I shall hasten back to her this P.M. and clasp her unresponsive mass in an embrace that will rend her puckering string.

Truly, thy sire

En route to Chicago on Broadway Ltd.
Nov. 12, 1914

Ma at the Bazar

Willamina at Study



Chicago Nov. 14, 1914

Dr. Duffie:

That was a peach of a picture. Dm—— me you grow more like yr father every day. I am to meet Ma at 1: P.M. at the Blackstone for lunch—then we go to hear Burton Holmes lecture on HEAVY UNDERWEAR FOR SUMMER BOARDERS. Little Willie Onderdonk got lost yesty for 2 hours. Finally found him over by the lake. Ain't he a cuss like his Ma? Snow is one foot deep—in Russia. Mom is getting demonstrative—she took a bath this A.M. Love, Pop.

Chicago Club Nov. 24, 1914

Dear Duffer

Have you had supper?

Ki Yi Ki
The Vice pres. winded in the prest's eye
Ki Yi Ki

We are well & about to assemble in the ancestral halls of the Riggs. So mate it be. Fritz is not well—a very discouraging cold. She yonks & honks all the time.

I am going to buy Ma a hat this P.M. I don't like hers. It will be a good one. I have not bought yr Christmas yet. I don't expect to. Such is life. God bless you my child—I hope you will never have a wart on yr tongue—at least so it shows. Pop.

Chicago. Nov. 25, 1914

Dr. Duffie:

I will send yr transptn next week. You can come in Drawing room. It won't cost any more—if it does, do it anyway. Have you plenty money for travel?

Papa.

Chicago. Dec. 2, 1914

Dr. Duffer:

I expect to be Wshgtn. saty 7 A.M. will call you up between 10 & 10:30 A.M. Do not let this interfere with any yr plans because I expect to be busy all day & evng. If train is on time I may call you before 9 A.M. Pop

(He called and we had a wonderful dinner hour together that evening.)

Chicago Office . . . Dec. 9, 1914

Dr Little Duffer:

Life is real—life is earnest as Ma said when she kicked the chandelier this A.M. Thusly observe:
It is fine historic weather.
Reminds me of the original flood. We are having busy time from the point of view of society. Scarcely able to remove either our jewels or our underwear at night. Roses are red—violets are pink—Why do some things always—look small? Pop.

Jan. 8, 1915

Dear Little Duffer:

I hear that you arrived safely but they let me go 2 or 3 days before they told me you had telegraphed. I tried to get over to see you at station the night you left but couldn't make it. Mom says you barely arrived there in time so it's just as well. Things pretty quiet here. Dorothy had a chap at the house last night singing dirges—think he was an Oak. I will go east sunday & write you from New York. Love Pop.

(Dorothy Martin was living with our family that winter while finishing her senior year at Northwestern University.)

Broadway Limited. Jan. 11, 1915

Duffer dear:

How did you work that New York job? Now you must remain with the crowd & not go fussing around with yr outside friends. Which hotel do you stop? Ritz—Plaza—McAlpin? Wipe yr nose repeatedly & look yr best—all eyes may be upon you. Ma has one hell of a week ahead. Fritzie has a germ! Weather pleasant. Jesus loves us & I love you.

Waldorf Astoria New York Jan. 12, 1915

My dear:

I was delighted to get yr spec. deliv. this A.M. It relieved my mind very much. Also & likewise it was reassuring to hear yr magnetic voice this evng. Am remaining over this extra day to sort of rest. Home tomorrow.

Love, Pop.

Chicago Jan. 20, 1915

Dear Duffer:

I am a better correspondent when I am east than here. Don't it? Good for you—I always knew you could excel in something even if it is to wipe a bloody nose. That's better than being just ordinary. Everybody well in family but Mom—she had the deuce of a cold—it's better than a week ago but it surely hangs on & on & she can't get outside which depresses her very much. Hope you have a good time in N.Y. Don't do fool things. Pop.

(We were taking a Red Cross First Aid Course that year of World War I.)

Chicago Feb. 9, 1915

Dr. Duffie:

How are you—— I'm not very brisk. May go away for a week. Don't know where though. Weather better. Take good care yrself. I did not go to N.Y. meeting—not well enough.

Pop.

Chicago Feb. 11, 1915

Dr Duffer:

Yr N.Y. letter reached me here today—very glad to get it. I am feeling better—not exactly well yet but I think out of danger. Going to French Lick tomorrow for 3 or 4 days. Mr. Strickland will go with me. Mom is very busy with Miss Lee (dressmaker). Will write you from French Lick. Pop

French Lick Springs Hotel Feb. 13, 1915.

My Dear Infection:

I am—Mr. Strickland is convalescent—with me. We ride horseback 2½ hours each morning. We do not ride the same horse. Yesty. I had a bay and he a black. Today he had a black and I a bay—so you see if you look. We play 18 holes each P.M. the ground is a little soft but I repeat we play. We also walk 11 or 8 miles—not combined—but individually. I talked with Ma on the phone today—she is getting uppish and snorty—I will take it out of her.

Mrs. Dee is at the house tonight for the Barnyard-Jnosing wedding. I must eat because I pay for so doing. I am lovingly Yr only Father. (This was the wedding of Lillian Johnson and Eugene Barnhart.)

Chicago March 16, 1915

Dear Duff:

Fritzie returned yesty A.M. & is feeling fine. I am very much better—pretty near par. Had six teeth extracted yesty P.M.—new plate today—great improvement in my looks. You should see me. I hope you are studying hard—you need to. Fine weather. Pop.

(He was truthful, for once, about his teeth. Six were extracted without any sort of anesthetic being given. The doctor thought his heart wouldn't stand it.)

Waldorf Astoria. New York
April 13, 1915

Dr Daughter:

Ma & Fritz are invisible—they leave early in A.M. & do not return until late P.M.—say they are buying clothes. Fritz going to "Chin-Chin" tonight. Aunt Lucy, Ma and I will go to [1]Birth of a Bumble Bee. Tomorrow at 10 we hie to Boston—ar 3 P.M. Hotel Two-Rains. Lv thurs 7 A.M. for Cape Cod. May stay over night if weather is pleasant. Home Chic Saty A.M. I am feeling much better. Bye bye dear,

Pop.

Chicago Office. April 26, 1915

Dr. Duffer:

Is there much on yr mind. I enc Ck for $25—use it tenderly. Very warm here—just like summer—at least most people give off that effect. I am better—still cough more or less—principally less. Did you know you & I are going to open the Cape house this year. Take maids & go down 10 days ahead of Mom—you will enjoy it

[1]"Birth of a Nation."

so much. Fritz has loss of voice—she just makes signs & looks like hell. I am going hence Wed. P.M. Ishpeming, Ashland, etc. We need rain. Bye Bye one lung.

Pop.

Ringling circus is here.

Chicago Office. April 28, 1915

Dear Little one:

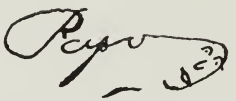
I am so sorry you didn't have a fork & ate with yr knife which prevented you getting on the Honor Roll in April. Try as hard to get on this valuable record as you do to keep off it & see what the result is.

Pop.

The Chicago Club. May 3, 1915

Dr. Duffie:

Think I would find excuse to "regret" Laurenceville festivity. Too much travel for yr age. The city is full of mother's relatives today—looks like a circus was in town



New York City Office. May 11, 1915

My dear Duffer:

I have yr effusive note of recent date. Ma is well. She is damned well. Yr sisters & yr nieces also yr nephews well. Yr father is ailing somewhat but able to bite a pie. Dorothy (Martin) eats rice

Aint that astonishing
As well as very nice.

To be president—sit erect, wear dry underwear & look pleasant. I shall be in Washington May 26. You may come to N.Y. with me. Au Reservoir — Pop.

Waldorf Astoria Hotel. N.Y. May 13, 1915

Dear Daughter:

Don't talk when you hadn't aughter.

We leave for home this P.M. It has been quite a jaunt. Don't get too anticipated about yr 18th birthday. I am no goldsmith nor diamond merchant. Took Mom to Abercrombies & Fitch yesty—fitted her with sporting goods—she will create a vacuum on the Cape. Bye bye small smell — Pop.

In late September of 1915 we had closed the Cape house and were back once more in Evanston when one morning Ned drove Mother and me downtown to meet a near and dear friend of mine from Pittsburgh. We had been in school together at Mt. Vernon

(Mrs. Somers) and although she had met Mother and Father briefly when they had come to Washington, she had never seen all of us together on our own home grounds and was eager and more than a little curious to actually see this family of sisters, brothers-in-law and grandchildren with whom she already felt acquainted through my bulky correspondence carried on with each one while away from them: a series of letters that became public property after my first reading.

Peg recalls that we had a new car that day. The time had come when cars were constructed in a very permanent manner. No longer did an automobile make a trip in October to have a glass enclosed top put on the chassis with a few passes of a paint brush added to cover the summer-time scars on the fenders; and then a repeat journey in the spring to change to a summer body with canvas top and isin-glass windowed curtains. To be at one with the weather in Chicago, W.A.G. decided to buy a closed Franklin and kept the open Alco on the Cape. But it couldn't have been the Franklin for I can see that too as an open car at the Cape and so old and feeble that Mother insisted upon the doors being roped and tied shut when Ned took her precious cargo of grandchildren up to get the mail. At any rate, Peg says that we drove up to the station in a limousine that had sliding glass panels between front and back seats (the first model like this that she had ever seen) plus a communications system—a tube of some sort that was supposed to convey Mother's calm, unruffled directions to Ned.

This last item was unbelievable to Peg and after we had all exchanged the usual trite amenities that can never seem to be substituted by ordinary language for the first moments after brief separations, she settled back hoping Mother would have occasion to use the novelty beside her. I supplied the opportunity in having to stop at Field's, so Mother picked up the gadget and in low tones, befitting a lady, asked Ned to go as usual to Charlie's entrance. The back of Ned's neck registered nothing, nor did he turn his head to nod in response. Mother tried again without success and after a third attempt, leaned forward, slid back the glass and in her every-day speaking voice, gave the direction to Ned and then, relaxing comfortably, said that she had at least gone through the motions of a dignified dowager but after years of conversing with him face to face or from first floor stair well to second floor hall way, she knew that neither one of them would ever find this thing very handy.

After this homely admission Peg felt more like "family" and when she found Fritz at the house and Chop and Stub dropping in during the day with four children of assorted ages prowling around our bedroom, she wondered (when given time to think) if the Gardners always shared their friends and house guests like this. Yes—— ordinarily we did. We were enough alike ourselves to enjoy the same people but if a misfit came along, we had to entertain her alone.

There never was any doubt as to the category Peg fitted into; she had belonged to all six of us from the first time she walked into the house but she must have had a few misgivings that last evening of her initial visit with us. We went to a Country Club dance with two of Evanston's most eligible escorts but with the usual restrictions—home by midnight. We were dutiful and returned on the last stroke of twelve to a silent household. I locked the front door and the two of us stood there in the hall whispering our general impressions and opinions of the affair when an exploding report went off at our backs. We screamed and headed for the stairs and looked up to see Father (pajama-clad this time) leaning over the railing at the top, covering his grinning mouth with one hand and pointing with his other to the dictionary where he had dropped it from above to the floor behind us. This was also the night that Peg and I were packing to leave the next day for a visit with the aforementioned "Little Kelsey Number Five" in Ohio. By 2 A.M. we were still surrounded by open suit cases when Father stuck his head in our door and asked where it was that we were going. "Toledo," I replied. "Suffering tom cats," he said, "I s'pose you'd be up all night if you were going as far as Cleveland."

Chicago, Oct. 23, 1915

Dear Duffer:

You are a snuffer. Do not come home—you would not know the place. It is no abode for the white sex—or the sexless. Now Listen—Go call on Evelyn Miller. She is dtr. of my warm friend & fellow citizen Mr. (Homer H.) Miller of Des Moines & I like her very much. She doesn't know you are Pres. of yr class & God knows she would never suspect it so be natural. Going to Glenview.

Pop.

Chicago Nov. 5, 1915

Dear Duffie:

Regret you are confronted by complex things but that maintains all through life & its excellent experience for you. Try to decide

questions upon their merits and don't solicit too much advice. Self reliance & confidence are both great factors & can only be obtained by experience. The year is young yet my dear. We are badly torn up at the house—hope it will soon be better. I have been suffering of late with "Indigestion." It is not a pleasant disease. Leaving for N.Y. monday. Lots of love,

Pa.

Chicag, Jan. 6, 1916

Dear Duffer:

Have you arrived? No notice to that effect yet. I missed you last night—lonesome for yr cherry roll presence. Fritz is in bed—don't expect her to be very ill. I am feeling fine—cough nearly gone. Olive Cook quite sick. Banks called last night. I shall go east on Century sunday. Mom will not go—think it better for her to remain home this time.

By dear, Pop.

Chicago, Jan. 12, 1916

Dear Duffie:

Rec'd yr note at the Ofs this A.M. First time I've been down this week. Took a bad cold saty & thought it discreet to stay at home. Mom came in with me this A.M. & is going to take me out about 1 P.M. I am very weak but have none of my old trouble so do not think I will be very long getting well. All the family are on the improve but I will be glad when summer comes. Take good care yrself.

Papa

Chicago. Jan. 26, 1916

Dr Duff:

With my usual promptness I enc herewith Ck 50. I presume you need it.

(Indeed I did—I was going to New York and even further.)

My senior year had arrived and I had been permited to go to the Taft School for a long anticipated week-end over Washington's birthday. I went as far as New York with my roommate and her mother (Sarah and Mrs. Davidson of Beaver Penn) where the mother of my host met me and conducted me on to Watertown, Conn. These arrangements were more than satisfactory to Father

and Mother—it was my return to school in Washington that they were fretting about so a system was devised whereby I wired them at home in Evanston when I left Watertown early in the morning after the dance, again when I reached Grand Central Station in New York, once more when I had safely traversed the city by taxi and had arrived at the Pennsylvania Station without having been abducted by the driver and introduced to White Slavery and I was supposed to have sent a final telegram when at last delivered to the door of 1100 M St. N.W. Washington, D.C. However, these messages had used up my budget. When it became time to eat on the diner during that last leg of my all day trip, I looked like a healthy tip to the waiters for I had contracted a bad cold and at Mrs. Davidson's insistence, had borrowed Sarah's summer ermine coat and it was most glamorous. Every vacant chair was flicked off with a napkin to invite my occupancy and when my slim purse could afford nothing but one shredded wheat biscuit, I lost cast with the diner's crew and wished that I might have lost my big appetite as well. There was no telegram sent from Washington to Evanston that night but a phone call from Mother convinced them that I was back where I belonged once more, sniffling, croaking and penniless, but happy—I had at long last been to a Prom.

Chicago. Feb. 23, 1916

Duffie Dear — what day in March does yr Easter vacation start & end? Have you any particular choice bet. Palm Beach, Newport, Pasadena & the Bermudas? Drink 8 glasses water per day & become fragrant. Must be great relief to Mrs-the-boss to have you back. Paw.

(He well knew how I longed to be at home and only home for all vacations but loved to bait me with suggestions like this that could never happen. "Mrs.-The-Boss" (Mrs. Somers) scarcely knew I had been away.

Chicago. Feb. 28, 1916

Dr. Duff:

I enc herewith Ck for $30. If you get short borrow from Mom. Wish I might see you. Am fairly well but not especially. Everyone else O.K. Mom & I are figuring on meeting you day of yr vacation when you tell us when it is.

Take good care yrself,

Papa

Chicago, Friday before Easter — Mar. 3, 1916

My dear Duffer:

I hear that you are incapacitated for pie but you can still masticate the fruitful prune—let the good work go on. I knew you would come back from New York a wreck & tatter but why spoil love's young dream. Continue to be a monologuist and peace be with you. The parental roof is still open to welcome you—up one flight, turn left—short flight and a brass bed. Ma Gardner is busy—she never sits down—most time at [1]Hell-is-so-Straight's. Her spring & summer raiment is worthy of a film star. My child! you astonish me — indeed I am caused deep anxiety by your strict adherence to the Star Honor Roll. No Gardner heretofore achieved such greatness. How you do work yr brain overtime. Never grow weary doing well—someday you will be reincarnated into a tom cat & chew barbed wire in hell.

Thanks, Pa.

Chicago. April 3, 1916

Dr. Duffie:

Thought you would like this picture (it was of a blue Scripps Booth roadster) It's a good color. Mom says no but she will come around after a little. I have been off my feed a little but feeling better. Mom thought a little of going to Kansas this week but has changed her mind. How are yr finances? Are you getting ready to work Pop soon.

Bye bye moon head, Father.

Chicago Office. April 25, 1916

Dr. Duffie:

In enc yr Ck $50. Go spend it. Do you want something extra for May? I am not particularly well but doing better. As you know, all going to Cape Cod this week where I expect to rejuvenate.

Yrs. Pop.

The autumn and winter of 1915-1916 were the longest of Mother's life. She had been summoned to Emporia in November when her sister (our Aunt Fan) had passed away after a sudden and brief attack of pneumonia. Her Christmas season was saddened by the first break among the children of her own immediate family and she had not adjusted to this loss when she received word that

[1]HELLESOE-STREIT (Women's Apparel Shop)

our own little Grandmother Riggs had succumbed to a heart attack in late January.

Again she and Father hastened to Emporia where she remained for several heart breaking days helping her sister Alma and her brother Charles reorganize the home that their eighty-three-year-old mother had presided over long and graciously for so many years.

During all of these months, her anxiety over Father's deteriorating health had been a heavy load in itself to carry. As the years pass now, I become more and more aware from my own personal experience, of her power to endure worries and sorrow and I love and appreciate her increasingly.

I had accepted the fact that she was making most of the business trips with Father that year and thought how wonderful it was for them to be together now that we girls were old enough to be left behind. As a matter of fact, Fritz was the only one at home for I was in Washington; Stubbie, Sumner, their three little girls and Chop, Laurie and their two babies were in their own houses two blocks distant. No one intimated to me in their letters that Ned was then driving Father back and forth to his office on West Jackson Boulevard instead of meeting his trains in Evanston nor that Mother was commuting too so that he would always have her nearby. His nights were long and tortured by his inability to breathe easily when lying down and Mother and Fritz took turns rubbing his back until sleep would finally come to him in an upright position with his forehead resting on a sling improvised from towels attached to the two head posts of his bed. Morning came and he insisted upon returning to his office desk until one day when Mother, without Father's knowledge, walked into the Board Chairman's office and stated the facts. The Chairman seemingly had been oblivious to Father's condition but immediately told Mother that a six month leave of absence was certainly in order and it was to begin as of that minute.

When confronted with such an unexpected program, Father's first wish was to go to the Cape house. In talking one time with our next door Wianno neighbor, Father had said, "Joe, you and I can probably never get to heaven but we can go to Cape Cod." That was the ultimate in life for him. Plans were quickly made and I was stunned by a phone call from Mother to me in Washington, saying that they were leaving for Boston the next day, April 26 (see final letter from W.A.G. to W.A.G. dated April 25) just she, Father and Fritz—the help had already started. She added that he was very

tired, needed a long rest and both they and the doctor thought that a prolonged season at the shore would make everything all right. It sounded strange and frightening to me—our father had never taken a long vacation and Mother's letter to me three days later was even more upsetting. They had engaged a trained nurse in Boston who had gone to Wianno with them and while Father was in bed and comfortable, the local doctor thought that in two or three months he would be able to sit up in a wheel chair and be rolled to the sleeping porch to enjoy the sunshine and salty breeze that he loved so much.

The letter was completely distracting and brought into sharp focus the memories of walks taken by Father and me when, if we passed a physically incapacitated man or old derelict searching the curbstone for smoking treasures, he would turn to me and say, "Duffer, if I ever get like that, just take a club to me." The thought of growing old and beyond the prime of life was a picture of himself that he couldn't endure; nor could I, so Mother's hope of a wheel chair suggested to cheer me up, served only to turn my nights and days into an endless nightmare. No, I wasn't to leave school; commencement was only three weeks distant and while the whole family couldn't be there for my big moment, definitely Fritz and maybe Stubbie or Chop would join me at graduation time.

Ten days dragged by and on May tenth I was summoned to Main House (across the street from Senior House) and was told that Mrs. Somers had received a telegram (or telephone call) from Mother, requesting that I be chaperoned to New York that day where Mr. Coffin would meet me and take me on to Boston and Wianno because Father was not quite so well. I hurriedly threw some clothes in a suitcase and with Miss Kurtz, caught the afternoon train for New York and under the kindly and protective wing of Mr. Coffin, traveled that night on to Boston.

We made the early Cape local to West Barnstable and arrived at the house on a beautiful sunny spring morning, to find the rhododendrons budding at the head of the drive and Peter, our faithful caretaker, planting a lovely blue spruce tree in the turn-around. Peter's last name was Yankanckas and as I returned his wave and welcoming grin, I wondered if he knew that Father always referred to him as "Peter Alphabet."

None of us had ever seen spring come to the Cape house and when I saw Mother's ocean sparkling through the pine trees in the brilliant sun light and heard Father's "fat-bellied robins" singing,

I knew that his own indomitable will to live would carry him on to conquer this temporary set-back and that we would share with him the novel experience of watching summer come to Cape Cod.

I went up the stairs quietly and tip-toed to the end of the hall to find Mother, Fritz and the nurse sitting motionless at the bedroom windows. Father, his head resting forward on the sling, was apparently asleep but it was he who first became conscious of my arrival; he called out to me and for the first and last time in my life, I heard my invincible father weep uncontrollably.

Later that day Fritz followed me to the sleeping porch and tried to explain in sequence, the degenerating course of the past winter that had culminated in the swift decision to go there to the Cape house. Once upon the train and headed eastward, Father had relaxed, knowing for the first time in his adult life, a freedom from business responsibilities, cares and worries. His only anxiety during the trip had been a constant refusal to give over one particular [1]small bag into the hands of a red cap. This he had insisted upon carrying himself and the exertion was doubtless a contributing factor to his more frequent "indigestion" pains after they finally arrived and he had turned it over to Mother for safe keeping.

It was all bewildering to me and I tried as we sat in Father's bedroom that day, to reconstruct my thinking into a pattern of existence without that integrating part of our lives.

We staggered our stays with him at meal times and it was my turn at the supper hour when he told me to ask the nurse if he might not move into Mother's room that night—he thought that he might sleep better if he could be near her. Then there was a paroxysm of pain. Dr. Kinney was called and a shot of medication administered. It was given futilely, for Father almost instantly fell into his long, long sleep.

Dr. McElveen, in conducting the funeral service, gave his analysis of Father as a warm personal friend and loyal member of his congregation but I wonder if even he knew the basic philosophy that guided Father's living. Mother's was an unquestioning faith and implicit trust in the words of her religion. Without this she could not have withstood the next ten lonely years. They were lonely even though we four with our husbands and children were in and out of her home daily, contriving plans to interest her and

[1]Mother later unlocked the bag and found it contained gold coins (in circulation then) in sufficient amount to meet the emergency of his probable death away from Chicago and easily available cash funds.

trips to enliven her dread of long winter days. She rarely traveled except back and forth to the Cape house which was opened yearly and filled with a constant turnover of children and grandchildren until 1924. Then Mother's final lingering illness made "Annasmere" an impossible spot for us to enjoy without either one of our indissoluble foundations being there to share the holidays with us.

Mother left us on New Year's Day of 1926 and then it was that I became aware that all was right in the world. Father's going had left a floundering rebellion in me, magnified by the war and wholesale loss of men far younger than he, whose potentialities had never been given a chance to leave an imprint of their lives. I refused to accede to "Thy will be done" until that strange day came when all four of us were going through Mother's possessions in an effort to divide them as she would have wanted them given to us. Instead of its being a difficult, emotional task that would ordinarily have evoked memories too poignant to relive so soon after her death, a feeling of contented assurance came to me. Not a faith nor a belief but a knowledge that life did continue and that Father, with Mother at his side making him a whole being once more, was now able to penetrate the fog that had sourrounded me for ten years and I could hear them together tell us that nothing had been lost, their love and protection would continue forever if we would but be like our Mother and keep our ears and eyes open and stand straight like a sore thumb — not like a pug nose.

* * * *

We have called upon Mr. Frank H. Hemes for help several times in the long period spanning 1916-1956 and all requests have been generously and promptly granted. The recent plea was for data pertaining to a phantom ambition of mine to leave a written and (I hope) sculptured portrait of our father in the hands of his grandchildren. He responded immediately and within a matter of hours and without any knowledge of my exact purpose, placed in my hands the following testimony: a sincere evaluation of his former employer, spontaneously offered and verifying much that I have been trying to imply between the lines.

"From telegraph operator to train dispatcher, then chief dispatcher, to trainmaster at twenty-three years of age and that was a record. There were many trainmasters, and still are, on our railroads, but a twenty four year old train-master was then and still is, a rarity.

When he was still a train-master, at a salary of $160.00 a month

and still a long way from the top, he made a prediction. On an occasion when he was with a party of friends, among them George W. Dailey, he said, "I hope and expect to become president of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad some day." Mr. Dailey, later a division and general officer, told this to me and many others on many occasions. He heard Mr. Gardner say it.

In 1910 he was made president of the C&NWRR at the age of 49. He was the youngest railroad president on record in the United States, so it was said, at the time he was elected to office.

Mr. Gardner was looked up to as an outstanding and one of the most capable railroad operating men in the industry. He came up through the channels which gave him an opportunity to learn railroading and all the fundamentals. This, coupled with his many other natural talents and endowments, later made the successful executive that he was.

What made Mr. Gardner so successful in official positions which he held was his ability as a builder of morale in the organization. The morale of the personnel and employes of the C&NWRR was at a peak during his tenure with the railroad. He was respected by the rank and file, by members of the various labor organizations and by all his officer associates. He was respected because he was capable and he was so well liked; particularly by the rank and file of employes because he was always fair in his treatment of them and because he never considered himself above them, even as president of the railroad. In the early years of the twentieth century railroad presidents, quite generally, were considered more or less high-hat and somewhat unapproachable. This was not true of W. A. Gardner and for that reason the men in train and engine service and the rank and file in general, idolized him.

It was said of him, and I know it to be a fact, that he had a way of administering discipline as a train-master and in other official capacities later, which never resulted in rancor or ill-will on the part of the one criticised or disciplined. He had a fine touch here and in this alone, if nothing more, he endeared himself with his subordinates. When he saw fit to administer discipline or criticise, they seemed to know they had it coming to them. He was a most unusual kind of boss. The men worked for the Northwestern and W.A.G. was the Northwestern.

What a void when he left us. With no reflection upon those who followed in his footsteps, it is a fact that something happened with

that morale or to that morale, by degrees. There was missing that master mind which, when it was lost, made men sad and how we missed him. He left an indelible impression upon those who were near to him until the end. He was a man and an ideal for so many young men who started railroading during his time. He was the kind of man one will never forget.
April 10, 1956."

* * * *

The past forty years have wrought many changes on the C&NW Ry. and those of you who have witnessed the jagged graph of its life line are well acquained with all that has taken place since Mr. Richard H. Aishton's able administration was brought to a close in late December 1917 by the government assuming control during and after World War I. Now, in 1956, the newspapers are printing almost daily accounts of all that Mr. B. W. Heinemann and Mr. C. J. Fitzpatrick are planning and accomplishing for the road since they have been occupying the positions of Chairman and President, respectively. Naturally, each item has been of keen interest to us who have been so eager to see experienced operators and maintenance men once more in control and we are hopeful of the future.

Those two gentlemen must have dug deep in the archives and have become familiar with the road's long history and I trust they have studied the personalities and loyal devotion of those early builders who developed the Northwestern to its all time height of efficiency and productivity. I have concentrated upon only one of those railroad pioneers and have been asked, "Why have you waited so long to collect your memories?" In answer to the question, I can only say that in the meanwhile, the passage of time and its inevitable revelation of men in their true proportions has already recorded much that I have included here. Had I tried, as a much younger person, to place our family between covers, I might have omitted much from our years together that only living could have taught me to value. As for the research involved and the finding of people who can recall W.A.G. and the events that brought them together more than forty years ago—that has been the simplest and most heart-warming procedure of all. This has been the happiest project of my three score years but now I want very much to place the result in the hands of Mother's and Father's family because Chop and Fritz, with Stubbie's voice there too, are quoting in very early morning tones, "Yesterday was Sunday—tomorrow's Tuesday—half the week's gone and nothing's done yet."

DR. WILLIAM McELVEEN'S ADDRESS ON SUNDAY, MAY 14, 1916

Dr. McElveen selected his text from the Fifteenth Chapter of Corinthians in which St. Paul drew a lesson from the evolution of the human race. In the course of his sermon the reverend preacher said:

"We all have most humble beginnings but we are to have most glorious consummations. To use the language of the Apostle, we are first natural and afterwards spiritual. This mortal will put on immortality. Death is not the extinction of human life, it is a brief parenthesis in the midst of that age long sentence. It is the darkening of the stage which permits the setting of a fairer scene. A prince among men has fallen, the earthly chapter of his life is finished. But death that has brought an end to that chapter is but the beginning of another and finer chapter in his life. Our friend is not dead; he lives more radiantly than we. His life had a quality which the years did not give and which the years will not take away. He was immortal while in the flesh, and, of course, he is more immortal now that he dwells in the immediate presence of the Almighty God.

It is not easy for me to speak of Mr. Gardner. I have lost a great friend; a man of whom I was exceedingly fond and who, I rejoice to say, was fond of me. We were intimate friends. While he was not a demonstrative man, his was a very engaging and captivating personality. He didn't wear his heart on his sleeve, but he was a most lovable and genial soul that gripped you to him with hooks of steel. He had the faculty of not only making friends but keeping friends. He was always constant, loyal and true. He expressed his regard for you not so much by words as by his cordial manner, his kindly interest and his gracious deeds. He was a shy man, who found it easier to express his regard for you in helpful acts than in effusive words.

No man in our community was more generally beloved. And he had friends everywhere throughout the nation. A great host of people regarded him as their friend. Many counted on his friendship and he never disappointed them. These floral tokens are exceedingly numerous, but if everyone for which Mr. Gardner did a good turn placed just a single flower upon his coffin, his body today would sleep beneath a veritable mountain of flowers. Like the great Nazarene Master, in whom he had such implicit faith, Mr. Gardner went about doing good. Service was his meat and his drink, his delight and joy.

Mr. Gardner was very accessible and always approachable. He was very human. Henry Drummond describes Dwight L. Moody as "the biggest human he had ever known." A Roman poet exclaimed, "I am a human being and nobody is alien to me." Those phrases are applicable to Mr. Gardner. He was more than a democrat, he was a cosmopolitan. He didn't simply tolerate all kinds of people, he really sympathized with them. He had friends in every rank of human society. He had intimates not only among the leaders in finance, commerce, education and industry, he had friends among men whose hands were calloused by toil. He was more than interested in his men; he was devoted to them. He was anxious for their advance. He was desirous for their promotion. He was proficient in that fine art of putting himself in the other man's place. He knew the names of a very great number of the men in the employ of the Northwestern. You men loved him and believed in him and he loved you and believed in you. He didn't say "Go," he said "Come." And so, the Northwestern is a great cooperative brotherhood; it is a splendid humanitarian guild. Mr. Gardner imparted the quality of his great spirit to every member of the big family of the Northwestern Railroad. With such a man as president of the road and with such a spirit between the Chief and the men of the ranks, of course there were no strikes on the Northwestern.

I need not tell you men that Mr. Gardner knew how to bring things to pass and that he was a master in marshalling men and events in order to produce great results. The leaders of finance knew of his great ability and invited him to be President of this and that great railroad system. But his devotion to the Northwestern led him to decline every offer. Steadily he climbed from one position of responsibility to another until he reached his goal.

Mr. Gardner was a man of Spartan courage. He had known for some months that he must soon leave us. Thousands upon thousands of men were shocked when they heard of what they called his sudden death. But death did not come to him suddenly. He knew he would soon be compelled to cease from his arduous labors. But that anticipation did not lead him to bank his fires or cause him to let the engine of his activity to run lightly. He dictated no terms to Providence. He was glad to burn down to the very socket. Some of his many, many friends, had they known, would have persuaded him to put some of the burden on someone else's shoulders, but they would not have succeeded, for service was the keynote of his life.

Though he was compelled to press many, many tasks into elastic time, he never forgot that he owed something to his city and his nation. Much time did he spend and much work did he do for the industrial, political and moral improvement of Chicago. He was a good churchman. Though he was so busy, he served this Church faithfully. He attended its services regularly. For some years he was a trustee of the Church. Toward the Church and toward every good cause, he was most generous. There wasn't a betterment scheme in which this Church was interested, to which he didn't give. But he gave quietly, one might almost say, secretly.

He was a good citizen of the Kingdom of God. He believed and thought that a better social order was to succeed even this good social order and that civilization was to become even more and more Christian.

Now you can't say that such a man is dead. His life had qualities that cannot die. We are all the richer for having known him; we are all the poorer for his going. The memory of his faithfulness, devotion and nobility will inspire every one of us to live better lives and render finer service. He was an ideal husband and father, a genial, friendly soul, in a word, a prince among men."

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